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OLD SERIES. Vol. XI, No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1872. Vol. IV. No. 3.

THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

BALTIMORE.
MURDOCH, BROWNE & HILL,
166 BALTIMORE STREET.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $4.00.

Brooklyn Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL AND ASSETS, OVER $2,000,000.

1. Because it is acknowledged to be perfectly *solvent* by all *Insurance Commissioners*.
2. Because it is the *cheapest*.
3. Because it indorses the *Surrender Value* on its Policies, in *Dollars and Cents*.

According to the rates of the different Life Insurance Companies of first-class standing, and doing business in the Southern States, the *Mutual Rates of the Brooklyn* are *Cheaper* than those of any named Company. For instance:

	At the age of 20 $150 will Insure.	At the age of 30 $200 will Insure.	At the age of 40 $250 will Insure.
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " Equitable	7,541 47	8,810 57	7,987 22
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$1,334 26	$440 12	$402 05
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " Piedmont and Arlington	8,455 46	8,810 57	7,987 22
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$420 27	$440 12	$402 05
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " New York Life	7,541 47	8,810 00	7,987 22
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$1,334 26	$440 69	$402 05
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " Carolina Life	8,503 41	8,841 73	7,916 40
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$372 32	$408 96	$472 87
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " Ætna	8,426 96	8,798 94	8,108 10
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$448 77	$451 75	$281 17
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " Cotton States	8,455 46	8,810 57	7,987 22
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$420 27	$440 12	$402 05
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " St. Louis Mutual	8,841 36	8,841 73	7,916 40
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$34 37	$408 96	$472 87
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " Southern Life	8,615 73	8,877 55	7,936 50
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$260 00	$373 14	$452 77
In the BROOKLYN	$8,875 73	$9,250 69	$8,389 27
" " Knickerbocker	8,665 50	8,639 30	7,859 10
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn	$210 23	$611 39	$530 17

STOCK RATES.

	At the age of 30 $200 will Insure.	At the age of 40 $250 will Insure.
In the Brooklyn	$11,750 00	$10,651 90
In the Universal	11,396 01	10,266 90
Balance in favor of the Brooklyn at *stock* rates	$353 99	$385 00

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES:

To whom applications may be made for Local Agencies.

F. MEDCALFE, Baltimore,	For Maryland.	Ex. Gov. M. L. BONHAM, Atlanta,	For Georgia.
T. M. ALFRIEND & SON, Richmond,	" Virginia.	B. F. JONES, Rome,	" N. "
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BACON & BUTLER, Columbia,	" S. Carolina.		

WM. M. COLE, Secretary. **C. W. BOUCK, President.**

A GENTLEMAN (one of the contributors to the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE,) desires a position as Professor of Modern Languages, Drawing, &c., in a College for Young Ladies; or a similar position and that of Commandant of Cadets in a Military College, with such other branches as may be mutually agreed upon. Ample references as to qualifications, &c., can be given. Address the publishers of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

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CAROLINA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF MEMPHIS, TENN.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, President.

ASSETS, - - - - - - - - - - - $1,075,000.

Baltimore Branch Office, No. 17 German St.

OFFICERS:

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Our tables by which a DEFINITE CASH SURRENDER VALUE IS GUARANTEED, on all Policies lapsed by the non-Payment of Premium, present one of the most valuable features to Policy-holders yet introduced into Life Insurance.

With sufficient capital for entire security, no Life Insurance Company offers superior advantages to the CAROLINA.

All its profits are divided among its Policy-holders, in dividends on the contribution plan.

No restrictions on travel or residence in the United States, Canada or Europe.

All Policies non-forfeitable after second year. All Losses paid promptly in cash.

SCHEDULE OF THE GREAT ATLANTIC COAST LINE

From Baltimore to Savannah, Georgia.

Leave BALTIMORE	4 50 A. M.	...3 55 P. M.
" WASHINGTON	7 00 "	...7 00 "
" RICHMOND	2 35 P. M.	...3 45 A. M.
" WELDON	7 35 "	..10 00 "
" WILMINGTON	4 30 A. M.	...7 10 P M.
" CHARLESTON	...3 30 P. M	..8 30 A. M.
Arrive SAVANNAH		...3 00 P. M.

Or Via BAY LINE.

Leave BALTIMORE	3 55 P. M.
" PORTSMOUTH	6 00 A. M.
" WELDON	10 00 "
" CHARLESTON	.8 30 "
Arrive SAVANNAH	3 00 P. M.

ORANGE, ALEXANDRIA & MANASSAS RAILROAD

Double Trains Daily between Washington, Lynchburg and the South.

JOHN S. BARBOUR, President; H. W. VANDEGRIFT, General Superintendent, and J. M. BROADUS, General Ticket Agent, Alexandria, Va.

On and after SUNDAY, June 30, 1872, two daily passenger trains will run between WASHINGTON and LYNCHBURG, effecting double daily connections through between NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS. At Gordonsville, connection is made, by mail train, with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad daily, Sunday excepted, to Richmond, Staunton and the VIRGINIA SPRINGS; at Lynchburg, with Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad, for the West and Southwest, and at Washington, for the North and Northwest.

Double daily connection to and from White Sulphur, excepting Mail Train on Sunday. Leave Alexandria at 8 a. m., and get to White Sulphur at 8.40 same day; or leave Alexandria at 7.45 p. m., and arrive at White Sulphur at 1.16 p. m. next day. Leave New York at 9 a. m., Philadelphia at 12 noon and Baltimore at 4.45 p. m., and arrive at White Sulphur next day at 1.16 p. m.

Leave Washington daily at 7.00 a m. and 6.45 p. m., and Alexandria at 8 a. m. and 7.45 p. m. arriving at Lynchburg at 4.50 p. m. and 4.00 a. m.

Leave Lynchburg at 9.00 a. m. and 11.00 p. m., arrive at Alexandria at 6.15 p. m. and 6.43 a. m., and at Washington at 7.15 p. m. and 7.30 a. m.

For MANASSAS DIVISION leave Washington daily (excepting Sunday) with main line train at 7.00 a. m.; and Alexandria at 8.00 a. m. Leave Manassas Junction at 9.30 a. m.; pass Strasburg at 1.16 p. m., and arrive at Harrisonburg at 4.00 p. m., connecting with Harmon & Co's. Stage lines to Staunton, Raleigh Springs, &c., &c., and at Mount Jackson with stage line to Orkney Springs.

Eastward, leave Harrisonburg at 10.30 a. m.; pass Strasburg at 1.25 p. m., arrive at Manassas Junction at 4.50 p. m., connecting with main line through to Washington and the North and West.

Good connections, by comfortable coaches, are made to Fairfax Court House from Fairfax Station; to Middleburg from Plains; and to Upperville from Piedmont.

Both the Eastward and Westward bound trains make close connection at Strasburg with the Winchester and Strasburg Railroad, to Winchester and Harper's Ferry, and to Capon, Rock Enon (late Capper) and Jordan's Springs.

Elegant Sleeping cars are run daily between New York and Lynchburg.

Also, cars through between Baltimore and Lynchburg, avoiding the inconvenience of transfer in Washington.

Through tickets and baggage checked to all prominent points.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates, to all the principal summer resorts, on sale at the Washington, Alexandria and Lynchburg offices.

ATLANTA & WEST POINT RAILWAY.

JNO. P. KING, President; L. P. GRANT, Superintendent.

OUTWARD. Day Pass. Trains. Arrive.	OUTWARD. Day Pass. Trains. Leave.	OUTWARD. Night Pass. Trains. Arrive.	OUTWARD. Night Pass. Trains. Leave.	STATIONS.	INWARD. Day Pass. Trains. Arrive.	INWARD. Day Pass. Trains. Leave.	INWARD. Night Pass. Trains. Arrive.	INWARD. Night Pass. Trains. Leave.
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	6 50		7 00	Atlanta	5 00		6 00	
7 10	7 11	7 22	7 23	East-Point	4 39	4 40	5 42	5 43
7 46	8 07	8 08	8 10	Fairburn	4 00	*4 01	5 05	5 06
8 26	*8 27	8 30	8 31	Palmetto	4 39	4 40	4 48	4 49
8 49	8 49	8 56	9 01	Powell's	3 17	3 17	4 21	4 25
9 09	9 11	9 21	9 24	Newnan	2 55	2 57	4 05	4 06
9 45	†9 46	10 04	10 05	Grantville	2 23	2 24	3 30	3 31
10 08	10 13	10 26	10 31	Hogansville	1 58	2 03	3 06	3 10
10 36	10 36	10 56	10 56	Whitfield's	1 35	†1 37	2 43	2 45
10 54	10 57	11 16	11 20	LaGrange	1 15	1 17	2 26	2 27
11 21	11 21	11 50	11 50	Long Cane	12 50	12 50	2 01	2 01
11 40		12 15	A. M.	West-Point		12 30		1 45

* Meets Night Freight.
† Meets Day Freight.

* Meets Day Freight.
† Meets Night Freight.

Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac,

RICHMOND & PETERSBURG, AND PETERSBURG & WELDON RAILWAYS.

Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railway.—PETER V. DANIEL, President; E. T. D. MYERS, Gen. Supt., and J. B. GENTRY, Gen. Ticket Agent, Richmond, Va.

Richmond & Petersburg Railway.—T. H. WYNNE, President, and Gen. Supt., Richmond, Va.

Petersburg & Weldon Railway—C. F. COLLIER, Pres.; and R. B. PEGRAM, Gen. Supt., Petersburg, Va.

TRAINS SOUTH. (June 7, 1871.) *TRAINS NORTH.*

Acc.	Exp	Exp	Mls.	STATIONS.	Mls.	Exp	Exp	Acc.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		LEAVE ARRIVE		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	7 00	7 15	0	.... *Washington* 1.... (Steamboat)	216	12 10	4 10	
	11 14	11 05	55	....*Acquia Creek*....	161	8 35	12 50	
	12 00	11 42	69	..*Fredericksburg* 2..	147	7 51	11 53	
5 50	1 10	12 36	90	.....Millford.....	126	7 02	10 44	
6 36	1 42	1 00	101	.....Chester.....	115	6 36	10 10	6 17
7 24	2 27	1 33	113	.....Ashland.....	103	6 07	9 39	5 33
8 42	3 30	2 17	130	ar / lv .*Richmond* 3. lv / ar	86	5 20	8 45	4 30
A. M.	3 45	2 35				5 10	8 30	P. M.
	4 36	3 14	143	.....Chester.....	73	4 34	7 51	
	4 46	3 21	146	.Port Walthall Junc.	70	4 22	7 38	
	5 05	3 35	152	ar / lv .*Petersburg* 4. lv / ar	64	4 05	7 20	
	5 40	4 00				4 00	7 00	
	6 50	5 00	174	.....Stony Creek.....	42	3 00	6 00	
	7 25	5 30	183	.....Jarratt's.....	33	2 30	5 20	
	8 10	6 15	202	.Hicksford Junct'n 5.	14	1 50	4 35	
	9 35	7 15	216	..... *Weldon* 6,.....	0	1 00	3 25	
	A. M.	P. M.		ARRIVE LEAVE		A. M.	P. M.	

CONNECTIONS.

1 Connects with Washington Branch of Baltimore & Ohio Railway.
1 With Alexandria & Washington, and Orange, Alex. & Manassas Railways.
2 With Stages to Charlotteville, Sulphur Springs, etc.
3 With Chesapeake & Ohio and Richmond, Danville and Piedmont Railways.
4 With South Side and Norfolk & Petersburg Railways.
5 Junction of Gaston Brauch.
6 With Wilmington & Weldon and Seaboard & Roanoke Railways.

GASTON BRANCH.

Train leaves Gaston for Hicksford Junction at 11 35 a. m. arriving at Petersburg at 4 30 p. m.
Leaves Petersburg at 9 05 a. m., arriving at Gaston at 1 35 p. m.
Connects at Gaston with Raleigh & Gaston Railway.

WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILWAY.

R. R. BRIDGERS, President, and S. L. FREMONT, Gen. Supt., Wilmington, N. C.

Exp.	Mail	Mls.	STATIONS.	Mls.	Mail	Exp
P. M.	A. M.		LEAVE ARRIVE		P. M.	A. M.
7 35	10 00	0	.....*Weldon* 1.....	162	2 40	1 00
8 00	10 25	8	.....Halifax.....	154	2 17	12 39
8 37	10 59	19	.....Enfield...	143	2 03	12 11
9 35	11 56	37	.....Rocky Mount 2....	125	1 07	11 21
10 31	12 58	54	.....Wilson..... ..	108	12 15	10 37
11 49	2 30	78	.....*Goldsboro'* 3.....	84	11 05	9 32
12 29	3 17	92	.....Mount Olive.....	70	10 14	8 50
1 40	4 32	114	.....Magnolia	48	9 07	7 57
2 37	5 31	133	...South Washington..	29	7 47	7 05
3 43	6 36	153	.....Castle Hayne.....	9	6 38	6 09
4 10	7 00	162	..... *Wilmington* 4.....	0	6 00	5 45
A. M.	P. M.		ARRIVE LEAVE		A. M.	P. M.

1 Connects with Raleigh & Gaston, Seaboard & Roanoke, and Petersburg Railways. Also with Steamboats on Roanoke River.
2 Connects with Tarboro' Branch.
3 Connects with North Carolina and Atlantic & North Carolina Railways.
4 Connects with Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railway. Also with Steamers sailing from Wilmington.

Tarboro' Branch.—Trains run between Rocky Mount and Tarboro', connecting with main line.

Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta RAILWAY.

R. R. BRIDGERS, President, and JOHN C. WINDER, Gen. Supt., Wilmington, N. C.

Mail	Exp	Mls.	STATIONS.	Mls.	Exp	Mail
P. M.	A. M.		LEAVE ARRIVE		P. M.	A. M.
7 10	4 30	0	.....*Wilmington* 1.....	171	5 30	5 50
8 38	5 20	17	. .....Brinkley's.....	154	4 42	4 50
10 08	6 51	44	.....Whiteville	127		3 34
11 14	7 52	68	.....Fair Bluff 2.....	108	2 37	2 28
12 46	9 14	92	.....Pee Dee.....	79		12 48
2 20	10 10	107	.....*Florence* 3.....	64	12 13	12 00
4 17	11 07	128	.....Lynchburg	43	11 13	9 05
6 30	12 03	146	.....Sumpter.....	25	10 26	7 05
7 30	12 38	157	.....Manchester.....	14		5 25
8 00	12 53	162	.....Wateree.....	9		4 45
8 45	1 30	171	.....*Kingsville* 4.....	0	9 10	3 45
A. M.	P. M.		ARRIVE LEAVE		A. M.	P. M.

1 Connects with Wilmington & Weldon Railway.
2 Stage to Fayetteville and Conwayboro'.
3 Connects with Cheraw & Darlington and Northeastern Railways.
4 Connects with Camden Branch of South Carolina Railway.

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.

Dr. W. J. HAWKINS, Pres.; A. B. ANDREWS, Gen. Supt.; T. BADGER, Gen. Ticket Agent; W. W. VASS, Treas.

TRAINS NORTH. THROUGH FREIGHT TRAIN. Arrive.	Leave.	MAIL TRAIN. Arrive.	Leave.	Total Distance.	Dist. bet. Stations.	STATIONS.	Dist. bet. Stations.	Total Distance.	TRAINS SOUTH. MAIL TRAIN. Arrive.	Leave.	THROUGH FREIGHT TRAIN. Arrive.	Leave.
	4 05 pm		9 20 am			.....RALEIGH.....	6	97	4 00 pm		8 00 am	
*4 40 pm	*4 45	9 38 am	9 38	6	6	....MILL BROOK....	4	91	3 41	3 41 pm	7 19	7 23 am
5 08	5 08	9 50	9 50	10	4	....HUNTSVILLE....	5	87	3 27	3 27	*6 53	* 6 53
5 37	5 39	10 06	10 06	15	5	.....WAKE.....	12	82	*3 10	*3 10	6 20	6 22
6 48	6 50	10 45	10 48	27	12	..FRANKLINTON..	9	70	2 29	2 32	5 05	5 07
7 45	7 47	11 16	11 16	36	9	.....KITTRELL'S....	8	61	1 59	1 59	4 07	4 09
8 33	8 35	*11 42	*11 44	44	8	....HENDERSON....	10	53	1 14	1 34	3 17	3 19
9 32	9 34	*12 14 pm	*12 14 pm	54	10	.....JUNCTION.....	3	43	*12 42	*12 42	2 15	2 17
9 51	9 53	*12 25	*12 30	57	3	.... RIDGEWAY....	5	40	*12 30	*12 31	1 55	1 57
10 21	10 23	12 46	12 49	62	5	....WARRENTON....	4	35	12 12	12 15 pm	1 22	1 24
10 46	10 48	1 02	1 02	66	4	..... MACON	5	31	11 48	11 48	12 54	12 56
11 17	11 17	1 19	1 19	71	5	...BROWN'S T. O...	5	26	11 32	11 32	12 21 am	12 21 am
*11 46	* 11 48	1 36	1 36	76	5	.....LITTLETON....	6	21	11 16	11 16	*11 44	* 11 48
12 27 am	12 27 am	1 57	1 57	82	6	... ...SUMMIT.....	3	15	10 59	10 59	11 04	11 04
12 48	12 53	2 07	2 10	85	3	.....GASTON.....	12	12	10 46 am	10 49	10 27 pm	10 32
2 20		50		97	12	.....WELDON.....				10 10 am		9 15 pm

☞ * denotes Meeting and Passing Points.

RALEIGH & AUGUSTA AIR-LINE.

Dr. W. J. HAWKINS, Pres.; A. B. ANDREWS, Supt.; W. W. VASS, Treas.; T. BADGER, Gen. Ticket Agent.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH. No. 1. Freight Train. Arrive.	Leave.	No. 2. Mail Train. Arrive.	Leave.	Total Dist.	Dist. bet. Sta.	STATIONS.	Dist. bet. Sta.	Total Dist.	TRAINS MOVING NORTH. No. 3. Mail Train. Arrive.	Leave.	No. 4. Freight Train. Arrive.	Leave.
	9 30 a m		4 10 p m			.... RALEIGH. ...	8	44	9 10 a m		7 54 p m	
10 18 a m	10 23 "	4 47 p m	4 50 "	8	8	..... CAREY.....	6	36	8 27 "	8 30 a m	7 02 "	7 06 p m
10 59 "	11 04 "	5 16 "	5 19 "	14	6	....APEX.....	6	30	7 57 "	8 00 "	6 22 "	6 26 "
11 40 "	11 42 "	*5 45 "	*5 45 "	20	6	.... LASHLEY'S.....	6	24	7 32 "	7 32 "	*5 30 "	*5 46 "
12 18 p m	12 21 p m	6 09 "	6 10 "	26	6	...MERRY OAKS..	7	18	7 06 "	7 07 "	4 53 "	4 55 "
1 03 "	1 08 "	6 40 "	6 42 "	33	7	.....LOCKVILLE...	5½	11	6 32 "	6 34 "	4 07 "	4 11 "
1 41 "	1 42 "	7 06 "	7 06 "	38½	5½	...DOWD'S MILL..	5½	5½	6 09 "	6 09 "	3 33 "	3 34 "
2 15 "		7 30 "		44	5½	.... SANFORD				5 45 "		3 00 "

* Denote meeting and passing points. No. 2 will meet No. 4 at Lashley's. Freight Trains will keep (15) fifteen minutes out of the way of Mail Trains, and if Mail Trains should not arrive at meeting point in time, Freight and all other Trains will stand until missing train passes or is heard from. At Sanford connects with Western R. R.

A. B. ANDREWS, Superintendent.

WESTERN RAILROAD.

Leaving Fayetteville at 3½ A. M., and Sanford at 7½ P. M.
Connecting with the Chatham Road both North and South.

GEORGIA RAILWAY.

JOHN P. KING, President, Augusta, Ga. E. W. COLE, General Superintendent, Nashville, Tenn.

Pas.	Pas.	Pas.	Mls.	STATIONS.	Pas.	Pas.	Pas.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		LEAVE] [ARRIVE	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
4 15	7 00	8 00	0	.....**Augusta**... 1	5 30	2 45	9 30
5 50	8 20	9 11	21	....Berzelia.....	4 26	1 45	8 00
P. M.	8 48	9 45	29	.... Dearing.....	4 00	1 19	A. M.
	9 50	11 00	47	.... .Camak..... 2	3 00	12 16	
	10 36	11 50	57	.... Barnett 3	2 11	11 35	
	11 51	1 06	76	.....Union Point..... 4	1 11	10 33	
	12 17	1 27	84	..... Greensboro..	12 35	10 13	
	1 35	2 34	104	....Madison..... .. .	11 26	9 05	
	2 35	3 28	120	....Social Circle	10 30	8 10	
	3 09	4 00	130	.. ..Covington.....	9 51	7 27	
A. M.	3 52	4 38	141	....Conyers.....	9 15	6 52	P. M.
6 45	4 41	5 23	156	.... Stone Mountain.....	8 20	6 05	7 50
8 05	5 35	6 23	171	... . **Atlanta** 5	7 10	5 15	6 30
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		ARRIVE] [LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

1 Connects with South Carolina. Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta, and Augusta & Savannah Railways. 2 With Macon & Augusta Railway. 3 With Washington Branch. 4 With Athens Branch. 5 With Macon and Western and Western and Atlantic Railways.

Macon & Augusta Railway.—Trains leave Camak for Warrenton, Mayfield, Milledgeville, and Macon at 3.00 & 9.50 p. m., arriving at the latter place at 7.35 p. m. and 2.30 a. m. Leave Macon at 6.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., arriving at Camak 10.46 a. m. and 12 00 night.

Washington Branch.—Train leaves Barnett for Raytown, Ficklin, and Washington at 2.15 p. m. arr. at Washington at 4.10 p. m. Returning, leaves Washington at 10.00 a. m., arr. at Barnett 11.30 a. m.

Athens Branch.—Train leaves Union Point for Woodville, Maxey's, Antioch, Lexington, and Athens, at 1.15 and 11.55 p. m., arr. at Athens 4.35 p. m. and 2.50 a. m. Returning, leaves Athens at 9.15 a. m. and 7.15 p. m., arr. at Union Point at 12.30 and 10.15 p. m.

SAVANNAH & CHARLESTON RAILROAD.

Through to New York in 47 Hours.

ALEXANDER ISAACS, President; C. S. GADSDEN, Engineer and Superintendent; S. W. FISHER, Secretary and Treasurer; S. E. BOYLSTON, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

General Office, Charleston, S. C.

QUICKER TIME THAN BY ANY OTHER ROUTE.

On and after Monday the 11th December, Passenger Trains on the Savannah and Charleston Railroad will run as follows:

DAY ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leave Savannah daily (Sundays excepted) at 8.00 A. M.
Arrive at Charleston at.....4.05 P. M.
Leave Charleston daily (Sundays excepted) at 8.15 A. M.
Arrive at Savannah at.....4.15 P. M.

NIGHT EXPRESS TRAIN.

Leave Savannah at.....11.15 P. M.
Arrive at Charleston at.....5.35 A. M.
Leave Charleston daily at.....3.25 P. M.
Arrive at Savannah at.....9.15 P. M.

The Day Accommodation makes close connections to all points North, by either the Bay Line route, via Portsmouth and Baltimore, or the Acquia Creek route, via Richmond and Washington. Time, fifty-six and a half hours to New York.

The Night Express makes close connections by the Acquia Creek route only. Time forty-seven hours to New York.

☞ **SLEEPING CARS WHEREVER NEEDED.**

Through Tickets can be purchased at R. R. Bren's Special Ticket Agencies at Screven House, Marshall House, north-west corner of Bull and Broughton streets, and at Depot office in Savannah, and at Charleston Hotel, Charleston, S. C.

Close connections made for all points in Georgia and Florida.

C. S. GADSDEN, Engineer and Superintendent.

CENTRAL RAILWAY OF GEORGIA.

WM. M. WADLEY, President, and WM. RODGERS, Gen. Supt., Savannah, Ga., GEO. YONGE, Agent, 409 Broadway, New York.

Leave.				Arrive.	
Pass.	Pass.	Mls.	STATIONS.	Pass.	Pass.
p. m.	a. m.		Leave. Arrive.	p. m.	a. m.
7 00	7 15	0	...SAVANNAH 1...	5 25	5 30
7 41	7 50	13	..... .Pooler.....	4 50	4 50
8 08	8 15	20	.....Eden.....	4 30	4 25
9 20	9 20	40	.....Egypt..	3 25	3 03
9 50	9 47	50	....Halcyondale....	2 50	2 22
10 31	10 25	62	.....Ogeechee.....	2 20	1 40
11 25	11 15	79	ar...MILLEN 2...lv	1 25	12 30
a. m.	p. m.		*Augusta Branch.*	a. m.	p. m
12 15	1 30	79	lv.....Millen.....ar	11 15	11 30
12 28	2 00	90	... ...Lawton.....	10 55	11 09
1 46	4 07	112	.....McBean's.....	9 22	9 37
2 45	5 38	132	ar..AUGUSTA 3..lv	8 15	8 30
12 00	11 23	79	lv.....Millen.....ar.	12 55	12 00
12 29	11 52	90	.....Herndon.....	12 25	11 30
12 58	12 20	103	.....Sebastopol.....	11 50	11 05
2 04	1 45	122	.....Davisboro'.....	10 35	9 56
2 37	2 17	134	.....Tennille.....	9 55	9 18
3 36	3 12	154	.....Toomsboro'.....	8 55	8 17
4 17	3 55	170	ar...GORDON .4..lv	8 10	7 35
	p. m.		*Milledgev. Branch*		p. m.
	7 40	170	lv.....Gordon.....ar		3 55
	9 10		....Milledgeville....		2 53
	10 4	198	ar..EATONTON..lv		1 00
4 22	4 01	170	lv.....Gordon.....ar	8 05	7 15
5 15	4 51	190	.....MACON 5.....	7 00	6 20
a. m.	p. m		arrive leave	a. m.	p. m.

1 Connects with Savannah & Charleston, and Atlantic & Gulf Railways.

2 With Augusta & Savannah Branch.

3 With Charlotte, Col. & Augusta and South Carolina Railways.

4 With Milledgeville & Eatonton Branch.

5 With Macon and Western and Southwestern Railways.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

(Leased and operated by the Central Railway of Georgia.)

VIRGIL POWERS, Chief Engineer and General Superintendent, Macon, Ga.

Leave.				Arrive.		
Acc.	Mail	Mail	Mls	STATIONS.	Mail	Mail	Acc
p.m.	a. m.	a.m.		Leave. Arrive.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
8 50	5 25	8 00	0	....MACON 1....	4 50	11 15	5 00
9 50	6 00	8 40	12	..Echeconnee..	4 10	10 41	4 10
11 29	7 07	9 42	28	FORT VALLEY	3 09	9 50	2 54
	7 27		35	....Everett's....		9 28	
	8 13		50	.....Butler.		8 44	
	9 21		70	.....Geneva.....		7 40	
	9 57		80	.... Upatoie. ...		6 49	
	11 00		100	..COLUMBUS 2.		5 45	
	a.m.			arr. lve.		p.m.	
12 01		10 07	35	..Marshallville .	2 22		2 21
1 01		10 54	48	...Montezuma ..	1 34		1 22
2 49		12 19	70	....Americus....	12 14		11 36
3 41		1 01	83	ar..Smithville.lv	11 28		10 36
5 15		1 22	83	lv..Smithville.ar	11 22		10 18
7 00		2 45	94	...ALBANY 3...	10 00		8 35
a.m.		p.m.		arr. lve.	a.m.		p.m.
4 26		1 21	83	lv..Smithville.ar	11 23		10 16
5 46		2 12	98	.....Dawson	10 34		9 13
7 48		3 28	118	....Cuthbert.....	9 21		7 32
8 39		4 04	128	.....Morris	8 40		6 32
10 00		4 58	144	...EUFAULA...	7 45		5 10
a.m.		p.m.		arrive leave	a.m.		p.m.

1 Connects with Central Georgia, and Macon & Western Railways.

2 With Mobile & Girard, and Opelika & Columbus Railways.

3 With South Georgia and Florida Railway.

Fort Gaines.—Leave Cuthbert for Fort Gaines at 9.45 a. m. and 3.30 p. m. Leave Fort Gaines for Cuthbert at 7.45 a. m. and 1.20 p. m. Distance, 22 miles.

GREENVILLE & COLUMBIA R. R.

F. BUSH, President; THOS. DODAMEAD, Sup't; C. V. Carrington, Sec'y, Columbia, S. C.

UP PASSENGER TRAIN.

Distances	STATIONS.	Passenger Arr.	Passenger Lve.
	COLUMBIA	.....	7 00
6½	Frost's Mill	7 25	7 25
15¼	Littleton	8 00	8 00
25¼	Alston	8 35	8 40
28¾	Hope's	8 53	8 53
31¾	Pomaria	9 05	9 05
40	Prosperity	9 40	9 40
47	Newberry	10 05	10 10
48¼	Helena	10 15	10 20
51	Burton's Tank	10 32	10 32
54½	Silver Street	10 47	10 47
60	Saluda Old Town	11 15	11 20
65	Chappell's	11 40	11 40
72	Brick House	12 05	12 05
75	Ninety-Six	12 20	12 20
79	79 Mile T. O.	12 32	12 32
82	New Market	12 45	12 45
85	Greenwood	1 00	1 00
89	89 Mile T. O	1 15	1 15
94¼	Cokesbury	1 35	1 45
105¾	Branch { Cokesbury	.....	1 45
	Branch { Abbeville	3 00	.....
99	Barmore's	2 05	2 05
102½	Donnald's	2 18	2 18
109	Honea Path	2 45	2 45
117½	Belton	3 25	3 30
126¾	Branch { Belton	.....	3 30
	Branch { Anderson	4 20	4 30
124½	Williamston	3 55	3 55
135¼	Golden Grove	4 32	4 32
143½	GREENVILLE	5 00	

DOWN PASSENGER TRAIN.

Distances	STATIONS.	Passenger. Arr	Passenger. Lve
	GREENVILLE	.....	5 45
8	Golden Grove	6 12	6 12
18¾	Williamston	6 50	6 50
32½	Belton	7 15	7 23
26	Branch { Anderson	.....	6 25
	Branch { Belton	7 15	.....
34¾	Honea Path	8 05	8 05
41¾	Donnald's	8 30	8 30
44	Barmore's	8 42	8 42
49	Cokesbury	9 02	9 05
60½	Branch { Abbeville	.....	8 00
	Branch { Cokesbury	9 00	.....
54	89 Mile T. O	9 25	9 25
58¼	Greenwood	9 40	9 40
61¼	New Market	9 52	9 52
64	79 Mile T. O	10 05	10 05
68¼	Ninety-Six	10 20	10 20
71¼	Brick House	10 33	10 33
78¼	Chappell's	11 00	11 00
83¼	Saluda Old Town	11 20	11 25
88¾	Silver Street	11 52	11 52
92	Burton's Tank	12 05	12 05
95	Helena	12 20	12 25
96¼	Newberry	12 30	12 35
103¼	Prosperity	1 00	1 00
111½	Pomaria	1 35	1 35
114½	Hope's	1 48	1 48
118	Alston	2 02	2 10
128	Littleton	2 45	2 45
136¾	Frost's Mill	3 20	3 20
143½	COLUMBIA	3 45	.....

NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS THROUGH LINE

VIA MOBILE AND MONTGOMERY RAIL ROAD.

This is the TRUNK ROAD of the GREAT LINES leading from NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS, and is nearly 300 miles shorter than the Western routes. PALACE CARS on all night trains, running through from New Orleans to Lynchburg, 1000 miles; and only ONE TRANSFER between New Orleans and New York.

SCHEDULE.

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.		
New Orleans	7 30 a. m.	5 30 p. m.	New York	9 20 p. m.	8 30 a. m.
Mobile	2 30 p. m.	11 30 p. m.	Philadelphia	12 54 a. m.	11 45 a. m.
Montgomery	12 30 a. m.	10 30 a. m.	Washington	7 00 a. m.	6 00 p. m
Washington	8 00 a. m.	12 45 p. m.	Montgomery	8 30 a. m.	6 00 p. m.
Philadelphia	1 24 p. m.	6 49 p. m.	Mobile	6 45 p. m.	6 00 a. m.
New York	4 44 p. m.	10 20 p. m.	New Orleans	12 35 a. m.	12 00 m.

APRIL 1st, 1872. **G. JORDAN, Superintendent.**

ALL RAIL BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH,

VIA THE LOUISVILLE ROUTE.

Louisville and Nashville, and Memphis and Louisville R. R. Line.

6 to **8** DAYS QUICKER THAN BY RIVER, between New Orleans, and Louisville, and Cincinnati.

5 to **7** DAYS QUICKER THAN BY RIVER, between Vicksburg, and Louisville, and Cincinnati.

4 to **6** DAYS QUICKER THAN BY RIVER, between Memphis, and Louisville, and Cincinnati.

THE ONLY ALL RAIL ROUTE between the cities North of and cities South of POTOMAC, OHIO and MISSOURI RIVERS.

PASSENGERS have the advantage of double daily trains with through day and sleeping cars attached, running through between NASHVILLE, HUMBOLDT, MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS, and other principal cities South, and LOUISVILLE.

FREIGHT forwarded with dispatch, without breakage of bulk, between Louisville and all principal cities in the South.

SHIPPERS by this route will save all Insurance and many days' time.

ALBERT FINK, Vice Pres. and Gen'l Supt.,
M. H. SMITH, General Freight Agent,
W. H. KING, General Pass. and Ticket Agent,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE & CHATTANOOGA R. R. LINE.

TIME TABLE,

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1871.

Subject to Changes.

Chattanooga to Nashville and Hickman.

NAMES OF STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily Ex.Sun Mail.	No. 4. DAILY. Exp.	No. 12. Daily Ex. Sun Accom.
Lve. Chattanooga	6 30 AM	8 00 PM	12 30 PM
Wauhatchie	6 50	8 20	1 00
Whitesides*	7 20	8 50	2 00
Arr. / Lve. Jasper	.....	.....	.....
	6 45 AM	.....	4 45
Bridgeport*	8 10	9 40 PM	3.30 P.M
Stevenson*	9 00	10 10	
Cowan*	10 25	11 30	
Decherd*	10 40	11 45 PM	No. 6
Tullahoma	11 20	12 25AM	Daily
Normandy*	11 40	12 45	Ex.Sun
Arr. / Lve. Shelbyville*	12 45 PM / 10 30 AM	9 15AM / 5 00 PM	6 15AM
Wartrace*†	12 00 M.	1 00 AM	7 00
Christiana*	12 35	1 35	7 45
Murfreesboro*†	1 00	2 00	8 15
Florence	1 13	2 15	8 30
Smyrna	1 25	2 25	8 45
Lavergn*	1 37	2 35	9 00
N. & D. Crossing	2 10	3 10	9 40
Arr. / Lve. Nashville	2 15 / 2 30	3 15 / 3 20	9 45
Bellevue†	3 10	3 50	
Kingston Springs	3 45	4 25	
White Bluff	4 05	4 45	
Dickson†*	4 45	5 15	
Lve. Waverley*†	6 15	6 30	
Johnsonville*†	6 50	7 00	
Camden†	7 20	7 30	
Huntingdon*†	8 20	8 25	
Lve. McKenzie*†	9 00	9 15	
Dresden†	9 50	9 55	
Paducah Junction	10 50	10 45	
Union City†*	11 00	11 00	
State Line	11 45 PM	11 40A.M	
Arr. Hickman	12 30 AM	12 30 P.M	

Hickman to Nashville and Chattanooga.

NAMES OF STATIONS.	No. 1. DAILY. Mail.	No. 3. Daily Ex.Sun Exp.	No. 5. Daily Ex.Sun Accom.
Lve. Hickman*	6 00 PM	6 00AM	
State Line	6 45	6 45	
Union City*†	8 00	8 00	
Paducah Junction	8 10	8 10	
Dresden†	9 05	9 10	
McKenzie*†	10 00	10 00	
Huntingdon*†	10 40	10 45	
Camden†	11 45	12 00 M.	
Johnsonville*‡	12 20 AM	12 35 PM	
Waverly*†	1 00	1 20	
Dickson*†	2 25	2 35	
White Bluff	3 10	3 25	
Kingston Springs	3 35	3 45	
Bellevue†	4 20	4 25	
Arr. / Lve. Nashville	5 00 / Ex.Sun	5 00 / DAILY	
	8 45	7 00	3 30 PM
N. & D. Crossing	8 50	7 05	3 35
Lavergn*†	9 30	8 00	4 20
Smyrna	9 45	8 20	4 35
Florence	10 00	8 40	4 55
Murfreesboro*†	10 15	9 00	5 15
Christiana*	10 40	9 40	5 45
Wartrace*†	11 20 AM	10 35 PM	6 30
Arr. / Lve. Shelbyville*	12 45 PM / 10 30AM	9 15 AM / 5 00 PM	7 15 PM
Normandy*	11 40AM	11 05	
Tullahoma*	12 00 M.	11 30	
Decherd*	1 00	12 20 AM	
Cowan*	1 15	12 40	
Stevenson*	2 30	2 30	Accom.
Bridgeport*	3 05	3 05	8 10 AM
Arr. / Lve. Jasper	4 45 PM	.....	.....
	.....	.....	6 45 AM
Whitesides*	4 05	4 00	10 00
Wauhatchie	4 35	4 35	11 00
Arr. Chattanooga	5 00 PM	5 00AM	11 30AM

Stations marked (*) are Telegraph Stations.

☞ The short and only uniform Gauge between Chattanooga and St. Louis. Only route running sleeping cars between Nashville and Memphis.

NASHVILLE AND DECATUR RAILWAY.

J. W. Sloss, President and General Supt.; R. N. Reynolds, Assistant Supt., and R. P. Brown, General Ticket Agent, Nashville, Tenn.

Pass.	Mail.	Mls.	STATIONS.	Mls.	Mail.	Pass
P. M.	A. M.		LEAVE. ARRIVE.		P. M.	A. M.
7 00	6 30	0	NASHVILLE 1	122	6 30	4
8 00	7 30	19	Franklin	103	5 30	3
8 30	7 57	29	Thompson's	93	5 00	3 05
9 00	8 20	36	Carter's Creek	86	4 36	
9 40	8 50	46	COLUMBIA	76	4 00	2 07
10 15	9 18	56	Pleasant Grove	66	3 28	1 37
10 58	9 50	67	Buford's	55	2 45	12 59
11 40	10 30	79	Pulaski	43	2 00	12 20
12 32	11 10	91	Prospect	31	1 06	11 31
1 02	11 38	99	Fort Hampton	23	12 43	11
1 35	12 00	107	Athens	15	12 00	10
2 35	1 00	122	DECATUR 2	0	11 00	
A. M.	P. M.		ARRIVE LEAVE		A. M.	P. M.

1 Connects with Railways diverging. 2 Connects with Memphis & Charleston Railway. 2 Steamers on the Tennessee River during season of navigation.

MEDICINAL TORPEDOES.

In the shape of fierce cathartics, are falling into disrepute.

TARRANT'S

EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT

is driving them out of use. It is the mildest and most genial of all laxatives. Instead of weakening the stomach and bowels, it gives them tone and vigor. Other purgatives leave the excretory passages in an unnatural condition, and new concretions gather there, often more difficult to remove than those that have been violently expelled. The Seltzer Aperient, on the contrary, establishes a regular habit of body. As an appetizer and exhilerant, it is far superior to any "Bitters," and its purifying influence on the vitiated animal fluids excels that of any blood depurient in the Materia Medica. And then, how delicious!

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

IT DOES MORE WORK, MORE KINDS OF WORK, AND BETTER WORK,

Than any other Machine.

Offices in all the Principal Cities and Towns in America.

COLGATE & CO.'S

CASHMERE BOQUET SOAP has a novel but very delightful perfume, and is in every respect superior for TOILET USE.

Sold by dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

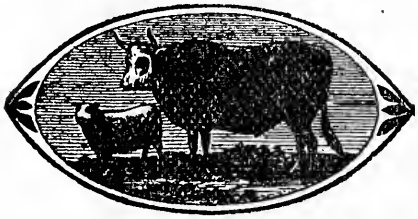
CHESTNUT ST. FEMALE SEMINARY

PHILADELPHIA.

Miss BONNEY and Miss DILLAYE, Principals.

The twenty-third year of this English and French Boarding and Day School will open Sept. 18th, at 1615 Chestnut St. Particulars from Circulars.

CAUTION!



TRADE MARK.

ALL GENUINE

Liebig's Extract of Meat

Bears the signature in blue ink, of BARON LIEBIG, the inventor, across the label.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

This Extract is made under Baron Liebig's control, and guaranteed from the finest Beef.

Physicians, in prescribing, and purchasers will please take notice and ask for the extract with Liebig's signature thus:

J. Liebig

J. MILHAU'S SONS, Agents, 183 Broadway and 15 Dey Street, N. Y.

"Have used **Payson's Indelible Ink** in our family for twenty years. Must have it."

F. K. PHŒNIX. Bloomington Nursery, Ill., 600 acres; 21st year; 12 Green Houses; Trees, Bulbs, Hedge Plants, Nursery Stock; 4 Catalogues, 20 cents.

MUSIC.—Two exquisitely beautiful Songs—"Little Daisies Gone to Sleep" and "Under the Gas Light." Buy them and sing them. Can be had of any music dealer, 40 cents each.

THE MASSENA SPRING WATERS

Are Unequaled as a Remedy for Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Gravel, and all affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dyspepsia, &c. General Depot, 363 Bowery, cor. Fourth St., N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS for this Magazine are received at favorable rates by **W. J. CARLTON, Advertising Agent, 39 Park Row, N. Y.**

P. O. BOX 1374 PITTSBURGH, PA.

Breech-Loading Shot Guns, $40 to $300. Double Shot Guns, $8 to $150. Single Guns, $3 to $20. Rifles, $8 to $75. Revolvers, $6 to $25. SEND STAMP FOR PRICE-LIST. *Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for.*

ESTABLISHED 1837 — GRAND GOLD MEDAL AWARDED — HIGHEST PREMIUM

NEW, USEFUL, VALUABLE!

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GEORGE PARR, BUFFALO, N. Y., Manf. Mechanics' Tools.

SIXTH EDITION. FIFTIETH THOUSAND.

THE

SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

CRITICAL NOTES ON THE FRENCH-GERMAN WAR OF 1870.

II.

THE 6th of August, then, gave to the enemy open play upon French territory. Up to this time it had been possible for the French to enter upon a general offensive movement; now it was so no longer. Still, with that exception, there was no vital reason why they should be seriously alarmed; and the chances of war might at any time present an opportunity to assume an attitude more reassuring. But two French corps had been engaged; six were still intact; a decisive battle had not taken place; while the Germans were hourly lengthening the distance from their base of operations, supplies and reinforcements, and numerically growing weaker, the French were drawing nearer to their reserves and great depots; and he would have been a bold man to stake his reputation at that time upon a prediction as to how the invasion would end. Two battles, and severe ones, had indeed been lost; but in each the troops had fought with distinguished bravery, and inflicted greater loss than they had sustained. They too had combated against superior numbers; although we must say that their strong positions, chosen with great *coup d'œil*, should have balanced their inferiority in that respect. The troops had been brave, disciplined and enthusiastic; they were armed with the most formidable infantry-weapon: how then is it that consternation seized people and army upon what were but slight reverses compared with the resources yet at hand? The inevitable conclusion forced upon us

is, that the incapacity of the commanding generals had broken the spirit by a mode of warfare wholly opposed to the traditions of the army; and that the most incredible *insouciance* and lack of coöperation had signalised their movements since the declaration of war. The utmost alarm spread through the country. The Emperor, 9th of August, turned over to Marshal Bazaine the chief command. It was resolved to concentrate everything at Châlons and give battle. Counter-orders from Paris directed the defence of Lorraine, and the army concentrated, with the exception of Marshal MacMahon's corps, at Metz, fourteen divisions with about six cavalry divisions. But Marshal Bazaine left unprotected the passages of the Moselle and Meuse; and it is impossible without such protection to perceive how he expected to defend that important province.

The armies of Prince Frederick Charles and Gen. Steinmetz now moved directly upon Metz, the first from north to south, the second due west, capturing on the way the trains of two infantry divisions. Gen. Steinmetz, with wonted impetuosity, with the 1st and 7th North-German army corps, threw the 2d and 3d French corps, 14th August, under the cannon of the fortress of Metz. These corps were on the point of crossing to the left bank of the river, where the other French corps were united. To have posted troops in the position where Gen. Steinmetz defeated them was an utter and gratuitous sacrifice on the part of Marshal Bazaine. There was no necessity whatever to place troops in front of Metz, as the cannon of Forts Saint Julien and Quelen, with their immediate lines of defences, protected the fortress in such a manner as to make it an absolute impossibility for an enemy, however strong, on that side to approach within four miles. To Gen. Steinmetz it was a welcome opportunity to seek by an attack of these corps to divert the attention of Marshal Bazaine from the difficult operation in course of execution by Prince Frederick Charles, who was then in nearest proximity to Marshal Bazaine, seeking to gain the rear of Metz by crossing over to the left bank of the Moselle, and to keep the enemy at Metz until Prince Frederick Charles would be enabled to strike him in the left flank while Gen. Steinmetz attacked in front. This difficult manœuvre of Prince Frederick Charles having been executed, greatly to the surprise of Marshal Bazaine, it was no longer possible for him to defend Lorraine, and a withdrawal to Verdun and Châlons was at once determined upon, yet tardily executed. The corps engaged on 14th August by Gen. Steinmetz could not in time fall in the line of retreat on account of that battle, and for this reason Marshal Bazaine retarded the retreat of his remaining forces, making but a brief march on 15th August. It was intended to resume the march with the reunited army early on the 16th of August. A high-road leads from Metz to Verdun; it forks at Gravelotte, passing southward by Rezonville, Mars La Tour, Fresne, to Verdun, northward over Doncourt and Jarny. The intervening distance from Jarny on the northern to Mars La Tour on the southern road is about six miles, the ground uneven and covered with forest-growth. Upon the southern side, that nearest the enemy, the bulk of the forces with the entire trains were advancing, while on the northern branch were only the 3d and 4th corps. It should have been the reverse; but Marshal Bazaine

seemed to have been struck with judicial blindness. Early on 16th August, at half-past nine in the morning, the German cavalry and horse-artillery threw themselves upon the French forces, and the battles of Gorze and Vionville commenced. The battle of Gorze, more perhaps than any other engagement, reflects credit upon German bravery. In forced marches Prince Frederick Charles had hastened up his advance-guards as soon as Marshal Bazaine's intention to leave Metz became manifest, and succeeded in arresting the march of the 2d corps. Upon the report of cannon the 4th French corps on the northern road promptly wheeled to the left in support of the 2d. An exceedingly bloody battle ensued, in which barely five German divisions, gradually arriving during its progress, kept at bay and checked the advance of thirteen French divisions. The Imperial Guard fought with desperation, sustaining its ancient reputation. The losses were very great, as is shown by those of the 11th North-German regiment, which left on the field 2000 of 3000 men and 44 officers. Marshal Bazaine in his anxiety to protect the *débouchés* of the valleys of the Gorze and Ars south of Metz, by which Gen. Steinmetz was expected, changed front from Gravelotte to Mars La Tour, making of the former front his present right flank. He effected his purpose of checking Gen. Steinmetz, but so placed himself as to make his principal object, the retreat to Verdun, a matter of great difficulty, if not impossibility. To prevent his retreat was precisely the aim of the enemy. These battles were claimed as victories by the Marshal: but where, we ask, are their fruits? It seems that the 17th August was passed by Marshal Bazaine in concentrating his army to the rear upon Gravelotte, to rest, replenish supplies, and then make another attempt to reach Verdun. On the same day he reported to the Emperor his intention of using for that purpose the circuitous route passing through Woippy and Briey which he believed yet to be open; but the battles of 16th August having given to the enemy full possession of the roads Rezonville-Mars La Tour and Doncourt-Jarny, the slightest appreciation of the strategy of his formidable opponents should have taught him that the route Woippy-Briey would not thereafter be open a single day, not even throughout the 17th. Instead of falling back upon Gravelotte, he should then, if his intention was fixed to retreat by Woippy-Briey, have made that attempt during the night succeeding the battle of Gorze.

The battle of Gravelotte which now followed, 18th August, and which had for its object to defeat Marshal Bazaine's last attempt in the open field to reach Verdun, was one of the most bloody of modern wars. It commenced at noon. The German armies had taken up a line of battle extending from the south to the north of the Verdun roads, beginning north at Rezonville and passing through Gravelotte, then south to Warneville, Armandville, and various other villages. The *terrain* is wavy, but the undulations rise to broad plateaus, where infantry and artillery may be perfectly developed. The battle-field is covered with small villages and isolated farm-houses, built of stone and surrounded by solid stone walls. Into these walls loop-holes had everywhere been broken by the French.

Such was the case with an orchard wall on a height beyond Gravelotte, where also extends a deep hollow, just where the road from Metz makes a sharp turn, descending at a slope of about eight degrees; here French *tirailleurs* had occupied the road-ditches, reinforced by embankments defended by batteries of mitrailleuses. At these points desperate struggles took place. When the German columns in their advance struck the road, their first line was completely mowed down; but the second unflinchingly advancing, and opportunely supported by artillery in position on an eminence in rear, the mitrailleuses were silenced and taken in the subsequent infantry advances. Despite the heavy force of eight German army-corps on the field of battle, of whom six were engaged, there was a time when the issue was wavering in the balance. Signs of discouragement and of faltering were visible in the German lines. The fate of France hung on a hair, more than at any other time during these awful struggles, even more precarious than when after Metz at last had fallen and Paris was besieged. General Aurelles de Paladines beat back General Von der Tann on the Loire, and pushing forward upon Fontainebleau, the general head-quarters of the German army had already packed up and were ready to evacuate Versailles. This serious moment at Gravelotte was at 4 P. M. At this crisis the venerable, gray-headed King arrived on the field; and, as at Lützen in 1813 the youthful French conscripts had wavered, and were reanimated at the decisive moment by the arrival and reassuring words of the Little Man with the cocked hat, so when the German commander-in-chief in that portentous hour galloped through shot and shell down the lines of his armies, "the German soldiers were electrified," and with renewed ardor they rushed to the bloody work which was destined to end with a complete victory of the German forces. It was ten at night when the last shot was fired and the turmoil ceased. The quiet stars looked down upon the French host in pity, lying shattered and bleeding, crowded under the protection of the cannon of Metz, and upon a bloody field not often read of in the history of carnage. On a spot where the traveller may now look over golden harvest-fields down upon the grim citadels and lofty cathedral towers of Metz, heaps of French and Germans lay pell-mell together, the swarthy herdsman of the south of France side by side with the fair-haired peasant-boy from Pomerania in one last sleep which at least knows no strife. The German artillery had done its most horrible work there; the earth was strewn with fragments of shot and shell; men's heads, soldiers' whole bodies were literally crushed by shells, the hoofs of horses and the wheels of the artillery. For the possession of the stone-wall encircled orchard thousands had fallen; as on the field of Waterloo around Hougoumont's hard-contested enclosure, the same at the Ferme Saint Hubert, a natural little fortress. Villages were entirely ploughed down by cannon. The German loss had been immense, but the French was here much greater. Here, at Gravelotte, the twelfth German corps, the Saxon army, earned imperishable honor. There, too, fell Prince Salm-Salm, while leading to the charge a battalion of the Prussian guards; fighting against Bazaine, whom he had learned to despise in Mexico; a noble but unfortunate officer, whose history

is connected with the American war and the life of the Emperor Maximilian. May we not express the hope that our century, at least, will not again witness a like carnage; and to ask, when shall come to pass that holy alliance of nations of which the amiable Béranger sings and exhorts —

> "—— égaux par la vaillance,
> Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe, ou Germain,
> Peuples, formez une sainte alliance,
> Et donnez-vous la main!"

While we must concur in the adverse criticism of the operations of the 14th of August, we cannot join in that against Marshal Bazaine on account of the battle of Gravelotte. He was right in making this last attempt. But we are obliged to censure his faulty dispositions of the 16th of August, as well as his inactivity of the 17th, since already on the 16th he ought to have achieved what he attempted and failed to do on the 18th. In this sense certainly that battle was a sacrifice, but in no other. He showed little military foresight, however, on the 17th, when in his *rapport sommaire* he advised the Emperor Napoleon of the intended march by Woippy and Briey to Verdun; and he deceived his Emperor with hopes which he should have known to be impossible of realisation.

After the battle of Wörth, the Crown-Prince had closely followed the traces of the retreating Marshal MacMahon, the latter reaching Châlons with the *gros* of the 1st, 5th and 7th corps in safety; there from the 16th to the 19th of August he reorganised his army and united with the 12th corps, General Lebrun. Only then did the 1st corps receive its reserves. With high hopes the army awaited the arrival of Marshal Bazaine; at last, 19th of August, the conviction must have dawned upon Marshal MacMahon that some extraordinary mishap had befallen the army at Metz. A council of war was held, in which the alternative was presented either to fight again at Châlons with twice-beaten troops a victorious army, or to fall back upon Paris, unite with the reserves and forces of General Vinoy, and with the great resources of the capital at hand, strike under its walls the decisive blow. The latter was unanimously resolved by the council. It would have been well for France had this movement been authorised by the Regency; but it was opposed from purely political motives, and the person of the Emperor was no longer considered safe in the capital; Marshal MacMahon was, on the contrary, peremptorily directed to move upon Metz, for the deliverance of Marshal Bazaine. He obeyed reluctantly, when he should have followed his better judgment; he was no subordinate General, but Marshal in the field; strict obedience in such a case ceases to be a virtue, when orders emanating from a council far from the scene of action are clearly against the demands of the actual situation. Immediately after the battle of Gravelotte, the Prussian Guards, 4th and 12th corps, had been formed into a fourth army, under command of the Crown-Prince of Saxony, with orders to advance rapidly upon Châlons and reinforce the Crown-Prince of Prussia. Now, the direct road to Metz being closed to Marshal MacMahon, it would have been

possible only by means of one of those secret and rapidly executed flank-marches, either to the right or left, which signalise the great captain, to fall in the rear of the first and second German armies before Metz; one of those manœuvres which enabled Frederick the Great, after the disaster of Hochkirch, to wrest victory from the Austrians; or like that matchless movement of our own General Jackson which so fitly closed a glorious career at Chancellorsville. But Marshal MacMahon was no Jackson, nor a Frederick. The disorganisation of his troops is represented as having been extreme by French authorities; yet it was worth a trial to restore buoyancy to his army by the prospect of making it the instrument of delivering a blow which would have carried consternation in the enemy's ranks. What Marshal MacMahon did was less than nothing. With excessive slowness he moved off from Châlons on the 19th of August, and fell back upon Rheims, endeavoring to turn the right of the advancing enemy. The railway in full operation, Rheims-Mezières-Thionville, well situated for such a rapid movement, appears in no way to have been made use of by him. Only on the 23d of August, when the German advance was within one day's march of Châlons — reaching it on the 24th of August — Marshal McMahon left Rheims for Suippe, drawing closer to the army of the Crown-Prince of Saxony which was advancing on the right of the Crown-Prince of Prussia. On the following day, 24th of August, he again marched backward to the north-west upon Rethel, where he was compelled by the indifferent administration of the subsistence department to lie inactive on the 25th of August to replenish supplies. At last, on the 26th and 27th of August, his corps, resting with the left at Vouziers, gradually wheeled into line between Vouziers and La Chêne Populeux. The proximity of the enemy and the apprehension that his other corps could not be sufficiently extricated from the Argonne Forest in time for a general concentration, recalled the wish of his heart, and the promptings of true strategy urged him to fall back upon Paris, and he actually issued orders to that effect, which the soldiers began to execute with alacrity — the silent force exerted upon their understandings by a right movement. But for the third time the Regency at Paris interfered with the movements of the Generals in a most unaccountable and reprehensible manner, fully imitating the *ci-devant* Aulic Council of Vienna, and bringing upon the country the bitterest reverses. Marshal MacMahon was ordered to persist in the deliverance of Metz, and again he obeyed. It is a deplorable spectacle to see a Marshal of France hesitating between two plans, one of which he dare not execute though his judgment tells him that he ought, the other forced upon him, which he obeys, but in a manner so indifferent and spiritless as to leave no doubt of the end. The movements already directed had to be countermanded, the already reviving spirit of the army checked. He now moved upon Stenay and Montmédy, and effected a concentration of his army under cover of the 5th corps, passing the Meuse at Remilly and Mouzon. When on the 29th of August, however, the 5th corps attempted likewise to cross the river to follow the *gros* of the army, it was prevented by the enemy and held at bay the entire day. General de Failly in consequence during the night

following hastened back to Beaumont, and had barely rested his wearied troops when the Crown-Prince of Saxony attacked and repulsed him. Marshal MacMahon finding the road to Montmédy closed, resolved upon a concentration and stand at Sedan, for which the night of the 31st of August was used.

As soon as the Crown-Prince of Prussia had learned of the flank-march of Marshal MacMahon upon Rheims, he stopped his movement upon Châlons, and uniting with the fourth army at the height of the line of Grandpré, sought the traces of the French marshal. This was no difficult matter. Marshal MacMahon's movements being slowly executed with now fully dispirited troops, the pursuers found at every step evidences of an almost total disorganisation. While on the 31st of August the Crown-Prince of Prussia with part of his army occupied the enemy at Bazeilles, the rest rapidly concentrated in a wide circumference around Sedan. The battle-picture we will give in the King of Prussia's own brief and lucid description:

"The army had arrived during the evening of the 31st of August and early in the morning of the 1st of September in the positions prescribed around Sedan. The Bavarians formed the left wing near Bazeilles on the Meuse; next stood the Saxons towards Monceille and Paigny; the Guards were still on the march to take position at Givonne; the 5th and 11th corps were posted toward Saint Menges and Fleigneux. As the Meuse makes a sudden bend at this point, no corps had been placed between Saint Menges and Doncherry; but Würtemberg troops were stationed in the latter place to cover at the same time the rear against sorties from Mezières. The cavalry-division, Count Stolberg, was in the plains of Doncherry, forming the right wing. In the front toward Sedan was posted the rest of the Bavarian troops. Despite a dense fog the battle began early in the morning near Bazeilles, and gradually a very violent fight ensued, during which house after house had to be taken, which lasted nearly the entire day, and during which the Erfurt division Schoeler (reserve, 4th corps) had to take part. When I arrived at 8 o'clock at the front before Sedan, the great battery was just commencing to fire against the fortifications. At all points a heavy artillery-battle was now in progress, lasting for hours, and during which we gradually gained ground. The above mentioned villages were taken. Very deep ravines, covered with forests, rendered the advance of the infantry still more difficult, while the defence was thereby facilitated. The villages of Illy and Floing were taken, and gradually the circle of fire narrowed around Sedan. A magnificent view was presented from our position on a height in the rear of the great battery to the right and front of the village of Frenois, above Saint Torcy. The staunch resistance of the enemy began to lessen, of which we judged by the broken battalions running hastily out of the woods and villages. The cavalry attempted to attack several battalions of our 5th corps, who maintained an excellent front; the cavalry charged through the intervals of the battalions, wheeled, and charged in the same way three times; the field was covered with corpses and horses — all of which we could plainly see from our position. As the enemy's retreat assumed in many places the nature of a rout, and everything,

infantry, cavalry and artillery, was crowding into the city and vicinity, with no indication that the enemy sought to extricate himself from this desperate condition by capitulation, nothing was left but to order the bombardment of the city; but as already in twenty minutes fires broke out in several places, which with the many burning villages in the whole circuit of battle made a moving spectacle, I ordered the firing to cease, and sent Lieutenant-Colonel Von Bronsard of the general staff with a flag of truce to offer the capitulation to army and fortress."

The sequel is well known — the fate of France was to be accomplished.

Irresolution characterised the operations of Marshal MacMahon which prepared the catastrophe of Sedan. The march upon Paris should have begun on the 19th of August; on that day he had the shorter road to the capital. This was so no longer on the 27th; the enemy had then the shorter line, and could have anticipated and prevented him. On that day the march upon Metz was the only practicable movement, although a difficult one. But despairing of it also, were there no other routes of retreat? Before him lay the rich and untouched North of France, full of fortresses, under cover of which a stronger enemy even could have been held at bay. But he chose rather to place himself under the protection of the cannon of a small fortress, neither provisioned nor properly armed, and to fight there a battle of desperation. To sacrifice one portion of the army and break through with the rest does not occur to him. In a great semi-circle, both wings leaning on the Meuse, he takes his position. An officer of the general staff of the French army writes: "Never was an army placed more unfortunately than at Sedan. It is customary to act upon a well-determined plan of operation, with a line of retreat secure in case of defeat, upon which reserves and ambulances are stationed beforehand; but here we see our troops surrounded on all sides, having no line of retreat save through a city the narrow gates and streets of which, impeded by trains, constituted an inextricable defile."

There was one commanding general at least, Wimpffen, as his name indicates of German descent, who felt bitterly the humiliation demanded of him, and who struggled to avert it. A few hours only before the battle began he had arrived at Sedan from Algiers, and Marshal MacMahon being severely wounded, had assumed the command-in-chief. In the evening of the day of Sedan, ere the Emperor wrote his letter to the King, General Wimpffen proposed to open with his troops a way through the lines, and to march either upon Carignan or seek refuge upon Belgian territory. The Emperor declined to accede to this plan. General Wimpffen, after a lively altercation on this subject with the Emperor and his suite, tendered his resignation. The Emperor refused to accept it and appealed to his sense of duty, when General Wimpffen signed the capitulation.

We have now finally to allude to the fortunes of Marshal Bazaine to have treated of those events offering scope for impartial strategical criticism. After the surrender of Metz, the regular army of France was practically destroyed — paralysed already after Sedan — and thenceforth no profitable comparison can be made between pow-

erful, well-schooled regular armies, flushed with victory, and raw levies of undisciplined, illy-provided volunteer forces. From the day of Gravelotte already it was not difficult to have seen that the war was definitely decided in favor of the Germans; the whole world saw it; but unfortunately it was not thus with those who, in a sudden eruption at the head of a fanatical faction, from whom the well-to-do classes shrank, had been bold enough to seize the helm of the ship of state, then already fast going to pieces. The unfortunate declaration, at that time, of a republic, and the immoderate and unstatesmanlike conduct of M. Gambetta, who has in him more of Italian dagger-ferocity than French bravery and *élan*, were destined to bring even greater misfortunes upon France than the hasty act of Napoleon in declaring war had already inflicted. Peace after Sedan or Metz would have saved to France millions of money, a not inconsiderable portion of the territory afterward surrendered, thousands of valuable lives; it would not have lost to France a particle of honor, but strengthened its reputation for wisdom, and saved the prestige it still had among foreign nations. There is no doubt that the proclamation of a republic alienated from France the sympathies of the powers of Europe, of which it so much stood in need. They collectively would have prevailed upon the Emperor of Germany, had there been a disposition for peace, to make his conditions the most lenient; but they had no favors to grant to a Gambetta faction, and cared not how much of a French Republic would be despoiled.

Marshal Bazaine is now for some time on trial before a military court. We believe that he acted in the rendition of Metz as an honorable soldier, and that he conducted the defence with coolness, bravery and judgment. The court will not be able therefore, with the lights before us, justly to condemn him; nor would it be fair to do so on the plea of faulty operations in the field; such a precedent would arraign most other commanders in this war, particularly Marshal MacMahon. If he be adjudged guilty, it can but be under the impression of the disappointment which his supposed too early rendition of Metz inflicted upon subsequent French operations on the Loire; which, had the fall of Metz taken place but two weeks later than it did, might have had the most serious consequences to the German armies beleaguering Paris, and would then probably have forced the enemy to raise the siege. But the freeing of the large German army before Metz enabled it, just in the nick of time, to begin the campaign against the army of the Loire, which was hastening to the succor of Paris; and had already (9th of November) compelled General Von der Tann to evacuate Orleans. But on the 10th of November three divisions reinforced that General; and the army under Prince Frederick Charles from Metz reaching the vicinity of Orleans on the 27th of November, General Aurelles de Paladines was, on the following day, compelled to accept battle at Beaune, which ended in the complete overthrow of his army.

Could Marshal Bazaine have broken through the investing army, and was it in his power to hold out beyond the 27th of October? are really the questions to be determined. We believe the first to have been both impossible and useless; its impossibility is beyond a doubt

demonstrated by the various unsuccessful attempts made by him. Before Sedan had fallen he was justified in counting upon the aid of Marshal MacMahon; his sorties on the 31st of August and 1st of September show, both by their date and direction, that he was well-informed of Marshal MacMahon's movements, that he considered succor from that quarter as hopeless, and that he must solely rely upon himself. But these and subsequent sorties were bloodily repulsed. The besieging army was too watchful and too strong. But could a sortie ever have succeeded, only 40 to 50,000 men, without trains, subsistence or artillery, would have been able to break through. Which way was he to turn with so insignificent a force in a country destitute of resources? To the north? there already a new army barred the way? To the south? there General Werder stood with a strong force at Strassburg. A diversion into Germany? there was a sixth army already in position, and a seventh in course of formation. Wherever we look escape was hopeless, and we come to the firm conclusion, therefore, that *by holding under the walls of Metz an army of nearly* 200,000 *men of the best forces of which the enemy was able to dispose, Marshal Bazaine did better service to his country than he could have rendered in any other manner whatsoever.*

A siege of seventy days in a fortress with a garrison of 173,000 men and 55,000 inhabitants, insufficiently provisioned at the outbreak of war for the regular garrison only, could not have been endured without severest sufferings to all within. Already in the beginning of October the garrison was reduced to a daily allowance of a ration per man of 300 grammes of bad bread; the drinkable water was cut off; salt was entirely gone; flour and grain in small quantity left; nearly all the horses had been eaten up. Twenty thousand wounded and sick of typhus and other epidemics had to be cared for without medicines; the mortality was frightful; the stench of the dead and fallen beasts unbearable. Famine had put *hors de combat* 65,000 combatants; the bravery of the garrison during the three months' siege was amply vindicated by 1 marshal, 24 generals, 2140 officers and 42,350 soldiers killed or wounded. If human endurance could have borne such trials, or an active besieging army quietly witnessed them while in progress without making an attempt to assault the place, at the end of two weeks there would not have been found a living human being within the walls of "Virgin Metz," and for two weeks at least the defence would have had to be prolonged to have been of service to France. We bear no admiration for the talents and character of Marshal Bazaine; his infamous tender of arms and ammunition to the Juarez General Diaz, when leaving Mexico, has blackened his fame for all time; on the contrary we believe both of a low order; but we do not think that a court-martial can justly find him guilty of treason in surrendering Metz. To our mind his case is somewhat similar to that of Lieutenant-General Pemberton at Vicksburg: both of these Generals are weak and unreliable in their strategy in the field, but appear strong in the defence of a place, where the mind finds but one thing to do and cannot lose itself in vagaries. They are both brave men, else the one would not have been a marshal of France, and the other a general in the Confederate army.

IV.

The French-German war was the first in which two armies confronted each other with breech-loading infantry weapons. It was not difficult to predict that such a contest would, above all, be distinguished by struggles for positions; and such was indeed the case, as we have seen at Speicheren, Weissenburg, Wörth, and Gravelotte; and that above all, upon artillery the task would devolve of shaking the opposing infantry-line before an infantry-advance could be risked. It was not, therefore, so much a question between the Chassepôt and Needle gun, as between the Napoleon muzzle-loading and the Prussian breech-loading cannon: who would place the most telling artillery into the field. Now although the Emperor Napoleon had for years bestowed considerable personal attention upon the improvement of the French artillery and made some valuable inventions, and the Minister of War, Marshal Leboeuf, was himself an eminent artillerist, we nevertheless find in this war the precision of the fire, the telling effect of solid shot, and of shell in particular, as well as in the number of pieces, the German artillery far surpassing the French. General Wimpffen has a just appreciation of this important fact. The disasters of the French army he chiefly and emphatically attributes to the superiority of the German artillery. "When our shells," he states, "burst at a distance of at least 2000 to 2400 metres, those of the Germans attained a distance of at least 1000 metres more. Their artillerists, cool and skilful, after every discharge rectified their aim, as if stationed on the drill-ground, and easily shattered our guns and mitrailleuses. It is also to be remarked that their infantry is never engaged before they have demoralised their adversaries under a hail of projectiles." To balance this superiority the model of the mitrailleuse after Captain Staultz, was adopted and kept a profound secret. But the mitrailleuse, although at times doing excellent execution, has not once had a decisive effect. Thus it happened that the French artillery never silenced the German, and that the German never failed to open the road for their infantry-charges.

It will therefore be perceived that the undoubted and brilliantly-demonstrated superiority of the Chassepôt over the Needle gun was in a great measure overcome by the German artillery. The French infantry commenced firing at incredible distances, from 1400 to 1800 paces, and serious havoc was made in the German ranks ere the fire of the latter began to tell. But the idea of this superiority had given to the whole French army an over-confidence to such a degree that they believed it absolutely impossible for any infantry to approach much less to overthrow them; and it was no uncommon occurrence to hear French soldiers speak vauntingly of their own and disparagingly of the German infantry. It is the gravest sign in war of impending disaster when such a spirit takes hold of an army. The first check which brings such superciliousness to the proper level, carries with it a distrust and *abattement* as great as the previous exultation; and when that check comes in the very first pitched battle, the

effect is overwhelming. Nations when proudest are nearest their downfall. When, nevertheless, the German battalions advanced unterrified, in their magnificent style, and charged again and again the most difficult positions until carried, the magic which had surrounded their hitherto unsurpassed infantry was utterly broken; confidence gave way, and never, it is stated, was a German bayonet-charge met. When the position held had to be abandoned, a new one was taken up, only to see the same scenes reënacted. This is why the battle of Wörth had so immense a moral effect upon both armies.

We have noted the *insouciance* with which Marshal MacMahon alluded to that defeat; and if we may accept their own authorities, it was prevalent throughout the French army. Says M. About: "Officers, soldiers and citizens alike accuse the generals of infatuation and ignorance. While the least one of the enemy's army is perfectly trained in the topography of France, our generals do not know their own country. The small square maps given to our army are miserable paper-rags; the map of the general staff is hardly known, and strategic routes finished over five years ago are not entered upon it. Yesterday evening one of my friends met a general who was galloping in a direction opposite to Phalsbourg, which place he wished to reach. When the people gave the general any information or wished to point out short cuts, etc., they were refused with superb disdain. The French army does not inform itself, and wants no information, it pretends to be quite self-sufficient; events will show whether this pretension be well founded." We remark that this was not written after "events had shown," but in the first days of August. We have yet a more serious charge to make against French generals. "Badly seconded by discouraged generals, whose names for shame's sake I withhold," exclaims an indignant French staff-officer concerning the fall of Sedan. The French commanding generals had forgotten that there was such a thing as the offensive. In the battles which had for their objects offensive movements of the most pronounced character, they always awaited the attack, never themselves attacked. The whole operations of Marshal MacMahon from Châlons to Sedan, all of Marshal Bazaine's at Gorze, Vionville, Gravelotte, were emphatically offensive movements. And never do we once see the mere intention manifest even to get rid of the enemy by breaking upon him, at the outset, in a spirited attack. "The drum never beat to the attack; the cry *En avant!* was never heard," says an officer of the general staff of the French army. It was otherwise in days not so far distant. When in 1809, during the assault of Regenburg, an attacking column had been severely repulsed and was wavering, Marshal Lannes seized hold of the ladder, and putting himself at the head, cried: "*Vous voudriez voir que votre maréchal est encore grenadier!*" That attack did not fail. Again, in 1859, when General Forey took the village of Montebello with the bayonet, the well-known cemetery above the village, strongly occupied by the Austrians, had to be stormed. The soldiers were disconcerted. General Forey dismounted, and himself led the men up the height. "Allons, mes enfants," he called to them, "suivez votre général!" General Beuret fell at his side, but the cemetery was taken. We should like

to be able to place alongside these distinguished examples the death of the brave General Douay, but that was not what was needed on that occasion,

Pity that an infantry with such extraordinary qualities was so poorly led and so systematically stifled in the application of its greatest feature!

It was the same with the cavalry. It excels in boldness; the men, indeed, do not have their horses well in hand; falls are frequent; they tend their horses but indifferently, yet require of them a great deal, which, after four weeks of active service, makes fifty per centum unfit; but, nevertheless, it has excellent qualities. Its office evidently was in discharging the duties of advance and rear-guards, in protecting retreats, in grand reconnaissances. It was, on the contrary, sacrificed, particularly at Wörth, Gravelotte, and Sedan, against the infantry; and even, as near Mossbrunn, 6th of August, against the Prussian batteries! We see the traditions of Murat yet prevailing; but in the face of the precise weapons of the present day, the cavalry tactics then suitable are now antiquated; this, at least, should have been learned.

Lastly, what in every army is of the first importance, the subsisttence department was shamefully organised and administered. It is, so appears, entirely in the hands of private speculators; in the Crimea already its inefficiency caused untold sufferings, and prolonged that war one year at least; it was the cause, in 1859, in Italy, that in a victorious career Napoleon felt compelled to offer peace. One would have supposed that such glaring defects would, above everything else, be at once removed. Still we see them yet worse, if that be possible, in this war. When everything was rushed to the front there were no provisions; on the frontier, ere a blow had been struck, soldiers were seen to dig for unripe potatoes in the fields to appease their hunger. M. About tells us that on Marshal MacMahon's retreat from Wörth, the soldiers were compelled to subsist on horse-flesh; and again, a few days later, he saw at Saverne (Zabern) both officers and men go from door to door and beg a morsel of bread; the garde mobile at Châlons — so close to Paris — actually revolted because they sometimes had not a single meal in twenty-four hours. The operations of the commanding generals were hampered in every possible way — we recall but the instance when to await provisions Marshal MacMahon lost several precious days at Rethel,— and the fortresses had to be surrendered principally for the same cause; if but one, Metz, could have been held, it would have been worth more to France than the territory she lost and the money she had to pay.

Were we of the French army we should close these considerations with some very bitter reflections, yet with the assurance that all these defects are not beyond remedy. But we trust the French know this a great deal better than any foreign critic could tell them. If they possess this important faculty, this "*selbsterkenntniss*," and have the courage to apply the knife without tremor, they need have no cause for despair as to the position and influence their rich and beautiful country must again command in the councils of the world. It would

appear that a brighter day is already dawning for France, as some of the vital measures indicated in this paper have, even while we write, been adopted by the French Chambers. But if this rigid self-judgment should be wanting, and fail to apply the proper measures and self-restraints, the decadence of France has indeed set in; and while Paris may, for the time, with its glittering adornments gild the corruption, and the splendors of the capital cast a last glow over France's fame, even like the brightest rays of a setting sun, the downfall will not be, for all that, less sudden and less complete.

F. SCHALLER.

THE GREAT CENTRAL BELT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE.

THERE is a section of country contained within a line drawn from St. Louis to Baltimore on the north, and one from Memphis to Norfolk on the south, that when art has come to the aid of nature, combines more advantages for constructing an immense and world-wide domestic trade and foreign commerce than any other belt of country in the world of like extent. Within this belt, on its eastern side, the tributaries of the Chesapeake afford more of tide-water river-navigation than is to be found in all of Europe, Asia and Africa; and this kind of navigation combines more of cheapness and convenience than any other means of transportation. Besides, the salt-water creeks and rivers contain inexhaustible sources of wealth in the fish and oysters with which they abound, and which can only fail when the briny ocean dries up. On its western side this belt contains within itself, or has connected with and tributary to it, all the fresh-water rivers of the Mississippi valley, affording more of admirable steam-navigation than all the rivers of Europe and of Africa. It staggers the imagination and confuses the thought to attempt to calculate what will be the population and what the amount of surplus industrial products of this great and fertile valley at no distant future. It may not be rash to expect a population greater than that of Europe, and surplus agricultural products exceeding in bulk, if not in value, those of Europe and Asia combined. Had a man foretold fifty years ago what would be the wealth and population of the Mississippi valley to-day, he would have been considered a false prophet and foolish visionary. Fifty years ago, if we recollect

aright, foreign immigration to this country did not exceed annually forty thousand; now it has mounted up to four hundred thousand, and is continually increasing. Most of this immigration finds its way directly or indirectly to the Mississippi valley, and an equal native annual immigration tends thither from the Atlantic States. Nothing could be so well calculated to increase in geometrical ratio this immigration as the various railroad lines undertaken or contemplated within this great central belt which we are describing, and which will unite the waters of the Atlantic and the Chesapeake with those of the Ohio and the Mississippi by the shortest and most convenient routes.

Looking to the Northwestern States, and beginning at Ohio, we find that their cheapest and most convenient routes to Atlantic cities, especially in winter, would be along this route, either to Baltimore, Richmond or Norfolk. This would be especially the case with those living along the Ohio, the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and also with those living in that vast and fertile region west of the Mississippi and north and south of the Missouri. The expensiveness of railroad transportation from the States west of the Mississippi would render such transportation impracticable, whilst the Missouri, Mississippi and Ohio rivers would bring them within short and easy communication with Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk and the ocean. Louisville in a few months will be connected with the Chesapeake and Ohio road at the mouth of the Sandy, and Cincinnati is about to construct a road to the same point. Both Louisville and Cincinnati are connected with that point by the Ohio river, and will probably transport heavy freights thither by the river. Each of these cities is connected by railroads or canals with almost the whole of the Northwest east of the Mississippi. They are already grand depots of the corn, wheat, pork and other products of that section; and when the Chesapeake and Ohio road is completed, they will soon outstrip Chicago in trade, for they will become the winter outlets for almost all the products of the Northwest from the Lakes to the Ohio. Foreseeing this, the cities on the Lakes are already proposing to construct roads to Huntington. The trade of Kentucky, instead of passing on to New York, will be arrested at these points, or will pass directly to Huntington. The surplus products of Missouri will find their way to Huntington, and thence by railroad not only to Baltimore, Norfolk and Richmond, but also to Philadelphia. In winter when the lakes and canals are frozen and the railroads impeded by snow, Norfolk will be the grand entrepôt of the trade between New York and the vast Northwest on either side of the Mississippi. The railroads intersecting the central belt of trade will not injure, but rather promote the interests and increase the trade of Northern cities. Hence Pennsylvania is pushing her railroad system across this belt to the far South, and New York making Virginia railroads tributary to her at Norfolk. The Chesapeake and Ohio road is a long cherished and favorite scheme of Virginia, yet for years to come it may be as profitable to Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia as to Virginia cities. There are two other connections from the Ohio to Norfolk much needed, and which will ere long assuredly be constructed: these

are railroads from Louisville and Cincinnati across Cumberland Gap to unite at Bristol with General Mahone's consolidated road. Then will that route have more freight than it can accommodate, and the Norfolk and Great Western road speedily spring into existence, to relieve it of its superfluous freight and to accommodate a section lying farther south. A direct road from Memphis to Norfolk is needed, and such a road would transport to Norfolk, in conjunction with General Mahone's road and the Norfolk and Great Western road, a full third of the cotton made east of the Mississippi. The proposed railroad from Memphis to California, passing through Arkansas and Texas, would bring to Norfolk a third of the cotton made west of the Mississippi, and also the innumerable cattle of Texas. This road is needed by the whole Union, to avoid the snows in the Rocky Mountains that sometimes retard, impede and suspend for a long time all passage on the existing northern route. When this road is completed, California will pour its whole trade in winter, and most of it in summer, into our central belt, much of it to find its way thence to Europe and to our Northern cities. Much of the cotton-growing South must pass through or along the central belt, because they have no good harbors on the Atlantic, because the mouth of the Mississippi, with its shifting sand-bars, is shallow and precarious, and because passage to Europe from and through that river is both tedious and dangerous.

Boston was the first city that formed a connection by railroad with the West, and for awhile under its stimulating influence she outstripped in growth and in increase of wealth all the cities on the Atlantic coast. But New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore soon followed her example, and speedily more than doubled their trade, their wealth and their populations. What railroads have done for these cities they will assuredly do for the towns and cities of Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, Virginia and Tennessee: make cities of small towns, and mammoth cities of the existing large ones. St. Louis, Cincinnati and Baltimore will begin to rival New York without retarding her growth or lessening her prosperity. Richmond will soon become a great commercial and manufacturing city, and Norfolk the greatest outlet and entrepôt of trade in the world. But the increase of wealth and population in the country will greatly exceed that in towns and cities. Hitherto its agriculture has languished and been unprofitable for want of convenient access to markets. This state of things is about to be changed, by many parallel lines of railroad extending from east to west, and other parallel lines crossing it from north to south. Its wheat, its Indian corn, its tobacco, its live stock, its pork and other agricultural products finding easy and cheap access to market, will be tripled in amount; for as a grazing and agricultural region it is unsurpassed in capabilities. Were it solely an agricultural country it could sustain in abundance a very dense population. Its mineral resources and its unrivalled water-power exceed in value its agricultural wealth. The coal and iron, and steam-power resulting therefrom, sustain the commerce and manufactures of England, and make her the wealthiest nation in the world. Without them many millions of her population must starve, for her agricultu-

ral products would not feed more than two-thirds of her people. Being a very level country she has little water-power to supply the place of steam, and she is threatened with the exhaustion of her coal mines in the not distant future. In our central belt there is water-power enough to drive all the machinery in the world. Her iron mines and her coal mines are however inexhaustible, and her coal and iron are of the best quality. Her mineral resources have been but little explored, but enough is known of them to justify us in saying that when properly developed and worked they will be sources of wealth exceeding in value her agricultural products. Her mineral springs, her salt and oil wells, her mines of gypsum, copper and lead, are vast sources of future wealth. Her greatest source of wealth, of learning, of taste, of refinement and high civilisation will proceed from her trade and commerce, and from her being the pathway for the greatest trade and commerce that the world has ever witnessed.

When we look to the old world, to the seats of ancient power, wealth, art, learning and high civilisation, we find it impossible to speak in extravagant terms of the beneficial and humanising effects of trade and commerce. The high civilisation of ancient times, of an antiquity that antedates all profane written history by thousands of years, we find that civilisation confined to a belt of trade not very much wider than that of which we are writing, extending from the mouth of the Mediterranean to India. This constituted the only seats of high civilisation, indeed almost the whole of the "terra antiquis cognita." The civilisation of western Asia and of Egypt had reached a high standard many centuries ere a like civilisation arose in Europe, simply because they traded to Arabia, India and other south-eastern regions, long before the European nations on the Mediterranean seas became commercial and trading peoples and connected themselves with the overland trade to India. The Greeks enjoyed the earliest European civilisation, and they themselves confessed that they had borrowed their arts and learning from the Egyptians. A thousand years before the written history of Greece begins we find the Egyptians engaged in the overland trade to the East. The brothers of Joseph sold him to merchants carrying on this trade with Egypt. The whole Old Testament is full of graphic accounts of the wealth of the Syrians, Persians and other peoples lying within the ancient routes of trade and travel to the East. The Greek historians, who wrote at much later dates, fully confirm the accounts found in the Old Testament, while modern travellers are struck with wonder and admiration by the numerous and stupendous architectural ruins scattered all over Syria and Persia, and affording evidence of a bygone wealth, magnificence and high civilisation in countries now poor, sparsely inhabited, ignorant and half civilised. To show that trade and commerce alone begot and sustained ancient wealth and refinement, we find that the Ionic Greeks bordering on the Euxine, and the peoples on the Asiatic side of the sea of Marmora, the Hellespont and the Grecian Archipelago, were as wealthy, learned and refined as the Athenians themselves. The great ancient belt of trade extended in breadth from the Black Sea to Arabia and Egypt. The discovery of the ocean pathway to India around the Cape of

Good Hope diverted trade from its ancient route up the Mediterranean and thence overland to India, impoverished western Asia, and also the countries on the European and African sides of the Mediterranean. We thus see that it was the trade passing through or enjoyed and conducted by the historic ancients that begot and sustained their great wealth and high civilisation.

The mouth of the Chesapeake is in the same latitude and opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean; the routes of trade we are describing are in great part opposite to and in the same latitudes with the ancient routes of trade. But they lie in very different isothermal zones. Most of western Asia and the northern coast of Africa are, for a great part of the year, parched up with heat and drought. Western Asia is a sterile region for the most part; and there are no areas of fertile land either in Europe or in Africa along the coasts of the Mediterranean, if we except the narrow valley of the Nile. Our American belt of trade enjoys a more temperate and genial clime, and possesses ten times the internal resources and natural wealth of the ancient belt of trade. Ere long it will be the centre pathway, the path-terminus of a trade ten times as great as any known to or enjoyed by the ancients. Looking to what trade did for the ancients, it is not rash or extravagant to predict that the American central belt of trade will, ere long, become the wealthiest, the most densely inhabited and the most civilised and refined region of the earth.

We have overlooked one source of wealth, equal perhaps to its agricultural, mineral and manufacturing resources, and only excelled by the wealth which its future trade will beget; we mean its fish and oysters. Already the trade of Baltimore in oysters is almost or quite as lucrative as its trade in grain. All the tide-water towns and cities of Virginia and Maryland may profitably engage in this and the fish trade. The supply is inexhaustible, for the waters of the adjoining ocean and their hundred salt-water tributaries reproduce them faster than they can be removed. Planting oysters is now as regular a line of business as planting and cultivating corn. Fish and oysters were of little value until railroads were constructed that afforded for them a speedy transportation to the West, where the demand for them will always equal the supply.

Virginia and Maryland are admirably situated for conducting the West Indian, Mexican and South American trade, and also trade with the Mediterranean nations of Europe, and the overland trade to India, when railroads are constructed from the Levant, the Grecian Archipelago, Constantinople and the Black Sea to India and China, as they assuredly will be. Three-fourths of Europe is virtually interested in the construction of such a system of roads; and they have abundance of idle capital to pay for their construction. America is at the lead of modern utilitarian progress and civilisation, but only at the lead. The whole Caucasian world is following her example, slowly it may be, but surely and steadily. Railroads will be constructed wherever capital can be profitably invested in their construction. But they beget trade, travel, increase of wealth and of population along their lines and at their termini, and thus render themselves profitable despite the character of the country through which they

are constructed. The progress of railroads in America for the last thirty years has been the greatest phenomenon of industrial, mechanical and engineering skill and labor ever presented to the world, and of skill and labor usefully and beneficently employed. But the progress of constructing railroads is increasing in a continually accelerated ratio. When will that progress be retarded or arrested? Not until the whole earth is traversed and intersected by them. It is in view of such facts, past and now occurring, that we speak so confidently of the future wealth, prosperity, learning and high civilisation of the central region we have described.

We have said nothing about the contemplated canal that is to unite the waters of the James river with those of the Ohio, because, at least for the present, we deem such project impracticable and visionary. Even if constructed we doubt whether railroad transportation would not be preferred to transportation through the canal. When the various railroads now constructing, or which are contemplated, are finished through this great central belt of country, they will by the trade and travel which they accommodate vitally interest three-fourths of our America in the continuance of the Union. They will not only perpetuate the Union, but restore its equilibrium, which is now greatly and cruelly deranged by the undue power and preponderance of the North. Community of interests and like social and industrial systems will bind us together in the future. When we speak of trade as refining and civilising a people, we do not mean that such are its direct effects, but trade alone begets great individual and sectional wealth, and such wealth alone can beget learning, skill, professional and artistic excellence, industry, refinement of manners and of morals, and a high civilisation by the encouragement which it affords to those who excel in every pursuit. Throughout history, ancient and modern, it will be found that the wealthiest nations have been the most enlightened, learned and civilised, and that the epochs of their greatest wealth were those of their highest civilisation and most extensive commercial relations. The short-lived Athenian Republic, Jerusalem under Solomon, Carthage, Genoa, Venice, and the other little States in the north of Italy at the time of the Reformation, and Holland while she was mistress of the seas, attest this truth. The standard of civilisation in any country is graduated by its wealth; those being most civilised who are most wealthy, and those least civilised who are poorest. Negroes and Indians have no wealth, and are incapable of accumulating, holding, managing or administering wealth. For this reason they ever have been and must ever be ignorant, lawless savages despite free schools and Howard Universities. These things have been tried for more than half a century in Hayti, and have only hastened the demoralisation of her once useful and profitable but now useless savages.

GEO. FITZHUGH.

THE PRISON ANGEL.

ONCE, in the prison bars, where cruel wrong
Had forced me from God's light—
When human fiends had stifled life's best song,
And trampled on the right—
I knew a child, so beautiful and fair
He seemed of heavenly birth,
Too pure by far to breathe a prison's air,
Too sweet and bright for earth.

I used to see him through the strong barred door
Out on the prison grounds,
Or like a warden on the corridor
Going his little rounds;
His very smile made sunshine in the place,
His voice made music sweet—
'Twas happiness to look upon his face,
To hear his coming feet.

No words can paint the brightness of his mien,
Unsullied, pure and clear—
One of those children that are rarely seen,
Who seldom linger here.
What wonder that I loved him far too well—
None ever knew how much:
In every heart some hidden fountains dwell
Which only such can touch.

He walked unspotted through the wretched throng
Which peoples such a place,
Carolling like summer bird his little song
With bright soul-beaming face.
"His spirit is too pure for spot like this,"
I often used to say;
Some time the corridors his step will miss,
The bird will fly away.

Too true the prophecy, too late the grief,
For some, who could not see
What my too tender love, my pure belief,
Made very clear to me.
Two spirits pined within those prison bars,
Both longing to be free:
His took its flight beyond the heavenly stars,
The other dwells with me.

APPLETON OAKSMITH.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Pleasant Congratulations.

THE news of Nina's engagement to Walpole soon spread through the Castle at Kilgobbin, and gave great satisfaction; even the humbler members of the household were delighted to think there would be a wedding and all its appropriate festivity.

When the tidings at length arrived at Miss O'Shea's room, so reviving were the effects upon her spirits that the old lady insisted she should be dressed and carried down to the drawing-room, that the bridegroom might be presented to her in all form.

Though Nina herself chafed at such a proceeding, and called it a most "insufferable pretension," she was perhaps not sorry secretly at the opportunity afforded herself to let the tiresome old woman guess how she regarded her, and what might be their future relations towards each other. "Not indeed," added she, "that we are likely ever to meet again, or that I should recognise her beyond a bow if we should."

As for Kearney, the announcement that Miss Betty was about to appear in public filled him with unmixed terror, and he muttered drearily as he went, "There'll be wigs on the green for this." Nor was Walpole himself pleased at the arrangement. Like most men in his position, he could not be brought to see the delicacy or the propriety of being paraded as an object of public inspection, nor did he perceive the fitness of that display of trinkets which he had brought with him as presents, and the sight of which had become a sort of public necessity.

Not the least strange part of the whole procedure was that no one could tell where or how or with whom it originated. It was like one of those movements which are occasionally seen in political life, where, without the direct intervention of any precise agent, a sort of diffused atmosphere of public opinion suffices to produce results and effect changes that all are ready to disavow but accept of.

The mere fact of the pleasure the prospect afforded to Miss Betty prevented Kate from offering opposition to what she felt to be both bad in taste and ridiculous.

"That old lady imagines, I believe, that I am to come down like a *prétendu* in a French vaudeville — dressed in a tail-coat, with a white tie and white gloves, and perhaps receive her benediction. She mistakes herself, she mistakes us. If there was a casket of uncouth old diamonds, or some marvellous old point lace to grace the occasion, we might play our parts with a certain decorous hypocrisy; but to be stared at through a double eyeglass by a snuffy old woman in black mittens, is more than one is called on to endure — eh, Lockwood?"

"I don't know. I think I'd go through it all gladly to have the occasion."

"Have a little patience, old fellow, it will all come right. My worthy relatives — for I suppose I can call them so now — are too shrewd people to refuse the offer of such a fellow as you. They have that native pride that demands a certain amount of etiquette and deference. They must not seem to rise too eagerly to the fly — but only give them time, give them time, Lockwood."

"Ay, but the waiting in this uncertainty is terrible to me."

"Let it be certainty then, and for very little I'll ensure you! Bear this in mind, my dear fellow, and you'll see how little need there is for apprehension. You — and the men like you — snug fellows with comfortable estates and no mortgages, unhampered by ties and uninfluenced by connections, are a species of plant that is rare everywhere, but actually never grew at all in Ireland, where every one spent double his income, and seldom dared to move a step without a committee of relations. Old Kearney has gone through that fat volume of the gentry and squirearchy of England last night, and from Sir Simon de Lokewood, who was killed at Crecy, down to a certain major in the Carbineers, he knows you all."

"I'll bet you a thousand they say No."

"I've not got a thousand to pay if I should lose, but I'll lay a pony, two if you like — that you are an accepted man this day, ay, before dinner."

"If I only thought so!"

"Confound it — you don't pretend you are in love!"

"I don't know whether I am or not, but I do know how I should like to bring that nice girl back to Hampshire and instal her at the Dingle. I've a tidy stable, some nice shooting, a good trout-stream, and then I should have the prettiest wife in the county."

"Happy dog! Yours is the real philosophy of life. The fellows who are realistic enough to reckon up the material elements of their happiness — who have little to speculate on and less to unbelieve — they are right."

"If you mean that I'll never break my heart because I don't get in for the county, that's true — I don't deny it. But come, tell me, is it all settled about your business? Has the uncle been asked? — has he spoken?"

"He has been asked and given his consent. My distinguished father-in-law, the Prince, has been telegraphed to this morning, and his reply may be here to-night or to-morrow. At all events we are determined that even should he prove adverse, we shall not be deterred from our wishes by the caprice of a parent who has abandoned us."

"It's what people would call a love-match?"

"I sincerely trust it is. If her affections were not inextricably engaged, it is not possible that such a girl could pledge her future to a man as humble as myself."

"That is, she is very much in love with *you?*"

"I hope the astonishment of your question does not arise from its seeming difficulty of belief?"

"No, not so much that, but I thought there might have been a little heroics, or whatever it is, on your side."

"Most dull dragoon, do you not know that, so long as a man spoons, he can talk of his affection for a woman; but that, once she is about to be his wife, or is actually his wife, he limits his avowals to *her* love for *him?*"

"I never heard that before. I say, what a swell you are this morning. The cock-pheasants will mistake you for one of them."

"Nothing can be simpler, nothing quieter, I trust, than a suit of dark purple knickerbockers; and you may see that my thread stockings and my coarse shoes presuppose a stroll in the plantations, where, indeed, I mean to smoke my morning cigar."

"She'll make you give up tobacco, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the kind — a thorough woman of the world enforces no such penalties as these. True free-trade is the great matrimonial maxim, and for people of small means it is inestimable. The formula may be stated thus,— 'Dine at the best houses, and give tea at your own.'"

What other precepts of equal wisdom Walpole was prepared to enunciate were lost to the world by a message informing him that Miss Betty was in the drawing-room, and the family assembled to see him.

Cecil Walpole possessed a very fair stock of that useful quality called assurance; but he had no more than he needed to enter that large room, where the assembled family sat in a half-circle, and stand to be surveyed by Miss O'Shea's eyeglass, unabashed. Nor was the ordeal the less trying as he overheard the old lady ask her neighbor "if he wasn't the image of the Knave of Diamonds?"

"I thought you were the other man!" said she, curtly, as he made his bow.

"I deplore the disappointment, madam — even though I do not comprehend it."

"It was the picture, the photograph of the other man I saw — a fine, tall, dark man, with long moustaches."

"The fine, tall, dark man, with the long moustaches, is in the house, and will be charmed to be presented to you."

"Ay, ay! presented is all very fine, but that won't make him the bridegroom," said she, with a laugh.

"I sincerely trust it will not, madam."

"And it is you, then, are Major Walpole?"

"Mr. Walpole, madam — my friend Lockwood is the Major."

"To be sure. I have it right now. You are the young man that got into that unhappy scrape, and got the Lord Lieutenant turned away ——"

"I wonder how you endure this!" burst out Nina, as she arose and walked angrily towards a window.

"I don't think I caught what the young lady said; but if it was that what cannot be cured must be endured, it is true enough; and I suppose that they'll get over your blunder as they have done many another."

"I live in that hope, madam."

"Not but it's a bad beginning in public life; and a stupid mistake hangs long on a man's memory. You're young, however, and people are generous enough to believe it might be a youthful indiscretion."

"You give me great comfort, madam."

"And now you are going to risk another venture?"

"I sincerely trust on safer grounds."

"That's what they all think. I never knew a man that didn't believe he drew the prize in matrimony. Ask him, however, six months after he's tied. Say, 'What do you think of your ticket now?' Eh, Maurice Kearney? It doesn't take twenty or thirty years' quarrelling and disputing to show one that a lottery with so many blanks is just a swindle."

A loud bang of the door, as Nina flounced out in indignation, almost shook the room.

"There's a temper you'll know more of yet, young gentleman; and, take my word for it, it's only in stage-plays that a shrew is ever tamed."

"I declare," cried Dick, losing all patience, "I think Miss O'Shea is too unsparing of us all! We have our faults, I'm sure; but public correction will not make us more comfortable."

"It wasn't *your* comfort I was thinking of, young man; and if I thought of your poor father's, I'd have advised him to put you out an apprentice. There's many a light business — like stationery, or figs, or children's toys — and they want just as little capital as capacity."

"Miss Betty," said Kearney, stiffly, "this is not the time nor the place for these discussions. Mr. Walpole was polite enough to present himself here to-day to have the honor of making your acquaintance and to announce his future marriage."

"A great event for us all — and we're proud of it! It's what the newspapers will call a great day for the Bog of Allen. Eh, Maurice! The Princess — God forgive me, but I'm always calling her Kostigan — but the Princess will be set down niece to Lord Kilgobbin; and if you" — and she addressed Walpole — "haven't a mock title and a mock estate, you'll be the only one without them!"

"I don't think any one will deny us our tempers!" cried Kearney.

"Here's Lockwood," cried Walpole, delighted to see his friend enter, though he as quickly endeavored to retreat.

"Come in, Major," said Kearney. "We're all friends here. Miss O'Shea, this is Major Lockwood, of the Carbineers — Miss O'Shea."

Lockwood bowed stiffly, but did not speak.

"Be attentive to the old woman," whispered Walpole. "A word from her will make your affair all right."

"I have been very desirous to have had the honor of this introduction, madam," said Lockwood, as he seated himself at her side.

"Was not that a clever diversion I accomplished with 'the Heavy?'" said Walpole, as he drew away Kearney and his son into a window.

"I never heard her much worse than to-day," said Dick.

"I don't know," hesitated Kilgobbin. "I suspect she is breaking. There is none of the sustained virulence I used to remember of old. She lapses into half-mildness at moments."

"I own I did not catch them, nor, I'm afraid, did Nina," said Dick.

"Look there! I'll be shot, if she's not giving your friend the Major a lesson! When she performs in that way with her hands, you may swear she is didactic."

"I think I'll go to his relief," said Walpole; "but I own it's a case for the V. C."

As Walpole drew nigh, he heard her saying: "Marry one of your own race, and you will jog on well enough. Marry a Frenchwoman or a Spaniard, and she'll lead her own life, and be very well satisfied; but a poor Irish girl, with a fresh heart and a joyous temper — what is to become of her, with your dull habits and your dreary intercourse, your county society and your Chinese manners!"

"Miss O'Shea is telling me that I must not look for a wife among her countrywomen," said Lockwood, with a touching attempt to smile.

"What I overheard was not encouraging," said Walpole; "but I think Miss O'Shea takes a low estimate of our social temperament."

"Nothing of the kind! All I say is, you'll do mighty well for each other, or, for aught I know, you might intermarry with the Dutch or the Germans; but it's a downright shame to unite your slow sluggish spirits with the sparkling brilliancy and impetuous joy of an Irish girl. That's a union I'd never consent to."

"I hope this is no settled resolution," said Walpole, speaking in a low whisper; "for I want to bespeak your especial influence in my friend's behalf. Major Lockwood is a most impassioned admirer of Miss Kearney, and has already declared as much to her father."

"Come over here, Maurice Kearney! come over here this moment!" cried she, half-wild with excitement. "What new piece of roguery, what fresh intrigue is this? Will you dare to tell me you had a proposal for Kate, for my own god-daughter, without even so much as telling me?"

"My dear Miss Betty, be calm, be cool for one minute, and I'll tell you everything."

"Ay, when I've found it out, Maurice!"

"I profess I don't think my friend's pretensions are discussed with much delicacy, time and place considered," said Walpole.

"We have something to think of as well as delicacy, young man; there's a woman's happiness to be remembered."

"Here it is now, the whole business," said Kearney. "The Major there asked me yesterday to get my daughter's consent to his addresses."

"And you never told me!" cried Miss Betty.

"No, indeed, nor herself neither; for after I turned it over in my mind I began to see it wouldn't do ——"

"How do you mean not do?" asked Lockwood.

"Just let me finish. What I mean is this — if a man wants to marry an Irish girl, he mustn't begin by asking leave to make love to her ——"

"Maurice is right!" cried the old lady, stoutly.

"And above all, he oughtn't to think that the short cut to her heart is through his broad acres."

"Maurice is right — quite right!"

"And besides this, that the more a man dwells on his belongings,

and the settlements, and such like, the more he seems to say, 'I may not catch your fancy in everything, I may not ride as boldly or dance as well as somebody else, but never mind — you're making a very prudent match, and there is a deal of pure affection in the Three per Cents.'"

"And I'll give you another reason," said Miss Betty, resolutely. "Kate Kearney cannot have two husbands, and I've made her promise to marry my nephew this morning."

"What, without any leave of mine?" exclaimed Kearney.

"Just so, Maurice. She'll marry him if you give your consent; but whether you will or not, she'll never marry another."

"Is there, then, a real engagement?" whispered Walpole to Kearney. "Has my friend here got his answer?"

"He'll not wait for another," said Lockwood haughtily as he arose. "I'm for town, Cecil," whispered he.

"So shall I be this evening," replied Walpole, in the same tone. "I must hurry over to London and see Lord Danesbury. I've my troubles too." And so saying, he drew his arm within the Major's and led him away; while Miss Betty, with Kearney on one side of her and Dick on the other, proceeded to recount the arrangement she had made to make over the Barn and the estate to Gorman, it being her own intention to retire altogether from the world and finish her days in the "Retreat."

"And a very good thing to do, too," said Kearney, who was too much impressed with the advantages of the project to remember his politeness.

"I have had enough of it, Maurice," added she, in a lugubrious tone; "and it's all backbiting, and lying, and mischief-making, and, what's worse, by the people who might live quietly and let others do the same!"

"What you say is true as the Bible."

"It may be hard to do it, Maurice Kearney, but I'll pray for them in my hours of solitude, and in that blessed Retreat I'll ask for a blessing on yourself, and that your heart, hard and cruel and worldly as it is now, may be changed; and that in your last days — maybe on the bed of sickness — when you are writhing and twisting with pain, with a bad heart and a worse conscience — when you'll have nobody but hirelings near you — hirelings that will be robbing you before your eyes, and not waiting till the breath leaves you — when even the drop of drink to cool your lips ——"

"Don't — don't go on that way, Miss Betty. I've a cold shivering down the spine of my back this minute, and a sickness creeping all over me."

"I'm glad of it. I'm glad that my words have power over your wicked old nature — if it's not too late."

"If it's miserable and wretched you wanted to make me, don't fret about your want of success; though whether it all comes too late, I cannot tell you."

"We'll leave that to St. Joseph."

"Do so! do so!" cried he, eagerly, for he had a shrewd suspicion he would have better chances of mercy at any hands than her own.

"As for Gorman, if I find that he has any notions about claiming an acre of the property, I'll put it all into Chancery, and the suit will outlive *him;* but if he owns he is entirely dependent on my bounty, I'll settle the Barn and the land on him, and the deed shall be signed the day he marries your daughter. People tell you that you can't take your money with you into the next world, Maurice Kearney, and a greater lie was never uttered. Thanks to the laws of England, and the Court of Equity in particular, it's the very thing you can do! Ay, and you can provide besides that everybody but the people that had a right to it shall have a share. So I say to Gorman O'Shea, beware what you are at, and don't go on repeating that stupid falsehood about not carrying your debentures into the next world."

"You are a wise woman, and you know life well," said he solemnly.

"And if I am, it's nothing to sigh over, Mr. Kearney. One is grateful for mercies, but does not groan over them like rheumatism or the lumbago."

"Maybe I'm a little out of spirits to-day."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were. They tell me you sat over your wine, with that tall man, last night till nigh one o'clock, and it's not at your time of life that you can do these sort of excesses with impunity; you had a good constitution once, and there's not much left of it."

"My patience, I'm grateful to see, has not quite deserted me."

"I hope there's other of your virtues you can be more sure of," said she, rising, "for if I was asked your worst failing I'd say it was your irritability." And with a stern frown, as though to confirm the judicial severity of her words, she nodded her head to him and walked away.

It was only then that Kearney discovered he was left alone, and that Dick had stolen away, though when or how he could not say.

"I'm glad the boy was not listening to her, for I'm downright ashamed that I bore it," was his final reflection as he strolled out to take a walk in the plantation.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A New Arrival.

Though the dinner party that day at Kilgobbin Castle was deficient in the persons of Lockwood and Walpole, the accession of Joe Atlee to the company made up in a great measure for the loss. He arrived shortly before dinner was announced, and even in the few minutes in the drawing-room, his gay and lively manner, his pleasant flow of small-talk, dashed with the lightest of epigrams, and that marvellous variety he possessed, made every one delighted with him.

"I met Walpole and Lockwood at the station, and did my utmost to make them turn back with me. You may laugh, Lord Kilgobbin, but in doing the honors of another man's house, as I was at that moment, I deem myself without a rival."

"I wish with all my heart you had succeeded; there is nothing I like as much as a well-filled table," said Kearney.

"Not that their air and manner," resumed Joe, "impressed me strongly with the exuberance of their spirits; a pair of drearier dogs I have not seen for some time, and I believe I told them so."

"Did they explain their gloom, or even excuse it?" asked Dick.

"Except on the general grounds of coming away from such fascinating society. Lockwood played sulky, and scarcely vouchsafed a word; and as for Walpole, he made some high-flown speeches about his regrets and his torn sensibilities — so like what one reads in a French novel that the very sound of them betrays unreality."

"But was it then so very impossible to be sorry for leaving this?" asked Nina calmly.

"Certainly not for any man but Walpole."

"And why not Walpole?"

"Can you ask me? — you who know people so well, and read them so clearly; you to whom the secret anatomy of the 'heart' is no mystery, and who understand how to trace the fibre of intense selfishness through every tissue of his small nature. He might be miserable at being separated from himself; there could be no other estrangement would affect *him*."

"This was not always your estimate of your *friend*," said Nina, with a marked emphasis of the last word.

"Pardon me, it was my unspoken opinion from the first hour I met him. Since then some space of time has intervened, and though it has made no change in him, I hope it has dealt otherwise with me. I have at least reached the point in life where men not only have convictions but avow them."

"Come, come, I can remember what precious good-luck you called it to make his acquaintance," cried Dick, half angrily.

"I don't deny it. I was very nigh drowning at the time, and it was the first plank I caught hold of. I am very grateful to him for the rescue; but I owe him more gratitude for the opportunity the incident gave me to see these men in their intimacy — to know, and know thoroughly, what is the range, what the stamp of those minds by which states are ruled and masses are governed. Through Walpole, I knew his master; and through the master I have come to know the slipshod intelligences which, composed of official detail, House of Commons' gossip, and *Times'* leaders, are accepted by us as statesmen. And if——" A very supercilious smile on Nina's mouth arrested him in the current of his speech, and he said, "I know, of course, I know the question you are too polite to ask, but which quivers on your lip: 'Who is the gifted creature that sees all this incompetence and insufficiency around him?' And I am quite ready to tell you. It is Joseph Atlee — Joseph Atlee, who knows that when he and others like him — for we are a strong coterie — stop the supply of ammunition, these gentlemen must cease firing. Let the *Débats* and the *Times*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Saturday*, and a few more that I need not stop to enumerate, strike work, and let us see how much of original thought you will obtain from your Cabinet sages! It is in the clash and collision of the thinkers outside of responsibility that these world-revered leaders catch the fire that lights up their policy. The *Times* made the Crimean blunder.

The *Siècle* created the Mexican fiasco. The *Kreutz Zeitung* gave the first impulse to the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio; and, if I mistake not, the 'review' in the last *Diplomatic Chronicle* will bear results of which he who now speaks to you will not disown the parentage."

"The saints be praised! here's dinner," exclaimed Kearney, "or this fellow would talk us into a brain-fever. Kate is dining with Miss Betty again — God bless her for it," muttered he, as he gave his arm to Nina and led the way.

"I've got you a commission as a 'Peeler,' Dick," said Joe as they moved along. "You'll have to prove you can read and write, which is more than they would ask of you if you were going into the Cabinet; but we live in an intellectual age, and we test all the cabin-boys, and it is only the steersman we take on trust."

Though Nina was eager to resent Atlee's impertinence on Walpole, she could not help feeling interested and amused by his sketches of his travels.

If, in speaking of Greece, he only gave the substance of the article he had written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as the paper was yet unpublished, all the remarks were novel, and the anecdotes fresh and sparkling. The tone of light banter and raillery in which he described public life in Greece and Greek statesmen, might have lost some of its authority had any one remembered to count the hours the speaker had spent at Athens; and Nina was certainly indignant at the hazardous effrontery of the criticisms. It was not, then, without intention that she arose to retire while Atlee was relating an interesting story of brigandage, and he — determined to repay the impertinence in kind — continued to recount his history as he arose to open the door for her to pass out. Her insolent look as she swept by was met by a smile of admiration on his part that actually made her cheek tingle with anger.

Old Kearney dozed off gently, under the influence of names of places and persons that did not interest him, and the two young men drew their chairs to the fire and grew confidential at once.

"I think you have sent my cousin away in bad humor," said Dick.

"I see it," said Joe, as he slowly puffed his cigar. "That young lady's head has been so cruelly turned by flattery of late, that the man who does not swing incense before her affronts her."

"Yes; but you went out of your way to provoke her. It is true she knows little of Greece or Greeks, but it offends her to hear them slighted or ridiculed; and you took pains to do both."

"Contemptible little country! with a mock army, a mock treasury, and a mock Chamber. The only thing real is the debt and the brigandage."

"But why tell her so? You actually seemed bent on irritating her."

"Quite true — so I was. My dear Dick, you have some lessons to learn in life, and one of them is, that just as it is bad heraldry to put color on color, it is an egregious blunder to follow flattery by flattery. The woman who has been spoiled by over-admiration must be approached with something else as unlike it as may be — pique — annoy — irritate — outrage, but take care that you interest her. Let her only come to feel what a very tiresome thing mere adulation is,

and she will one day value your two or three civil speeches as gems of priceless worth. It is exactly because I deeply desire to gain her affections I have begun in this way."

"You have come too late."

"How do you mean too late — she is not engaged?"

"She *is* engaged — she is to be married to Walpole."

"To Walpole!"

"Yes; he came over a few days ago to ask her. There is some question now — I don't well understand it — about some family consent, or an invitation — something, I believe, that Nina insists on, to show the world how his family welcome her amongst them; and it is for this he has gone to London, but to be back in eight or nine days, the wedding to take place towards the end of the month."

"Is he very much in love?"

"I should say he is."

"And she? Of course she could not possibly care for a fellow like Walpole?"

"I don't see why not. He is very much the stamp of man girls admire."

"Not girls like Nina; not girls who aspire to a position in life, and who know that the little talents of the salon no more make a man of the world than the tricks of the circus will make a fox-hunter. These ambitious women — she is one of them — will marry a hopeless idiot if he can bring wealth and rank and a great name; but they will not take a brainless creature who has to work his way up in the world. If she has accepted Walpole there is pique in it, or ennui, or that uneasy desire of change that girls suffer from like a malady."

"I cannot tell you why, but I know she has accepted him."

"Women are not insensible to the value of second thoughts."

"You mean she might throw him over — might jilt him?"

"I'll not employ the ugly word that makes the wrong it is only meant to indicate; but there are few of our resolves in life to which we might not move amendment, and the changed opinion a woman forms of a man before marriage would become a grievous injury if it happened after."

"But must she of necessity change?"

"If she marry Walpole, I should say certainly. If a girl has fair abilities and a strong temper — and Nina has a good share of each — she will endure faults, actual vices, in a man; but she'll not stand littleness. Walpole has nothing else; and so I hope to prove to her to-morrow and the day after — in fact, during those eight or ten days you tell me he will be absent."

"Will she let you? Will she listen to you?"

"Not at first — at least not willingly, or very easily; but I will show her, by numerous little illustrations and even fables, where these small people not only spoil their fortunes in life, but spoil life itself; and what an irreparable blunder it is to link companionship with one of them. I will sometimes make her laugh, and I may have to make her cry — it will not be easy, but I shall do it — I shall certainly make her thoughtful; and if you can do this day by day, so that a woman will recur to the same theme pretty much in the same spirit, you must

be a sorry steersman, Master Dick, but you will know how to guide these thoughts and trace the channel they shall follow."

"And supposing, which I do not believe, you could get her to break with Walpole, what could *you* offer her?"

"Myself!"

"Inestimable boon, doubtless; but what of fortune — position or place in life?"

"The first Napoleon used to say that the 'power of the unknown number was incommensurable;' and so I don't despair of showing her that a man like myself may be anything."

Dick shook his head doubtingly, and the other went on: "In this round game we call life it is all 'brag.' The fellow with the worst card in the pack, if he'll only risk his head on it, keep a bold face to the world and his own council, will be sure to win. Bear in mind, Dick, that for some time back I have been keeping the company of these great swells who sit highest in the Synagogue and dictate to us small Publicans. I have listened to their hesitating councils and their uncertain resolves; I have seen the blotted dispatches and equivocal messages given, to be disavowed if needful; I have assisted at those dress rehearsals where speech was to follow speech, and what seemed an incautious avowal by one was to be 'improved' into a bold declaration by another, 'in another place;' in fact, my good friend, I have been near enough to measure the mighty intelligences that direct us, and if I were not a believer in Darwin I should be very much shocked for what humanity was coming to. It is no exaggeration that I say, if you were to be in the Home Office, and I at the Foreign Office, without our names being divulged, there is not a man or woman in England would be the wiser or the worse; though if either of us were to take charge of the engine of the Holyhead line, there would be a smash or an explosion before we reached Rugby."

"All that will not enable you to make a settlement on Nina Kostalergi."

"No; but I'll marry her all the same."

"I don't think so."

"Will you have a bet on it, Dick? What will you wager?"

"A thousand — ten, if I had it; but I'll give you ten pounds on it, which is about as much as either of us could pay."

"Speak for yourself, Master Dick. As Robert Macaire says, 'Je viens de toucher mes dividendes,' and I am in no want of money. The fact is, so long as a man can pay for certain luxuries in life he is well off: the strictly necessary takes care of itself."

"Does it? I should like to know how."

"With your present limited knowledge of life I doubt if I could explain it to you, but I will try one of these mornings. Meanwhile, let us go into the drawing-room and get Mademoiselle to sing for us. She will sing, I take it?"

"Of course — if asked by you." And there was the very faintest tone of sneer in the words.

And they did go, and Mademoiselle did sing all that Atlee could ask her for, and she was charming in every way that grace and beauty and the wish to please could make her. Indeed, to such extent

did she carry her fascinations that Joe grew thoughtful at last, and muttered to himself, "There is vendetta in this. It is only a woman knows how to make a vengeance out of her attractions."

"Why are you so serious, Mr. Atlee?" asked she at last.

"I was thinking — I mean, I was trying to think — yes, I remember it now," muttered he. "I have had a letter for you all this time in my pocket."

"A letter from Greece?" asked she, impatiently.

"No — at least I suspect not. It was given me as I drove through the bog by a barefooted boy who had trotted after the car for miles, and at length overtook us by the accident of the horse picking up a stone in his hoof. He said it was for 'some one at the Castle,' and I offered to take charge of it — here it is," and he produced a square-shaped envelope of common coarse-looking paper, sealed with red wax, and a shamrock for impress.

"A begging letter, I should say, from the outside," said Dick.

"Except that there is not one so poor as to ask aid from *me*," added Nina, as she took the document, glanced at the writing, and placed it in her pocket.

As they separated for the night, and Dick trotted up the stairs at Atlee's side, he said, "I don't think, after all, my ten pounds is so safe as I fancied."

"Don't you?" replied Joe. "My impressions are all the other way, Dick. It is her courtesy that alarms me. The effort to captivate where there is no stake to win, means mischief. She'll make me in love with her whether I will or not." The bitterness of his tone, and the impatient bang he gave his door as he passed in, betrayed more of temper than was usual for him to display, and as Dick sought his room, he muttered to himself, "I'm glad to see that these over-cunning fellows are sure to meet their match, and get beaten even at the game of their own invention."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

An unlooked-for Correspondent.

It was no uncommon thing for the tenants to address petitions and complaints in writing to Kate, and it occurred to Nina as not impossible that some one might have bethought him of entreating her intercession in their favor. The look of the letter, and the coarse wax, and the writing, all in a measure strengthened this impression, and it was in the most careless of moods she broke the envelope, scarcely caring to look for the name of the writer, whom she was convinced must be unknown to her.

She had just let her hair fall freely down on her neck and shoulders, and was seated in a deep chair before her fire, as she opened the paper and read, "Mademoiselle Kostalergi." This beginning, so unlikely for a peasant, made her turn for the name, and she read, in a large, full hand, the words "Daniel Donogan." So complete was her surprise, that to satisfy herself there was no trick or deception, she examined the envelope and the seal, and reflected for some min-

utes over the mode in which the document had come to her hands. Atlee's story was a very credible one: nothing more likely than that the boy was charged to deliver the letter at the Castle, and simply sought to spare himself so many miles of way, or it might be that he was enjoined to give it to the first traveller he met on his road to Kilgobbin. Nina had little doubt that if Atlee guessed or had reason to know the writer, he would have treated the letter as a secret missive which would give him a certain power over her.

These thoughts did not take her long, and she turned once more to the letter. "Poor fellow," said she, aloud, "why does he write to *me?*" And her own voice sent back its surmises to her, and as she thought over him standing on the lonely road, his clasped hands before him, and his hair wafted wildly back from his uncovered head, two heavy tears rolled slowly down her cheeks and dropped upon her neck. "I am sure he loved me — I know he loved me," muttered she, half aloud. "I have never seen in any eye the same expression that his wore as he lay that morning in the grass. It was not veneration, it was genuine adoration. Had I been a saint and wanted worship, there was the very offering that I craved — a look of painful meaning, made up of wonder and devotion, a something that said — take what course you may, be wilful, be wayward, be even cruel, I am your slave; you may not think me worthy of a thought, you may be so indifferent as to forget me utterly, but my life from this hour has but one spell to charm, one memory to sustain it. It needed not his last words to me to say that my image would lie on his heart forever. Poor fellow, *I* need not have been added to his sorrows; he has had his share of trouble without *me!*"

It was some time ere she could return to the letter, which ran thus: —

"Mademoiselle Kostalergi,—You once rendered me a great service — not alone at some hazard to yourself, but by doing what must have cost you sorely. It is now *my* turn; and if the act of repayment is not equal to the original debt, let me ask you to believe that it taxes *my* strength even more than *your* generosity once taxed your own.

"I came here a few days since in the hope that I might see you before I leave Ireland forever, and while waiting for some fortunate chance I learned that you were betrothed and to be married to the young gentleman who lies ill at Kilgobbin, and whose approaching trial at the assizes is now the subject of so much discussion. I will not tell you — I have no right to tell you — the deep misery with which these tidings filled me. It was no use to teach my heart how vain and impossible were all my hopes with regard to you. It was to no purpose that I could repeat even aloud to myself how hopeless my pretentions must be. My love for you had become a religion, and what I could deny to a hope I could still believe. Take that hope away, and I could not imagine how I should face my daily life, how interest myself in its ambitions, and even care to live on.

"These sad confessions cannot offend you, coming from one even as humble as I am. They are all that are left me for consolation —

they will soon be all I shall have for memory. The little lamp in the lowly shrine comforts the kneeling worshipper far more than it honors the saint; and the love I bear you is such as this. Forgive me if I have dared these utterances. To save him with whose fortunes your own are to be bound up, became at once my object; and as I knew with what ingenuity and craft his ruin had been compassed, it required all my efforts to baffle his enemies. The National Press and the National Party have made a great cause of this trial, and determined that tenant-right should be vindicated in the person of this man Gill.

"I have seen enough of what is intended here to be aware what mischief may be worked by hard swearing, a violent press, and a jury not insensible to public opinion — evils, if you like, but evils that are less of our own growing than the curse ill-government has brought upon us. It has been decided in certain councils — whose decrees are seldom gainsayed — that an example shall be made of Captain Gorman O'Shea, and that no effort shall be spared to make his case a terror and a warning to Irish landowners, how they attempt by ancient process of law to subvert the concessions we have wrung from our tyrants.

"A jury to find him guilty will be sworn; and let us see the judge — in defiance of a verdict given from the jury-box, without a moment's hesitation or the shadow of dissent — let us see the judge who will dare to diminish the severity of the sentence. This is the language, these are the very words of those who have more of the rule of Ireland in their hands than the haughty gentlemen, honorable and right honorable, who sit at Whitehall.

"I have heard this opinion too often of late to doubt how much it is a fixed determination of the party; and until now — until I came here, and learned what interest this fact could have for me — I offered no opposition to these reasonings. Since then I have bestirred myself actively. I have addressed the committee here who have taken charge of the prosecution. I have written to the editors of the chief newspapers. I have even made a direct appeal to the leading counsel for the prosecution, and tried to persuade them that a victory here might cost us more than a defeat, and that the country at large, who submit with difficulty to the verdict of absolving juries, will rise with indignation at this evidence of a jury prepared to exercise a vindictive power, and actually make the law the agent of reprisal. I have failed in all — utterly failed. Some reproach me as faint-hearted and craven; some condescend to treat me as merely mistaken and misguided; and some are bold enough to hint that, though as a military authority I stand without rivalry, as a purely political adviser my councils are open to dispute.

"I have still a power, however, through the organisation of which I am a chief; and by this power I have ordered Gill to appear before me, and, in obedience to my commands, he will sail this night for America. With him will also leave the two other important witnesses in this cause; so that the only evidence against Captain O'Shea will be some of those against whom he has himself instituted a cross charge for assault. That the prosecution can be carried on with such

testimony need not be feared. Our press will denounce the infamous arts by which these witnesses have been tampered with and justice has been defeated. The insults they may hurl at our oppressors — for once unjustly — will furnish matter for the opposition journals to inveigh against our present Government, and some good may come even of this. At all events, I shall have accomplished what I sought. I shall have saved from a prison the man I hate most on earth — the man who, robbing me of what never could be mine, robs me of every hope, of every ambition, making my love as worthless as my life! Have I not repaid you? Ask your heart which of us has done more for the other?

"The contract on which Gill based his right as a tenant, and which would have sustained his action, is now in my hands; and I will — if you permit me — place it in yours. This may appear an ingenious device to secure a meeting with you; but, though I long to see you once more, were it but a minute, I would not compass it by a fraud. If, then, you will not see me, I shall address the packet to you through the post.

"I have finished. I have told you what it most concerns you to know, and what chiefly regards your happiness. I have done this as coldly and impassively, I hope, as though I had no other part in the narrative than that of a friend whose friendship had a blessed office. I have not told you of the beating heart that hangs over this paper, nor will I darken one bright moment of your fortune by the gloom of mine. If you will write me one line — a farewell if it must be — send it to the care of Adam Cobb, 'Cross Keys,' Moate, where I shall find it up to Thursday next. If — and oh! how I shall bless you for it — if you will consent to see me, to say one word, to let me look on you once more, I shall go into my banishment with a bolder heart, as men go into battle with an amulet.

"Daniel Donogan."

"Shall I show this to Kate?" was the first thought of Nina as she laid the letter down. "Is it a breach of confidence to let another than myself read these lines? Assuredly they were meant for my eyes alone. Poor fellow!" said she, once more aloud. "It was very noble in him to do this for one he could not but regard as a rival." And then she asked herself how far it might consist with honor to derive benefit from his mistake — since mistake it was — in believing O'Shea was her lover, and to be her future husband.

"There can be little doubt Donogan would never have made the sacrifice had he known that I am about to marry Walpole." From this she rambled on to speculate on how far might Donogan's conduct compromise or endanger him with his own party, and if — which she thought very probable — there was a distinct peril in what he was doing, whether he would have incurred that peril if he really knew the truth, and that it was not herself he was serving.

The more she canvassed these doubts, the more she found the difficulty of resolving them, nor indeed was there any other way than one — distinctly to ask Donogan if he would persist in his kind intentions when he knew that the benefit was to revert to her cousin and not to

herself. So far as the evidence of Gill at the trial was concerned, the man's withdrawal was already accomplished; but would Donogan be as ready to restore the lease, and would he, in fact, be as ready to confront the danger of all this interference, as at first? She could scarcely satisfy her mind how she would wish him to act in the contingency. She was sincerely fond of Kate, she knew all the traits of honesty and truth in that simple character, and she valued the very qualities of straightforwardness and direct purpose in which she knew she was herself deficient. She would have liked well to secure that dear girl's happiness, and it would have been an exquisite delight to her to feel that she had been an aid to her welfare; and yet, with all this, there was a subtle jealousy that tortured her in thinking, "What will this man have done to prove his love for *me?* Where am I, and are my interests in all this?" There was a poison in this doubt that actually extended to a state of fever. "I must see him," she said at last, speaking aloud to herself. "I must let him know the truth. If what he proposes should lead him to break with his party or his friends, it is well he should see for what and for whom he is doing it."

And then she persuaded herself she would like to hear Donogan talk as once before she had heard him talk of his hopes and his ambitions. There was something in the high-sounding aspirations of the man, a lofty heroism in all he said, that struck a chord in her Greek nature. The cause that was so intensely associated with danger, that life was always on the issue, was exactly the thing to excite her heart, and, like the trumpet-blast to the charger, she felt stirred to her inmost soul by whatever appealed to reckless daring and peril. "He shall tell me what he intends to do — his plans, his projects, and his troubles. He shall tell me of his hopes, what he desires in the future, and where he himself will stand when his efforts have succeeded; and oh!" thought she, "are not the wild extravagances of these men better a thousand times than the well-turned nothings of the fine gentlemen who surround us? Are not their very risks and vicissitudes more manly teachings than the small casualties of the polished world? If life were all 'salon,' taste perhaps might decide against them; but it is not all 'salon,' or, if it were, it would be a poorer thing even than I think it!" She turned to her desk as she said this, and wrote:—

"Dear Mr. Donogan:—I wish to thank you in person for the great kindness you have shown me, though there is some mistake on your part in the matter. I cannot suppose you are able to come here openly, but if you will be in the garden on Saturday at 9 o'clock, I shall be there to meet you.

"I am very truly yours,

"Nina Kostalergi."

"Very imprudent — scarce delicate — perhaps, all this, and for a girl who is to be married to another man in some three weeks hence; but I will tell Cecil Walpole all when he returns, and if he desires to be off his engagement he shall have the liberty. I have one-half at least of the Bayard legend, and, if I cannot say I am 'without reproach'— I am certainly without fear."

The letter-bag lay in the hall, and Nina went down at once and deposited her letter in it; this done, she lay down on her bed, not to sleep, but to think over Donogan and his letter till daybreak.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

The Breakfast-Room.

"Strange house this," said Joseph Atlee, as Nina entered the room the next morning where he sat alone at breakfast. "Lord Kilgobbin and Dick were here a moment ago, and disappeared suddenly; Miss Kearney for an instant, and also left as abruptly; and now you have come, I most earnestly hope not to fly away in the same fashion."

"No; I mean to eat my breakfast, and so far to keep you company."

"I thank the tea-urn for my good fortune," said he solemnly.

"A *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Atlee is a piece of good luck," said Nina, as she sat down. "Has anything occurred to call our hosts away?"

"In a house like this," said he, jocularly, "where people are marrying or giving in marriage at every turn, what may not happen? It may be a question of the settlement, or the bride cake, the white satin 'slip'— if that's the name for it—the orange-flowers, or the choice of the best man — who knows?"

"You seem to know the whole bead-roll of wedding incidents."

"It is a dull 'repertoire' after all, for whether the piece be melodrama, farce, genteel comedy, or harrowing tragedy, it has to be played by the same actors."

"What would you have? — marriages cannot be all alike. There must be marriages for many things besides love: for ambition, for interest, for money, for convenience."

"Convenience is exactly the phrase I wanted and could not catch."

"It is not the word *I* wanted, nor do I think we mean the same thing by it."

"What I mean is this," said Atlee, with a firm voice, "that when a young girl has decided in her own mind that she has had enough of that social bondage of the daughter, and cannot marry the man she would like, she will marry the man that she can."

"And like him too," added Nina, with a strange, dubious sort of smile.

"Yes, and like him too, for there is a curious feature in the woman's nature that, without any falsehood or disloyalty, permits her to like different people in different ways, so that the quiet, gentle, almost impassive woman might, if differently mated, have been a being of fervid temper, headstrong and passionate. If it were not for this species of accommodation, marriage would be a worse thing than it is."

"I never suspected you of having made a study of the subject. Since when have you devoted your attention to the theme?"

"I could answer in the words of Wilkes — since I have had the honor to know your Royal Highness; but perhaps you might be displeased with the flippancy."

"I should think that very probable," said she, gravely.

"Don't look so serious. Remember that I did not commit myself, after all."

"I thought it was possible to discuss this problem without a personality."

"Don't you know that, let one deal in abstractions as long as he will, he is only skirmishing around special instances? It is out of what I glean from individuals I make up my generalities."

"Am I to understand by this that I have supplied you with the material of one of these reflections."

"You have given me the subject of many. If I were to tell you how often I have thought of you, I could not answer for the words in which I might tell it."

"Do not tell it then."

"I know — I am aware — I have heard since I came here that there is a special reason why you could not listen to me."

"And being so, why do you propose that I should hear you?"

"I will tell you," said he, with an earnestness that almost startled her; "I will tell you, because there are things in which a doubt or an equivocation is actually maddening; and I will not, I cannot believe that you have accepted Cecil Walpole."

"Will you please to say why it should seem so incredible?"

"Because I have seen you not merely in admiration, and that admiration would be better conveyed by a stronger word; and because I have measured you with others infinitely beneath you in every way, and who are yet soaring into very high regions indeed; because I have learned enough of the world to know that alongside of — often above — the influence that men are wielding in life by their genius and their capacity, there is another power exercised by women of marvellous beauty, of infinite attractions, and exquisite grace, which sways and moulds the fate of mankind far more than Cabinets and Councils. There are not above half-a-dozen of these in Europe, and you might be one added to the number."

"Even admitting all this — and I don't see that I should go so far — it is no answer to my question."

"Must I then say there can be no — not companionship, that's not the word; no, I must take the French expression, and call it 'solidarité' — there can be no solidarité of interests, of objects, of passions, or of hopes between people so widely dissevered as you and Walpole. I am so convinced of this that still I can dare to declare I cannot believe you could marry him."

"And if I were to tell you it were true?"

"I should still regard it as a passing caprice, that the mere mention of to-morrow would offend you. It is no disparagement of Walpole to say he is unworthy of you, for who would be worthy? but the presumption of his daring is enough to excite indignation — at least I feel it such. How he could dare to link his supreme littleness with consummate perfection; to freight the miserable barque of his fortunes with so precious a cargo; to encounter the feeling — and there is no escape for it — 'I must drag that woman down, not alone into obscurity, but into all the sordid meanness of a small condition that never can emerge into anything better.' He cannot disguise from himself that it is not within his reach to attain power, or place, or high consideration. Such men make no name in life; they leave no

mark on their time. They are heaven-born subordinates, and never refute their destiny. Does a woman with ambition, does a woman conscious of her own great merits, condescend to ally herself, not alone with small fortune — that might be borne — but with the smaller associations that make up these men's lives? with the peddling efforts to mount even one rung higher of that crazy little ladder of their ambition — to be a clerk of another grade — a creature of some fifty pounds or more — a being in an upper office?"

"And the Prince — for he ought to be at least a Prince who should make me the offer of his name — whence is he to come, Mr. Atlee?"

"There are men who are not born to princely station, who, by their genius and their determination, are just as sure to become famous, and who need but the glorious prize of such a woman's love —— No, no, don't treat what I say as rant and rhodomontade; these are words of sober sense and seriousness."

"Indeed!" said she, with a faint sigh. "So that it really amounts to this — that I shall actually have missed my whole fortune in life — thrown myself away — all because I had not waited for Mr. Atlee to propose for me?"

Nothing less than Atlee's marvellous assurance and self-possession could have sustained this speech unabashed.

"You have only said what my heart has told me many a day since."

"But you seem to forget," added she, with a very faint curl of scorn on her lip, "that I had no more to guide me to the discovery of Mr. Atlee's affection than to that of his future greatness. Indeed, I could more readily believe in the latter than the former."

"Believe in both," cried he, warmly. "If I have conquered difficulties in life, if I have achieved some successes — now for a passing triumph, now for a moment of gratified vanity, now for a mere caprice — try me by a mere hope — I only plead for a hope — try me by a hope of being one day worthy of calling that hand my own."

As he spoke he tried to grasp her hand, but she withdrew it coldly and slowly, saying, "I have no fancy to make myself the prize of any success in life, political or literary; nor can I believe that the man who reasons in this fashion has any really high ambition. Mr. Atlee," added she, more gravely, "your memory may not be as good as mine, and you will pardon me if I remind you that, almost at our first meeting, we struck up a sort of friendship, on the very equivocal ground of a common country. We agreed that each of us claimed for their native land the mythical Bohemia, and we agreed, besides, that the natives of that country are admirable colleagues but not good partners."

"You are not quite fair in this," he began; but before he could say more Dick Kearney entered hurriedly, and cried out, "It's all true. The people are in wild excitement, and all declare that they will not let him be taken. Oh! I forgot," added he. "You were not here when my father and I were called away by the despatch from the police-station, to say that Donogan had been seen at Moate, and is about to hold a meeting on the bog. Of course, this is mere rumor; but the constabulary are determined to capture him, and Curtis has written to inform my father that a party of police will patrol the grounds here this evening."

"And if they should take him, what would happen — to him I mean?" asked Nina, coolly.

"An escaped convict is usually condemned to death; but I suppose they would not hang him," said Dick.

"Hang him!" cried Atlee; "nothing of the kind. Mr. Gladstone would present him with a suit of clothes, a ten-pound note, and a first-class passage to America. He would make a 'healing measure' of him."

"I must say, gentlemen," said Nina, scornfully, "you can discuss your friend's fate with a marvellous equanimity."

"So we do," rejoined Atlee. "He is another Bohemian."

"Don't say so, sir," said she, passionately. "The men who put their lives on a venture — and that venture not a mere gain to themselves — are in nowise the associates of those poor adventurers who are gambling for their daily living. He is a rebel, if you like; but he believes in rebellion. How much do you believe in, Mr. Atlee?"

"I say, Joe, you are getting the worst of this discussion. Seriously, however, I hope they'll not catch poor Donogan; and my father has asked Curtis to come over and dine here, and I trust to a good fire and some old claret to keep him quiet for this evening at least. We must not molest the police, but there's no great harm done if we mislead them."

"Once in the drawing-room, if Mdlle. Kostalergi will only condescend to aid us," added Atlee, "I think Curtis will be more than a chief constable if he will bethink him of his duty."

"You are a strange set of people, you Irish," said Nina as she walked away. "Even such of you as don't want to overthrow the Government, are always ready to impede its march and contribute to its difficulties."

"She only meant that for an impertinence," said Atlee, after she left the room; "but she was wonderfully near the truth, though not truthfully expressed."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

NOEMATOZOGRAPHY.

A REPORTER'S ADVENTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE UNIVERSE."

SIR: — The large space you have always given to accounts of new inventions and discoveries, and the liberal interest you have always manifested in the vivid modern progress of real science, en-

title me to believe that you are worthy to know something about my wonderful process of NOEMATOZOGRAPHY, by means of which the social and intellectual world is to be speedily reconstructed. For, if man be the hegemon of nature, and thought the hegemon of man, then assuredly is Noematozography the hegemonic of the world, for it is the hegemonic of thought. If you will send a reporter to Hohocus, to the second lane after you leave the railroad station on the right, red brick house ninety paces eastward, on left hand side, with a lightning-blasted sycamore in the front yard, he will find ME, and will learn all that he is capable of comprehending about the great new science of Noematozography.

Your obedient servant,

KLAAS BORRICH HVITFELDT.

The text of this note, received the other day at the office of a well-known daily paper, was not altogether encouraging; still there was that sort of subtle discount of its enterprise that would not permit the management to ignore it, and the reporter went. After a good deal of bother, many inquiries, and much curiosity on the part of the natives to know what he could want with "the crazy Dutchman," the representative of "The Universe" managed to come upon the blasted sycamore, the red brick house, and Mr. Klaas Borrich Hvitfeldt, not long since (so he said) Professor in the University of Flensborg, but expatriated by his hatred of the Prussians and his abomination of the spiked helmet, which he satirised in verses that are reputed to have the *vis comica* of Holberg and the fervid patriotism of Evald and Oehlenschlager.

The reporter found Professor Hvitfeldt in an upper room in a sufficiently dingy house. He was seated at a long table covered with books, instruments and papers, and was busily occupied testing some singular fluids in delicate hour-glasses when he was interrupted. When he rose to salute his visitor, which he did with exceeding courtesy, his person was that of a very tall, slender man of about forty years, with long yellow hair all over his face and shoulders, a colorless face that was plump and waxen, pale blue eyes almost flattened against the glasses of large spectacles with silver rims, a heavy yellow moustache curled in corkscrew twists away past his ears, a narrow receding chin, a long neck bent forward from the shoulders at an angle of forty-five degrees, round shoulders, long slim arms terminating in great big hands with red bony knuckles, ill-jointed, preposterous, crane-like legs joined to splayed and shambling feet. Add to these a long, loose, shapeless and very dirty nankeen dressing-gown, a smoking cap that once was velvet, paper slippers, and nether integuments of rusty, threadbare black, and you have Mr. Hvitfeldt as he shook the reporter by the hand, forced him into a chair from which a pile of quartos had to be removed, offered him a pipe, a pretzel, a piece of unmistakable Limberg cheese, and a glass of schnapps, and then sprang into his subject like a swimmer into the sea, headforemost, hands clasped, eyes shut, breath restrained.

"Noematozography, do you know what it means?. It means imperishable glory and renown to Klaas Borrich Hvitfeldt, the pastor's

son of Andersoe in Aarland. It means salvation for the world! The world is being consumed, sir; its forces are being wasted, burnt up, faster than they can be restored. The recuperation of energy is not equal to the destruction of force, and the world is being dried up, sir, burnt out and dried up. The forces of the earth are being disseminated through space — to supply other spheres, perchance. We must exercise conservatism, we must equalise things; we must reduce the ratio of our consumption to the ratio of our supply, or infallibly, in a few billions of years, this round, bulging, palpitating earth will be no bigger than an orange, void of juices as my late venerable father's sermons were of wit, and quite prepared to fall into the hydrogenated fiery furnace of the sun upon the slightest invitation. Now, how are we to bring about this conservation of forces? Through man. He alone, of all the animals we know, has provident ways, and can act upon nature — very feebly, to be sure, yet unmistakably nevertheless. If his influence in nature can be sufficiently exalted, he will be able by-and-bye to exercise a guardianship over her, and to constrain her forces from wasting themselves. Even if he cannot do that, he can constrain himself from wasting these forces. How does man act upon nature? Through his own peculiar force, which is thought. But any system of economy of the kind must begin with the conservation of thought, which is more frightfully wasted than any other force in the universe.

"This, then, is the starting point of my system: the conservation of thought. We eliminate from our nerve-centres a vastly greater body of thought-force than we consume. This is all wasted; the energy that is consumed in producing it is thrown away, and the reservoirs of intellectual accumulation remain empty. Look how nature used to work for us, until we began to take from the bung what she has been for countless æons supplying by the spigot. Look at this piece of coal, a compact wad of sun-power, stored up, compressed small, and packed away for our use millions of years ago. If we could lay up the superflux of thought-force in the same way, in a few ages we should have such an accumulation of intellectual energy stored away for use that I do not doubt we would be able to master the universe and fix things according to our own notion. But the actual accumulation of thought-force is very small, and the process remarkably slow. The supply is enormous, the demand is not excessively great, but the waste is dreadful. Over and above what we use, we give ourselves no concern about thought-force, but permit it to go to waste as if it were no more than sunshine. It is a stream as constantly flowing from the minds of men as light and heat from the sun, but we let it all go, and catch up none of it, though it is more valuable, if we knew it, than diamonds. Now and then, here and there, a great genius, a great poet or philosopher, captures a few fugitive beams of thought-force, puts them into permanent form, and bestows them upon us as a free gift. As a free gift we accept it and never give thanks for the boon. Did you ever think how much thought-force is wasted? Here is a world containing a thousand millions of people, each of whom has more or less of a mind, and each mind is continually, night and day, generating thought-force in a regular stream. How little of this stream is used, how infinitely less is registered, taken note of and treasured up for the future needs of men!

"Noematozography is the process by which thought-force, as much as may be generated, can be registered and so conserved; and the Noematozograph is the instrument which I have invented for simplifying and perfecting this process. Like all other great inventions, it is amazingly simple but, like all such things, the true method was not come upon without a great deal of preliminary groping about in the twilight of fallacy and wrong conclusion. The data were so few to go upon. I was at first simply impelled by indignation that man should have invented the photograph, to register and preserve the simpering outline of the human face as it is; and the stenograph, to register and preserve the bald and shallow texture of human speech as it is; and yet should have taken no steps towards inventing a process and an apparatus for registering and preserving the blood-hot tide of wealthy thoughts that is constantly being generated at the nervous centres of each one of us. I determined to discover the process and invent the machine. I have done so! I, the Columbus of the nineteenth century, invite and welcome you to the New World! It is mine, by right of discovery!

"Simple as the matter seems, Noematozography would probably not have been developed during this age, even by Klaas Borrich Hvitfeldt, but for the invention of the spectroscope. That ingenious but comparatively useless toy has the high honor of standing sponsor at the cradle of the Noematozograph. I had gone estray after a sympathetic medium that does not exist. I had sought symphonic concordances that were imaginary. I had chased after deceptive sights and scents, had trusted strange names until they bewildered and betrayed me — still conscious that the ordering of things was possible if I could but touch the right wire. My state was like that of Goethe when, anticipating his great discovery of vegetable morphology, he wrote from the wreck of his tentative endeavors:

> "'Viele namen hörest du an, und immer verdränget,
> Mit barbarischem klang, einer den andern im ohr.
> Alle gestalten sind ähnlich, und keine gleichet der andern;
> Und so deutet das chor auf ein geheimes gesetz,
> Auf ein heiliges räthsel.'

"But with the notion of the spectroscope came a definite idea, and an orderly arrangement out of the midst of the confusion. For the spectroscope was the measuring instrument of combustion, no matter where nor how. It took one quality of a thing, and by means of that determined all its other properties, compelling science to pronounce *ex pede Herculem* with a voice made infallible by the experienced judgment. From a line of light in the sun's corona, caught during the fleeting seconds of an eclipse, it decided that certain phenomena were caused by storms in a vapor of incandescent hydrogen. Now, thought-force is the product of combustion, just as sun-force is. Wanted, therefore, a spectroscope to analyse the combustion at the nerve-centres, and so determine the product and its qualities. That was all the problem, in a nutshell!"

"But, good heavens!" interrupted the reporter, "you don't mean to say you are going to measure the mind of man as you would the

light of a kerosene lamp? Think of our moral nature — think of our spiritualities — our —"

A fine sarcastic smile wrinkled the Professor's face. "Good Mr. Reporter," said he, "there is here no question of the mind of man, nor of any other metaphysical unknowabilities. The science of to-day does not waste its time devising scales for the imponderable. So far as thought is what you call mind, it is imponderable, unknowable, metaphysical, out of our province. It may be a very fine splendid thing, for what we know; but it is none of our concern, since we cannot know anything about it. But so far as thought is force, generated by combustion at the nerve-centres, we have concern with it, because it is ponderable, may be measured therefore. And perhaps, Mr. Reporter, when we have taken all the measure of thought as force, there will be but little left of what you call mind adhering to the bleak uncomfortable outer-land of metaphysic. So! let that pass!

"To discover the capacities of a thing, you must first know the thing itself, if not absolutely, at least relatively to other things; and I soon found out the great Haller had reason when he warned us it was far easier to say what the nervous spirit is not than what it is. But that it was a secretion of the nervous centres I knew, just as the bile is a secretion of the liver; and I knew that combustion went on during the process of conversion out of which came the evolution of thought (or thought-force, as I prefer to call it.) I knew that the functional activity of the nervous system depended upon a regular supply of oxygenated blood; that when this supply was received, it combined with the nerve substance, combustion ensued, the oxygen in the blood and the nerve substance *burnt* (chemically reacted on each other), a phosphatic deposition took place, and thought-force, a new chemical product, was set free and went thrilling along the nerves, disturbing their polarities, upsetting the molecular equilibrium of the human frame, and waking movement and change, not only there but in the superincumbent ether, through the earth, through all the solar system, nay even through all the immensity and immeasurability of the infinite universe itself. I tried to but could not invent an apparatus that would measure the degree and relations of the molecular disturbance wrought in a nerve by thought-force. I am but a poor mathematician, but I am satisfied no application of Boscovich's curve, however elaborate and delicate, will give power to estimate the intricacies of the thought-movement. It will indeed express the harmonies and discord of it; will measure and interpret it as music measures and interprets emotion; but it cannot translate it verbatim — draw its photograph in colors, as my process does. Hence I turned to spectroscopy.

"That crucial stand-point gained, the whole process opened up before me, step by step, without a single retrogressive period after it. I made an enormous number of experiments, and the history of the discovery is far too tedious to be told in detail. I took the lower animals, and by progressive analysis tested the conditions that attend upon the elimination of thought-force. I saw at once the the main thing to do was to invent what would supplement man's gross defec-

tive senses sufficiently to enable him to take cognisance of this force. As it is, it is too delicate for our coarse perceptions. I wanted a telescope, a microscope — something of that sort — to enable me to peer into the unknown world. *That*, my friend, is my great discovery, a greater one by far than Torricelli's. See!"

He cleared a place upon the long table, went to a closet, unlocked it, brought out and put upon the table an oblong ebony box, nigh four feet long, two feet high, and the same in depth. It was perfectly plain, joined at the corners with platinum plates, and having three silver knobs on the front.

"This is the whole apparatus," said Professor Hvitfeldt, and taking hold of one of the knobs he opened the door, and disclosed a complicated intricacy of machinery protected by a glass plate. Below this was a shallow drawer which he pulled half way out, and took from the bottom of it a long coil of a black flexible tube, apparently gutta percha wrapped with silk, one end of which remained in the drawer, and the other showed nothing but a small neat silver knob about as large as a hazel nut.

"This," said the Professor, handling the tube with great care, "this tube you see is the magnifier. I took a hint from the Atlantic cable, which receives the electric current after its long journey under the seas, but does not set it to work until it has reduplicated its force through a strong fresh machine. Now this tube is really nothing but a nerve—a true reproduction of the human nerve; but it is a nerve that, if I may so speak, magnifies the average thought-force that flows along an average human nerve ten thousand diameters before it transmits it to the condensing and measuring apparatus within here. Now, in reality, the whole merit of the discovery rests here, for, as soon as your telescope penetrates space for you, the commonest eye can see that the nebulæ are resolvable into stars. All forces operate pretty much alike, and as soon as you get the means of perceiving thought-force, you are able to analyse it, decompose it, and measure it by the rules already established for the application of those processes to other better known forces. This silver bulb, a delicate little piece of machinery, is the conductor. I put it in communication with an animal's brain by means of a nerve — any afferent cerebral nerve will do, for the thought-force vibrates equally and continually along all of these — it receives the stream or current of force, transmits it to the tube here, the multiplying nerve, and this in turn, when it has sufficiently magnified it to make it a measurable force, hands it over to the disjunctive chamber. See this, sir, another ingenious piece of mechanism," said he, pointing through the glass plate to a globe of something like glass, full of angles and prismatic changes of color within it. "This is the disjunctive chamber, I call it, because it resolves nerve-force or thought-force, an unknown motive, into force that we do know, namely, into light, heat, and motion or vibration. The globe is a compound instrument, a mechanical artifice, which I do not know how better to describe than to call it the *obverse* of the eye and the ear. Not the human eye and ear exactly, understand me, but patterned rather after the abnormally acute eye and ear of certain insects. The obverse, I say, because the eye and ear receive certain

vibrations, transmute them into nerve-force, and report to the brain certain specific conditions of light and sound. This globe, on the contrary, receives magnified nerve-force, and transmutes it into vibrations of light, heat and sound. The analysis made, the several elements are carried by these several appliances, you see, in different directions, to be measured by appropriate appliances here and here. In this compartment the analytical and metrical processes are continued separately, as far as I am at present able to carry them, but not near so far as human skill will some day contrive. This delicate spring-like process which you see here I call the Judge. It receives the separate conclusions which the light-analysis, the heat-analysis, and the vibration-analysis have come to in regard to the thought-force given to them to measure; it combines and weighs them in the aggregate, and then, through this simple cam action, conveys the final appreciation of it all to this little sensitive bulb, which is the recorder, and is so named because it writes down a permanent statement of the whole action in intelligible characters upon the sensitive paper there, and writes it so plainly and so intelligibly that two experts may put whole volumes of thought-force so registered into words without collusion with one another, and yet without varying a syllable one from the other."

"Will it work?" asked the reporter, in absolute bewilderment and confusion, as he stood gazing alternately at the incomprehensible machine and its incomprehensible inventor.

"Work!" cried the Professor, in disdainful indignation, "will the sun shine? Of course it will work. Open your mouth and try it." And he took up the tube, pushed a chair alongside the apparatus, and motioned the reporter to sit down.

"What are you going to do?" asked the representative of "The Universe" in some alarm.

"Put the machine in communication with your nerves and show you your own thoughts," answered Professor Hvitfeldt.

"No, thank you! My nerves are none of the steadiest at the best of times; I would prefer not to trifle with them."

"Poh! you are afraid," said this disagreeable philosopher, and he went to the head of the stairs and called out:

"Karl! bring me a rabbit. Rabbits' thoughts are none of the brightest," said he, returning to his instrument; "however, they are often as original as those of average men, newspaper reporters not excepted, and I will show you a rabbit's thoughts."

"What! you can interpret the ideas of animals as well as men!" cried the reporter, in simple amazement.

"Why not? Nerve-force, thought-force, varies merely in intensity, not in kind. I can interpret the ideas of an oyster just as well as those of a Shakspeare. But what need of reading the few lymphatic consciousnesses of a bivalve, when you have the vast forces of man before you to choose from, and such a multitude of useful forces to store away as ten million machines working constantly could not record and store away in ten million years? When you come to understand the uses of the machine, you will understand how criminal it is to waste precious time on inferior tasks. Do not think I would

have bothered myself with you, sir, kindly as you have listened, but for the necessity I was under of giving publicity to my invention."

A white-headed boy here came in and gave a pink-eyed rabbit to the Professor, who took it and immediately waved him away. He then put a drop of some liquid on the struggling animal's nose, and immediately it was quiet. Then with a rapid cut of a scalpel he laid bare the rabbit's brain, plunged the silver bulb into it, and holding it, touched a spring in the drawer of the machine. There was a faint melodious sound of whirring wheels for about a minute, that ceased when the spring was touched again. The Professor withdrew the bulb, laid the motionless rabbit on the table, and, opening the last compartment of the machine, drew out a strip of thin paper, of a violet hue, marked with one or two splotches of different sizes and colors, seemingly mathematically coördinated with respect to one another.

"Poh!" said he, "rabbits' thoughts! Listen: 'Dreadful man! What is he going to do? How my heart beats! I wish I had a nice cabbage leaf, with the dew on it!' That's all!"

The reporter took the paper. "How do you read this? I see only a few spots and splotches."

"With three flags, of different colors," answered the Professor, "you can signal all the intelligence needed for the conduct of an army. There are in my signal code ten different spots, and their angles and numbers give me a plain alphabet and a vocabulary capable of expressing all thoughts in all known languages. There is nothing so simple, nothing so easy as sublimity. This discovery of mine is sublime, and all its processes are accordingly plain and simple as the school-girl's A B C. Come, let me read your thoughts, if you have any."

"I doubt if I have any thoughts left me, in the presence of your wonderful machine; but if I have, I do not fancy much thinking power would remain to me after I had undergone *that* process," replied the reporter, pointing to the rabbit. "I don't choose to have my brain dipped into at that rate anyhow, thoughts or no thoughts."

"Oh, the rabbit! I had forgotten it," said the Professor, and he picked up the animal, replaced the scull-cap, secured the cranium and scalp with a silver pin, plastered the wound over with a gummy concrete substance which he took from a jar, then, dipping the rabbit's head in a saucer of some fluid on the table, he put the animal down on the floor. "Now, bunny," said he, "you will be as well as ever you were by this time to-morrow. Go!" The rabbit shook itself, twitched its ears, limped a step or two, then scampered out of the room, and was heard thumping down the stairs two steps at a time, as if the way down from the laboratory were quite familiar.

"I could operate directly upon your brain as easily and as safely, and with as little inconvenience to yourself," said the Professor, cleaning the silver bulb of the tube with ammonia and a silk handkerchief as he spoke; "but there is no need to take that trouble. All that is required is for the instrument to perfect a circuit by connecting itself with any series of the cranial nerves. It does not rupture any nerve, but merely loops its own delicate nervous filaments in with the loop

end of a nerve, and so establishes a communication with the cineritious vescicular substance of the brain in which thought-force is generated. It has no affinity except for the afferent system of nerves by which this force, constantly being generated, is constantly being carried from the nervous centres to the periphery. Look at this bulb now, when I touch the spring." As he spoke, the smooth silver bulb sent out from its surface a hundred wavy filaments, fine as silk, and seemingly full of electric excitement. "These filaments have an attraction for the nerve threads, they seek and find them, wed themselves to them, and transmit the thought-force in an unbroken, undisturbed current along their own fibrous channels to be magnified in the great tube multiplier here. Put this bulb in proximity to a nerve, anoint it with this fluid to destroy the sensibility of the *efferent* nerves with which the filaments necessarily come in contact more or less, — the fluid is a species of local anaesthetic, which prevents nervous susceptibility, stimulates the other nerves to unobstructed delivery of their currents, and gives a clear course to the action of the nerve centres — and the whole process is complete. Do you happen to have a tender tooth anywhere in your upper jaw?"

The reporter had, and showed it.

"That will do excellently. Sit here. The little operation is rather pleasant than otherwise. In my first experiments with man I had to pretend to dentistry, and represent my machine as an apparatus for imparting nitrous oxide, in order to get at people's thoughts without scaring them to death. But tooth-drawing was a horrible business, and I found that most of the people who came to the dentist's chair and required anaesthetics were fools, whose thoughts were not worth the trouble of salting down; so I gave that business up very speedily. Now I anoint the bulb with the anaesthetic — open your mouth, if you please — "

Reporter.—"What are you going to do?"

Professor.—"Not to hurt you, but to give you a new sensation. Unclench your teeth."

The reporter opened his reluctant jaws, the bulb was inserted, the spring touched. There was a brief thrill of pain like the throb of a beginning toothache, checked instantly; a sense of warmth glowing through all his frame, a sense of tasting delightful flavors, and smelling agreeable odors, and hearing pleasant melodies; then immediately the reporter lapsed into a brief unconsciousness. Out of this he was aroused by the smell of some aromatic compound of ammonia which the Professor held to his nose; the tube was withdrawn from his mouth, and his sensations were completely restored to their equilibrium, save a trifling heaviness about the eyes.

Professor Hvitfeldt approached his machine and laid his hand upon the part of the apparatus covering what he had styled the recorder. "Now, Mr. Reporter," said he, "as your homely proverb says, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Just before and immediately at the moment of your being put under the power of the anaesthetic, there was a train or series of thoughts in your mind. You must remember what they were. I am going to recall them to you in their exact order, and the precise frame they had in your consciousness."

He took out a scroll of the sensitive paper, marked with quite a number of characters, glanced at it, and read:

"*Reporter's thoughts:*— Queer looking genius, this Professor —— what's his name? deuce take me if I don't believe I'll forget it before I get back to the office. He'd make a good study for a picture of Irving's *Ichabod Crane* — must tell Eastman Johnson about him. Barnum ought to have him to lecture on his wax-works. He's a puzzle to me, he and his machine. Can't make up my mind if he is really cracked or a genius, charlatan or enthusiast. His machine is — what? A humbug, or — a revelation? If it is genuine I'd like to take stock in a company for manufacturing it. Wouldn't it be nice to sock the tube behind old Greeley's wisdom-tooth and tap the flowing well of ideas in that petroleum-centre, his brain! Whew! illuminating gas for the universe, and lubricating oil for all the isms this side the catechism. But supposing it true, it is certainly the greatest of all human inventions, and is capable of being magnificently utilised —"

The Professor became excited at this point, read rapidly, and with an agitation that increased with every word.

"My plan to make the machine work for man's progress and the Professor's notion of conquering the world, would be this: Divide mankind into three classes: (1) those who have ideas but no judgment; (2) those who have judgment but no ideas; (3) those who have neither ideas nor judgment. The first class should go under the machine, and be set to produce the greatest amount of thought-force conceivable" ["Scoundrel!" muttered the Professor, clenching his teeth]; "the third class should make themselves useful by taking the register and record of these thoughts in their crude state and boiling them down, systematising and analysing them; the second class to be employed entirely in weighing, estimating and averaging these thoughts, in order to deduce from them practical rules of human conduct and action. In this way would be captured and recorded all original thoughts, from which the worthless ones could constantly be winnowed away, and the useful ones garnered away in a national store-house —"

The Professor dashed the paper down, trampled it, and with flushed face, glittering eyes, foaming mouth, advanced upon the reporter, who sprang from his chair and retreated from the menacing spectre, though all unconscious what was the matter. "You thief, you rogue, you villain!" shrieked the Professor. "That is my own idea! my private and peculiar notion! You have stolen it from me! You have basely robbed me of my darling project! Assassin that you are!"

"Ideas are ideas, fun is fun!" cried the bewildered reporter; "but if you come a step closer to me, you madman, I shall be obliged to knock you down!" And our "Universe" man snatched up a chair to protect himself from the fury of this inventor who was charging upon him like a wild beast.

"Ha! you will, will you? Assassin! You shall not withdraw from here alive!"

He rushed to the table, pulled open a drawer, plunged his hand

into it and drew forth an immense horse-pistol. Things were evidently getting serious, and the door was convenient . . . .

. . . . Five minutes later a reporter of the "Universe," rather flustered with fast walking, entered a store in Hohocus and bought a hat. He had left his at the place where he had last visited, having departed rather abruptly. He made several inquiries about Professor Klaas Borrich Hvitfeldt, the answers to which did not tend to disembarrass his puzzled mind. The man was certainly insane; but *how in the world did he, no matter whether sane or insane, possess the power of reading, exactly as they occurred, the thoughts of a person simply sitting before him, and whom he had not known for half an hour?* Was it witchcraft, or was it Noematozography?

EDWARD SPENCER.

CONTENT.

A YOUNG bird restless in the narrow round
Of its high home and fain to see the earth,
Slides from the wings that warmed it since its birth,
And drops amazed upon the wide cold ground.
The rays and shade the tender eyes confound,
And harsh to the fine sense our lightest mirth:
Its weak cry stirs a heart of ruth and worth
To put it back, ecstatic, trembling, found!
Thus in the lot which closes us we sigh,
And break from it to work more brave and fast:
The great sun strikes us blind, God hears our cry,
And stoops and gathers us from heat and blast;
And safe and glad, we scarce know which is best,
To lie within His hand or in the nest.

MARY CARROLL.

LETTERS FROM ANCIENT ROME.

II.

DEAR MILO: — You needn't laugh at the appearance of my letters. I assure you that the bark on which this is written is of the very best quality, having been prepared expressly for Lucius to write to his sweetheart on. The ink is a little gummy, to be sure, and does not flow so freely as I would like; and my pen being nothing more or less than a sharpened reed, must be my apology for such intoxicated characters. What with the writing and sealing and tying up of the letters, correspondence becomes quite a serious job; and it is perhaps fortunate that the imperfect postal arrangements in this city do not tempt us to write oftener.

I promised you an account of the wedding of little Miss Messala with Æmilius Lepidus. Of course we went, for the Consul Valerius being a particular friend of my host, and quite wealthy besides, I knew I would have no better opportunity of witnessing one of the most interesting ceremonies of this interesting people.

Preliminary to going to the wedding was going to the baths. It was about 3 P. M. that we went, followed by a slave with our *good* clothes, and by Lucius' valet with oils, toilet powders, perfumes and towels. Having no choice of the eight hundred and forty-six baths in the city, I left the selection to my friend, who I supposed was well acquainted with the best. The operation of bathing is a varied one; during which you are hot and cold, tired and refreshed, oiled and watered, clean and otherwise. The use of oil is very general and is believed to be salutary. The other day the Emperor asked one As. Pollio the secret of his remarkable preservation at such an age. The reply was, "Oil without and wine within." I have heard that something less than 15000 times since I came here, and whenever any mention is made of oil I know what is coming. At the entrance to the baths we paid a fee amounting to one-half cent for us both, which established our right to the tortures we afterward endured. After delivering my vestments into the charge of one attendant, and my valuables to another, and myself to a third, the latter oiled me till I was fairly saturated; and if you had set me on an insulator and set fire to my head, I flatter myself I would have burned like a torch. After the lubrication, during which the wretched greaser realised my fears by reciting that joke of Pollio's, the warming-up process was recommended, by the use of weights, to prepare us for the bath. The thirty or forty seven-eighths nude figures pitching irons, running and twisting themselves into all sorts of contortions, resembled a parcel of escaped lunatics quite enough for practical purposes. The warm bath comes next, an introduction to which is a heated room where you are graduated for the higher temperature of the vapor bath. Here I sat undergoing liquefaction and evaporation, breathing spicy odors, till a slave took me in hand, and with a cruel instrument

which was neither a reaping-hook nor a pie-knife, but something between the two, commenced to scrape me down as if I were a raw hide and he a currier. He rubbed me over my chest, down my back, around my neck, back of my ears, into my ears, under my eyes, up to my hair; then he scraped and kneaded, and kneaded and scraped, and rubbed, and punched, and scraped, and pulled, and kneaded until I was almost dead — too far gone at any rate to beg for mercy. I think he must have taken off at least three layers of the cuticle. He stopped at last, I am persuaded, from sheer exhaustion. The water bath following somewhat refreshed me, and I returned to the warm room. Submitting here to oiling No. 2, with a sprinkling of perfumes, we were polished off with a powder and allowed to assert ourselves. I must confess that I felt better when it was all over — much better. We were shaved too — shaved clean, as everybody is in Roma, except the fops, who sport a slight moustache and beard.

About 7 P. M., arraying ourselves in the festive garment, a rose colored robe, and tying our sandals with thongs of the same color, Lucius and I were taken in litters to witness the wedding ceremonies.

Scene, house of M. Valerius Messala, the Consul. Old gentleman looking very stiff. Old lady serenely calm. Young lady very much fluttered. Friends standing around generally. Enter young man, makes the ordinary salutations, and unexpectedly darts upon the young lady, snatches her frantically from her dear relations and friends, but stops outside the door, where all fall into line and march off to the blowing of flutes. The bride was supported by two youths, preceded by a third with a torch, while a fourth followed bearing her spinning apparatus and her childhood's toys in a basket. (Imagine a fashionable wedding at home where the bride is followed up the church aisle by her "Wilcox & Gibbs" and a dilapidated noseless india-rubber doll!) This was all very interesting, and the crowd gathered in the streets to see the procession, as crowds have always done. We found the house of Lepidus adorned with wreaths and garlands of roses. The bride fastened woollen rolls on the door-post and poured oil upon them — (I am not at liberty to tell you why she did this, but you may put your own construction upon it); she was then lifted over the threshold, lest she endanger her good fortune by stumbling at the entrance. The ceremony of the marriage took place after we arrived at the bridegroom's house. The lady having crossed the threshold, knocked loudly and inquired in a general way for the gentleman, to which inquiry Lepidus, who had slipped in ahead of the rest, responded *in propriâ personâ*. Valeria then saluted him with the words, "*Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia*," equivalent to "Where you are master, I am mistress." He in turn addressed to her an equally interesting sentiment, offering her fire and water as symbolical gifts, and led her to a couple of chairs covered with a skin, where they remained seated during the rest of the ceremony. This closed with the high priest and others not so high taking the auspices, and Lepidus asking the bride would she be his *materfamilias*, and her saying that she would. Then the honey-moon arose.

After the ceremony I had more leisure to observe the wedding trousseau — a thing which every guest ought to do. It comprised a

fine white tunic, clasped with a brooch on the shoulder and fastened by a woollen girdle, leaving the throat and arms bare. The veil was of bright yellow, and so were the hair-net and shoes. The bride's hair was an edifice of amazing grandeur. It was an inextricable mixture of hair-pins, curls, chains, bodkins and frizzles, not to speak of the pomade and hair-dye, towering high in air, and kept in shape by a band of gold surrounding the base, beneath which three locks stole quietly along either cheek. Her jewels were magnificent: necklaces, chains, arm-bands of gold, ear-drops of a single great pearl, bracelets of exquisite workmanship and with handsome settings of precious stones. If she had had any more jewelry I don't know where she could have worn it. As for Lepidus, why he was attired pretty much as we were, wearing a rose-colored robe which had taken the place of his toga, and having a good many rings on his fingers. He didn't seem very enthusiastic about his marriage; but that was not surprising, since it was, as they all are here, one of convenience. Indeed he manifested much more interest in the supper which followed the ceremony than in his newly made wife. I was slightly interested in it myself, inasmuch as the breakfast and dinner had only set my appetite on edge, and the bath had strapped it, so to speak, sharp as a razor.

I have not observed, I believe, that the company numbered twenty-seven, and for their accommodation were set three tables in the hall of the house — the same, by the way, in which the ceremony was performed. When we had taken our seats — the men reclining on their elbows, the women sitting bolt-up like refractory boys on penitential stools — slaves removed our sandals and offered us water in silver bowls to wash our hands. The table was shaped as three sides of a square, we occupying the outer edge, the inner being reserved for the attendants to serve at. At our table the Consul presided, occupying the place of honor on the middle couch, and next him was your humble servant; the bridegroom and his adopted father respectively took charge of the other tables. I could not attempt to describe all the dishes that composed the feast, but I cannot omit the centre-piece. It was an ass in bronze carrying a panier on each side filled with olives. On his back sat a very drunk and very jolly Silenus, perspiring so freely that juice — a delicious sauce — dripped into the dish below. This course was the appetiser, and consisted of radishes, sausages, asparagus, cooked oysters, and faugh! snails; there were also fresh snails, which were very popular. For my part I was quite satisfied with seeing Messala pull a fat snail out of his shell and lay it back on his tongue until the unconscious mollusk would slide into the cavern of his throat. There was a hen, carved of wood, sitting on eggs in a basket; the eggs were made of dough, and instead of a yolk there was a little bird in each most deliciously seasoned. When I broke my egg I thought the fowl had almost hatched it; but it was good for all that. Well, there were fish and vegetables, birds, fowl, wild boar — everything in fact; sweetmeats, pastry, fruits, wine in greatest variety and abundance. After each course bowls of water and napkins were handed, for there are no forks at Roma, and everything goes to the mouth through the fingers.

During the entertainment a band of players discoursed — well, you may call it music, since they meant it for that, but only charity can make music out of such noises as proceeded from those shrill flutes and ear-splitting horns. And yet this could not be surpassed in the city! We went home about half-past eleven o'clock feeling very loose indeed.

In connection with this subject I will mention a ceremony which occurred to-day at the house of my entertainer. It was the betrothal of No. 1. This as you know is preliminary to the marriage. Quintus Valerius, one of the senators, made application to the old gentleman for No. 1, and he gave his consent. I don't suppose the girl has ever seen him half a dozen times, and I'm certain that he didn't consult her wishes in the matter. The form of the betrothal is, "Do you engage yourself?" and she replies, "I do." He then gives her a ring and receives a costly present in return, when all sit down to a banquet in honor of the occasion. Either party, as I understand it, may retract the engagement; but until it is broken off it is disgraceful to enter into another. 'Tis as bad here to have two sweethearts as two husbands. If a similar feeling prevailed among us, how many of my acquaintances would find themselves out of employment! There used to be a law allowing the jilted an action for damages to their — I can't say affections — their pride, but that has been abrogated. A short while ago there was quite an excitement in the matrimonial market, caused by a decree of the Emperor which made the luxury of being a bachelor rather expensive; that did not last long, however.

I am writing in the ante-room of my bed-chamber, or rather this is the chamber, and the bed is in the closet screened by a curtain. The furniture, according to our ideas, is rather scant: the chair in which I am sitting, a mirror of polished steel upon the wall, my couch — a very lowly one — and my "native" costume rolled up into a bundle under the bed, complete the contents of the room. The slave brings me water in the morning for bathing; and as this is only designed for a sleeping apartment, there is really no necessity for more furniture. I am writing after the true female plan — on my lap. Not that there no tables; on the contrary they are all over the house except in the bed-rooms. One stands in the hall, of wood like mahogany, made of a single plate sawn across the trunk, supported by an ivory column. It was once the property of Tullius Cicero, who paid for it upwards of $38,000. I have this from the most unquestionably authority, and while it sounds incredible, you must remember that here money is in great abundance, and things to spend it on in corresponding scarcity. Why, think of a cape costing $400! And yet Lucius gave that for one the other day, and I wore it this morning.

But I forgot to mention my lamp, which is the handsomest thing in my room. A bronze shaft — of which the two parts slide one within the other so as to allow its being elevated or lowered as desired — supports the cup of oil, surmounted with a pretty little Cupid hugging a swan. There are no chimneys to the lamps, and the smoke is villainously disagreeable and settles on everything. And yet the poor use clean, smokeless wax-candles which the wealthy disdain.

Well, the *buccinator* has called out the third watch, which is past

twelve o'clock with us. You see there is a clock in the hall — a sort of sand-glass, with water instead of sand — but to avoid the trouble of going to it whenever you wish to know the time, a slave is kept for the sole purpose of calling out the hours. So I must be off to bed.

Yours, drowsily,

VIA LONGA.

THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE:

SIR: — I send you a copy of my report of the operations of my division in the memorable campaign into Pennsylvania in 1863, which is now in my possession. The original draft was preserved by being sent to Lynchburg with other division papers, just before the commencement of the campaign of 1864; and as the reports in regard to the Pennsylvania campaign were not published, I think the one which I now send you may be considered of sufficient historical importance to be placed before the public. General Lee's report has been already published in your journal, and I trust all the subordinate reports which have been preserved may be made public through the same medium, as they will constitute the most valuable contributions that can be made to the history of that portion of our eventful struggle.

My own report is copied without material change, and is given to you in the same form in which it was transmitted to the headquarters of the army, through corps headquarters, with some explanatory notes added.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

J. A. EARLY.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. EARLY.

HEADQUARTERS, EARLY'S DIVISION,
August 22d, 1863.

Major A. S. PENDLETON, *A. A. General 2d Corps A. N. Va.:*

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this division during the recent campaign; commencing with its departure from Fredericksburg, and ending with its arrival in the vicinity of Orange Court-House.

March from Fredericksburg.

On the 4th of June the division marched from Hamilton's Crossing, and having been joined by Jones' battalion of artillery, passed Spotsylvania C. H., Verdiersville, Somersville's Ford on the Rapidan, Culpeper C. H., Sperryville, Washington (the county-seat of Rappahannock), and crossing the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap, arrived at Front Royal late on the night of the 12th. Hoke's and Smith's brigades crossed both forks of the Shenandoah that night and encamped, and Hays' and Gordon's brigades with Jones' battalion of artillery and the division trains, encamped on the east side of the south fork near Front Royal.[1]

Capture of Winchester.

Early on the morning of the 13th Hays' and Gordon's brigades, Jones' artillery and the trains were crossed over to the north side of the north fork of the Shenandoah, and I received orders from the Lieut.-General commanding to move my division to the Valley turnpike, and advance to the vicinity of Kernstown, and then move to the left so as to get a position from which the main work of the enemy at Winchester could be attacked with advantage, information at the same time being given me that there was a hill to the westward of this work and commanding it, of which it was desired I should get possession. Lieut. Barton of the 2d Virginia regiment of Walker's brigade of Johnson's division accompanied me as a guide, and Brown's battalion of reserve artillery under Capt. Dance was ordered to accompany my division.

Having received the instructions of the Lieut.-General commanding, the wagons, except the ambulances and the regimental ordnance and medical wagons, were left at Cedarville, and I diverged from the Winchester and Front Royal turnpike at Nineveh, reaching the Valley turnpike at Newtown, and thence advancing towards Winchester. I found Lieut.-Colonel Herbert, of the Maryland line, with his battalion of infantry, the battery of Maryland artillery, and a portion of the battalion of Maryland cavalry, occupying the ridge between Bartonsville and Kernstown, and engaged in occasional skirmishing with a portion of the enemy who had taken position near Kernstown. I halted my command here, forming it in line on either side of the turnpike, and proceeded to reconnoitre the ground for the purpose of ascertaining the position and strength of the enemy near Kernstown, and also of finding the road by which I was to diverge from the turnpike so as to reach the position in rear of the enemy's works which I had been directed to gain. The only portion of the enemy in sight on my arrival consisted of cavalry, but I was informed that an infantry picket occupied Kernstown, and I soon discovered that a battery of artillery was located on Pritchard's hill, near Kernstown, which was the same position occupied by the enemy's artillery at the time of General Jackson's engagement at this place. Finding it

1 The 2d corps, composed of Rodes', Johnson's and my divisions, under Lieut.-General Ewell, had remained in the vicinity of Culpeper C. H. on the 9th, and on that day my division was moved towards Brandy Station during the cavalry fight there, but was not needed. On the 10th we resumed the march, and on the 12th Rodes' and Johnson's divisions preceded mine in the march, crossing both forks of the Shenandoah, and camping near Cedarville a mile or two north of the north fork.

necessary to dislodge the enemy from this hill, after making a reconnoissance I moved Hays' brigade to the left, through a skirt of woods and a meadow, to the foot of the ridge along which General Jackson made his advance, and thence along a road which runs from Bartonsville to the Cedar Creek turnpike, until an eligible position for advancing upon Pritchard's hill from the left was reached. From this point Hays was ordered to advance and gain possession of the hill, which he did without opposition, the enemy having hurriedly withdrawn his battery; but whilst advancing General Hays sent me word that the enemy had a considerable infantry force on the ridge to his left, and I immediately conducted Gordon's brigade over the same route, and sent word to Hays to halt until Gordon could get up. Gordon then advanced rapidly to the left of Hays, and in conjunction with skirmishers sent out by the latter, drove the enemy's force across the Cedar Creek turnpike and over the ridge between that road and Abraham's Creek, which latter here crosses the Valley turnpike. While this was going on, Hoke's and Smith's brigades, which had been left in line on the right and left of the Valley turnpike respectively, were ordered to advance towards Kernstown. Gordon having continued to advance until his right reached the Valley turnpike, was halted, and Hays was moved to his left, and then Smith to the left of Hays, the three brigades being formed in line in rear of the crest of the ridge which is immediately south of Abraham's Creek, beyond which the enemy had been driven. The enemy then occupied Bowers' Hill, on the north of the creek near Barton's mill, with a considerable force of infantry and artillery; and as it was near night, and too late for further operations, Hoke's brigade, under the command of Colonel Avery of the 6th N. C. regiment, which had been ordered to the support of the other brigades, was ordered back to Kernstown, where it was placed in position to protect the ambulances, wagons, and artillery which had been brought to that point from an attack from the left and rear; and Colonel Herbert was ordered to take position with his battalion of infantry on the right of Gordon, who had extended his line on that flank across the Valley turnpike. In this position the troops remained all night under a drenching rain.

Very early next morning (the 14th) I ordered Gordon and Hays respectively to advance a regiment across the creek and get possession of Bowers' Hill, then occupied by the enemy's skirmishers only, as his artillery and main force of infantry had been withdrawn during the night. This was accomplished after some skirmishing, the skirmishers of Smith's brigade being also advanced across the creek on the left at the same time. General Ewell had come over to my position in the meantime, and we proceeded together to reconnoitre the position from the fort on the top of Bowers' Hill then occupied by my skirmishers, from which point we had a fair view of the enemy's works about Winchester; and we discovered that the hill to the north-west of the enemy's works which I had been ordered to gain, had also been fortified and was occupied. It was found to be necessary then to take this hill by assault; and a position having been discovered beyond it on the north-west from which it was

thought an assault might be made with advantage, I was directed to move the greater part of my division around to that position and make the attack, leaving a force at the point then occupied to amuse the enemy and conceal the movement upon his flank and rear. I will here state that when our skirmishers had advanced to Bowers' Hill, Major Goldsborough of the Maryland battalion, with the skirmishers of the battalion, had advanced into the outskirts of the town of Winchester, but fearing that the enemy would shell the town from the main fort, I ordered him back.

After receiving final instructions from Gen. Ewell I replaced the skirmishers of Hays' and Smith's brigades by others from Gordon's brigade, and leaving Gen. Gordon with his brigade, the Maryland battalion and two batteries of artillery (the Maryland and Hupp's), to amuse the enemy and hold him in check, I moved with Hays', Hoke's and Smith's brigades, and the rest of the artillery, all under Col. Jones, to the left (west and north-west), following the Cedar Creek turnpike for a short distance, and then leaving it and passing through fields and the woods, which latter I found sufficiently open to admit of the passage of artillery, thus making a considerable detour and crossing the Romney macadamised road about three miles west of Winchester, and half a mile from a point at which the enemy had a picket the night before. After crossing the Romney road, where I left the 54th N. C. regiment, of Hoke's brigade, on picket, I continued to move on through fields and woodland and on obscure paths until I reached the position from which I wished to assault the enemy's works, which proved to be a ridge with its northern end close to the Pughtown road, a very considerable portion being wooded. On the south side of the main woods immediately confronting the fortified hill which I desired to assault, was an orchard and the ruins of an old house called "Folk's Old House," and on the north side was a corn-field on Mrs. Brierly's land, both of which points furnished excellent positions for artillery within ease range of the work I proposed assaulting, which was on the summit of a hill on Fahnestock's land, adjoining the Pughtown road. To the desired point I was guided by a worthy and intelligent citizen whose name I withhold, as he has already been the subject of the enemy's persecutions, and I was so fortunate as to reach it without meeting with any scouts, pickets or stragglers of the enemy, or exciting his attention in any way.[2] I reached this point about 4 P. M., and as the day was excessively hot and the men had marched a circuit of some eight or ten miles without getting any drinking water, and were very much fatigued, I massed them in the woods out of view of the enemy to give them time to blow. In the meantime, having proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy's position and the ground on which I would have to operate, I

[2] My guide was Mr. James C. Baker, who resided a few miles from the town. As we were moving along an almost unused path or road north of the Romney road, at a sudden turn in it we came upon a young girl 13 or 14 years of age on horseback, with her small brother behind her and a large bundle of clothes tied up in a sheet. She was very much startled and frightened at meeting us, but on discovering the Confederate gray she pulled off her bonnet, waved it around her head, cried "Hurrah!" and then burst into tears. The enemy had been shelling the country about her father's house, and one or two shells had fallen near to or on the house, and she had been sent from home to get out of danger. She said: "Oh, I am so glad to see you! I had no idea any of our men were anywhere near here." That girl will make a good wife to some Confederate soldier, if she does not already occupy that position.

discovered the two favorable positions for my artillery before mentioned, and that the intervening woods afforded an excellent cover under which troops could advance to within a short distance of the foot of the hill on which was the work I wished to assault. I also discovered that the enemy occupying this work, which was a bastion front presenting the appearance of an enclosed work from my point of view, were not keeping a lookout in my direction, but were looking intently in the direction of Gordon's command, on which a gradual advance was being made by infantry deployed as skirmishers and some pieces of artillery well supported. Meanwhile Col. Jones had quietly prepared for running his artillery into position as quick as possible when the moment for attack should arrive; and the men having been allowed to rest as much as possible under the circumstances, I directed Gen. Hays, whose brigade had been selected to make the assault, to move near to the edge of the woods facing the enemy's work, and to keep his men under cover until the artillery opened, and then to advance as rapidly as possible to the assault with three regiments in front and the two others following a short distance in rear, as soon as he should discover that the enemy was sufficiently demoralised by the artillery fire. The artillery under Jones was divided so as to put twelve pieces in the old orchard mentioned, and eight pieces near the edge of the corn-field on the north of the woods. The 57th N. C. regiment was detached and so posted as to protect these latter pieces from an attack in the direction of the Pughtown road, which ran not far from there, and the rest of Hoke's brigade and the whole of Smith's were placed in line ready to support him. The enemy's works on the front presented to me consisted of the bastion-front on the high hill which has been mentioned, another smaller breastwork between that and the Pughtown road, and a more extensive but incomplete work on the north side of the Pughtown road. He had evidently been making recent preparations against an attack from this quarter, and had commenced felling the timber in the woods under cover of which I operated, but strange to say, on this occasion he failed to keep a lookout in that direction. About an hour by sun, everything being ready, Jones ran his pieces by hand into position and opened almost simultaneously from the whole of his twenty guns upon the enemy before he was aware of our presence in his vicinity.[3] The cannonading was kept up briskly about three-quarters of an hour, when Hays advanced as directed, ascended the steep slope of the hill leading to the enemy's works through a brushwood that had been felled to answer the purpose of abattis, and drove the enemy from his fortifications in fine style, capturing in the assault six rifled pieces, two of which were immediately turned upon the enemy, thus preventing an effort to recapture the works before reinforcements could arrive, for which a portion of the enemy's main force commenced preparing. As soon as I saw Hays' men entering the works I ordered forward Smith's brigade to the support, and also ordered Jones to advance with the pieces that were posted on our left, leaving Col. Avery with that part of Hoke's brigade with him to look out for the rear. On reaching the captured work, which proved

[3] This was the remarkable case of a surprise of a fortified position by artillery in broad daylight.

to be open in the rear, I found that it overlooked and commanded, as had been anticipated, the enemy's main work near the town and also a redoubt to the north of the main work, which was also occupied by infantry and artillery, and that all the works on the left (north) of the captured one had been evacuated. The enemy was in evident commotion, but by the time the artillery and Smith's brigade reached the captured hill dusk was approaching, and it was too late to take any farther steps for the capture of the main work, which was very strong, and to accomplish which would have required the coöperation of the other troops around Winchester.[4] I contented myself therefore with directing an artillery fire to be kept up until dark on the enemy's position, which was returned from the main work and redoubt spoken of, though with but little effect.[5] During the night I had the captured work turned and embrasures cut, so as to be able to open at early light on the main work. The 57th N. C. regiment was ordered to the work on the north of the Pughtown road; Hays' brigade occupied the works captured by it; Smith's brigade was formed in line in rear of Hays; Avery was left with two regiments of Hoke's brigade to prevent any surprise by the enemy from that direction; and the 54th N. C. regiment was allowed to remain on picket on the Romney road. In this position the troops lay on their arms all night. I sent my aide, Lieut. Calloway, to Gen. Gordon to direct him to move upon the main fort at light next morning, and I also sent a courier to Gen. Ewell to inform him of what had been accomplished, and that I thought the enemy would evacuate before morning.

As soon as it was light enough to see the next morning it was discovered that the enemy had evacuated, taking the Martinsburg road, and very shortly afterwards firing was heard on that road, which proved to be from the encounter of Johnson's division with the retreating enemy. I immediately ordered my whole command in pursuit after having detached the 13th Virginia regiment, of Smith's brigade, to guard the abandoned wagons and property. Gordon's brigade, which first reached the main fort and pulled down the flag left flying over it, preceded the rest of the division; and on reaching the point at which Gen. Johnson had encountered the enemy, I found his division halted and in possession of the greater part of the enemy's infantry as prisoners. It was evident that further pursuit on foot of Milroy and the small body of mounted men who had escaped with him was useless, and I therefore halted my command and camped it near the place of Johnson's engagement.

The enemy had abandoned at Winchester all his artillery, all his wagons and a considerable quantity of public stores. Twenty-five pieces of artillery in all, with their caissons, were secured, as was a considerable quantity of artillery ammunition, though somewhat damaged. In the hurry of the pursuit in the morning I gave such

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[4] From Cedarville Rodes had been sent by the way of Berryville to Martinsburg, and he drove off a force from the former place, and captured some artillery and prisoners at the latter. Johnson had moved with his division on the direct road from Front Royal to Winchester, and during my operations at Kernstown as well as on the north-west of Winchester, had made demonstrations against the enemy on the east and south-east of the town, occasionally having some very heavy skirmishing up to the very outskirts of the town; and my operations were very greatly facilitated and covered by those of Johnson. Gen. Ewell was with Johnson's division.

[5] A very valuable officer, however, Capt. Thompson, of the Louisiana Guard Battery, had his arm shattered by a shell, and died that night from hemorrhage from his wound.

directions and took such steps as were possible under the circumstances to preserve the captured property; nevertheless, much of it was pilfered and damaged by stragglers, and even after it got into the hands of the quartermasters and commissaries, much of it seems to have been made away with.

I cannot too highly commend the conduct of Generals Hays and Gordon and their brigades in the two days' fighting which occurred around Winchester. The charge of Hays' brigade upon the enemy's works was a most brilliant exploit, and the affair of the day before, when General Gordon drove the enemy from the position he occupied near Kernstown, reflected equal credit on himself and his brigade. All the arrangements of Lieut.-Colonel Hilary P. Jones, and the conduct of himself and his artillery (including that under Capt. Dance), were admirable, and have not been surpassed during the war. I must also commend the gallantry of Lieut.-Colonel Herbert and Major Goldsborough of the Maryland line and their troops. Hoke's and Smith's brigades did not become engaged on either day. The members of my staff, Major Samuel Hale, Division Inspector, Major John W. Daniel, A. A. General, and Lieutenants A. L. Pitzer and Wm. G. Calloway, aides-de-camp, acquitted themselves to my entire satisfaction; and Mr. Robert D. Early and Mr. Lake, volunteer aides (the latter being a citizen of Maryland who had been sent through the lines by the enemy the day before our arrival), rendered me efficient service, as did Lieut. Barton of the 2d Va. infantry, detailed to accompany me as a guide. My loss in the whole affair was light, consisting of 29 killed, 130 wounded and 3 missing. Among the killed and wounded, however, were some gallant and efficient officers.

Having been afterwards assigned to the command of Winchester for a short time, I sent to Richmond, by way of Staunton, 108 officers and 3250 enlisted men as prisoners, leaving in Winchester several hundred prisoners sick and wounded. The greater part of the prisoners were captured by General Johnson's division while attempting to make their escape after the evacuation.

March from Winchester into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and Operations until the Battle of Gettysburg.

While in command at Winchester, I detached the 54th N. C. regiment, of Hoke's brigade, and the 58th Va. regiment, of Smith's brigade, to Staunton in charge of the prisoners, and leaving the 13th Va. regiment, of Smith's brigade, on duty in Winchester, I left that place on the afternoon of the 18th, and proceeded with the residue of Hoke's brigade and Jones' battalion of artillery to Shepherdstown on the next day, Gordon's and Hays' brigades and the three remaining regiments of Smith's brigade having preceded me to that place. On the 22d I crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown and moved through Sharpsburg and Boonsboro', encamping on the road towards Hagerstown about three miles from Boonsboro'.[6] The 17th Va.

[6] My tri-monthly field return made out at Shepherdstown, and the original of which is now in my possession, shows the strength of my division present on the 20th of June, as follows:

cavalry, under Colonel Wm. H. French, of Jenkins' brigade, reported to me on this day, by order of General Ewell, and remained with me until the battle of Gettysburg. On the 23d I moved through Cavetown, Smithtown, and Ringgold (or Ridgeville, as it is most usually called) to Waynesboro' in Pennsylvania. On the 24th I moved through Quincy and Altodale to Greenwood on the macadamised road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg.[7] At this point my division remained in camp on the 25th, and I visited General Ewell at Chambersburg, and received from him instructions to cross the South Mountain to Gettysburg, and then proceed to York, cut the Northern Central railroad running from Baltimore to Harrisburg, destroy the bridge across the Susquehanna at Wrightsville and Columbia, on the branch railroad from York towards Philadelphia, if I could, and rejoin him at Carlisle by the way of Dillstown.[8] Colonel Elijah White's battalion of cavalry was ordered to report to me for this expedition, and on the morning of the 26th, having sent all my wagon trains to Chambersburg except the ambulances, one medical wagon for each brigade, the regimental ordnance wagons, one wagon with cooking utensils for each regiment (including the officers), and fifteen empty wagons to use in gathering supplies, and carrying no other baggage, I moved towards Gettysburg.[9] On reaching the forks of the road, on the east slope of the mountain, about one and one-half miles from Cashtown, I sent General Gordon

	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Agg'te.
General Division and Brigade Staff,	27	"	27
Troops present for duty,	487	5,124	5,611
Total present for duty,	514	5,124	5,638
Present sick,	7	336	343
" Extra duty,	16	452	468
" In arrest,	6	16	22
Total present,	543	5,928	6,471

It was the portion of this force which was able to march with which I crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania. The large number of men on extra duty is accounted for by the fact that we had no employés, but all teamsters, ambulance men, artificers, etc., etc. were enlisted soldiers. My division, notwithstanding the absence of three small regiments, was fully an average one in our army; and we had but nine in all of infantry.

[7] Rodes' and Johnson's divisions had preceded me across the Potomac, the former at Williamsport and the latter at Shepherdstown, taking the route through Hagerstown and Greencastle to Chambersburg. My route was along the western base of South Mountain, and the very excellent public maps of the counties in Maryland and Pennsylvania which we obtained from citizens, enabled me to move along this part of the route as well as afterwards without the assistance of a guide.

[8] It will be seen that General Lee says in his report, published in the August number of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, that orders were given to me to seize and hold the bridge from Wrightsville to Columbia. The orders received by me were as stated in my report, which was written very shortly after the close of the campaign. This discrepancy may have arisen from a misapprehension by General Ewell; but my recollection is very distinct, and I have now a memorandum in pencil, made at the time in General Ewell's presence, showing what was to be my march on each day, and the time of my probable junction with him, and also a note from him from Carlisle, all of which rebuts the idea that I was to hold the bridge. However, afterwards I determined to depart from my instructions and to secure the bridge, cross the river, and move up in rear of Harrisburg, as I found the condition of the country different from what was contemplated at the time the instructions were given. This discrepancy is a matter of very little moment really, as the destruction of the bridge by the enemy settled the question without any agency of ours; and I have made this explanation simply from the fact that the statement as contained in my original report is variant from that in General Lee's report. I can well see how General Ewell may have misapprehended General Lee's directions, or how the latter, writing more than eighteen months after the events had happened, may have fallen into the mistake from the fact that I really attempted to secure the bridge and the enemy burned it to thwart my purpose.

[9] Before leaving Greenwood I had the iron-works of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, near that place, burned and destroyed, as the enemy had made it an invariable rule to burn all such establishments wherever he had gone in the Confederacy.

with his brigade and White's battalion of cavalry on the macadamised road through Cashtown towards Gettysburg, and I moved with the rest of the command to the left through Hilltown to Mummasburg. I had heard on the road that there was probably a force at Gettysburg, though I could get no definite information as to its size, and the object of this movement was for Gordon to amuse and skirmish with the enemy while I should get on his flank and rear so as to capture the whole force. On arriving at Mummasburg (with the cavalry advance) I ascertained that the force at Gettysburg was small; and while waiting here for the infantry to come up — its march having been considerably delayed by the muddy condition of the country roads — a company of French's cavalry that had been sent towards Gettysburg, captured some prisoners, from whom it was ascertained that the advance of Gordon's command (a body of 40 cavalrymen from White's battalion), had encountered a regiment of militia which fled on the first approach. I immediately sent forward Colonel French with the whole of his cavalry to pursue this militia force, which he did, capturing a number of prisoners. Hays' brigade on its arrival was also sent towards Gettysburg, and the other brigades, with the artillery, were ordered into camp near Mummasburg.[10] I then rode to Gettysburg and found Gordon just entering the town, his command having marched with more ease than the other brigades because it moved on a macadamised road. The militia regiment which had been encountered by White's cavalry was the 26th Pennsylvania, consisting of 800 or 900 men, and had arrived in Gettysburg the night before, and moved out that morning a few miles on the road towards Cashtown, but had fled on the first approach of White's advance, taking across the fields between Mummasburg and Gettysburg and going towards Hunterstown. Of this force a little over 200 prisoners in all were captured and subsequently paroled. Hays' brigade was halted and camped about a mile from Gettysburg, two regiments having been sent to aid French in the pursuit of the fugitive militia, but were not able to get up with it. The authorities of Gettysburg declared their inability to furnish the supplies required of them, and a search of the stores resulted in securing only a very small quantity of commissary supplies; but about 2000 rations were found in a train of cars and issued to Gordon's brigade. The cars, numbering ten or twelve, were burned, as was also a small railroad bridge near the place. There were no railroad buildings of consequence. The day was cold and rainy and the roads were very muddy, and as it was late when I reached the place, and desired to move upon York early next day, I had no opportunity of compelling a compliance with my demands on the town or ascertaining its resources, which, however, I think were very limited.[11]

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[10] In speaking of camping my men on this whole campaign, it must be understood that I merely mean that they bivouacked, their beds being generally the naked ground, and their covering the sky above them. A few officers only had some tents which were absolutely necessary to enable them to attend to their duties, but on this expedition to the Susquehanna, no officer of any rank, including myself, had a tent or any baggage that he did not carry on his back or on his horse. This day had been a very cold rainy one, and the night was most uncomfortable and dreary.

[11] I subsequently saw it stated that the people of Gettysburg boasted of their failure to comply wi h my requisition, and twitted the people of York with their ready compliance with the demand on them. The former pleaded their poverty most lustily on the occasion, and the people of York were wise in "accepting the situation."

I ordered Tanner's battery of artillery and a company of French's cavalry to report to Gen. Gordon during the night, and directed him to move with them and his brigade on the turnpike towards York at light next morning; and I also directed Col. White to proceed with his cavalry to Hanover Junction on the Northern Central railroad, destroying the railroad bridges on the way, and to destroy the Junction and a bridge or two south of it, and then proceed to York, burning all the bridges up to that place. Having returned to Mummasburg that night, I moved next morning from that place with the rest of my command, through Hunterstown, New Chester, Hampton, and East Berlin, towards Dover, and camped a short distance beyond East Berlin. I then rode over to Gordon's camp on the York turnpike, which was about four miles distant, to arrange with him the manner of the approach upon York if it should be defended. But all the information we could gain induced me to believe that there was no force in York, and that night a deputation came out from the town to Gordon's camp to surrender it. I directed General Gordon, in the event of there being no force in the place, to march through and proceed to the Columbia bridge and secure it at both ends if possible. Next morning (the 28th) General Gordon marched into the town of York without opposition, and I proceeded with the rest of the command by the way of Weigalstown, leaving Dover to my left. At Weigalstown I sent Colonel French, with the greater part of his cavalry, to the mouth of the Conewago, to burn two railroad bridges at that point, and all other bridges on the railroad between there and York; and I then proceeded on to York, sending Hays' and Smith's brigades into camp at Lauck's mill near the railroad, some two miles north of the town. Hoke's brigade, under Avery, was marched into the town and quartered in some extensive buildings put up for hospitals. I found General Gordon in the town, and repeated to him the directions to move to the Susquehanna and secure the Columbia bridge if he could, and he promptly moved his command in that direction. I then made a requisition upon the town authorities for 2000 pairs of shoes, 1000 hats, 1000 pairs of socks, $100,000 in money, and three days' rations of all kinds for my men. Subsequently, between 1200 and 1500 pairs of shoes and boots, the hats, socks and rations were furnished and issued to the men, but only the sum of $28,600 in money was furnished, which was paid to my quartermaster, Major Snodgrass — the chief-burgess or Mayor and other authorities protesting their inability to raise any more money, as they said nearly all in the town had been previously run off, and I was satisfied that they had made an honest effort to raise the amount called for.

A short time before night I rode out in the direction of the Columbia bridge to ascertain the result of Gordon's expedition, and had not proceeded far before I saw an immense smoke rising in the direction of the Susquehanna, which I subsequently ascertained arose from the burning of the bridge in question. On arriving at Wrightsville, on the bank of the Susquehanna opposite Columbia, I learned from General Gordon that on approaching Wrightsville in front of the bridge he found a command of militia, some 1200 strong,

entrenched, and after endeavoring to move around the flank of this force to cut it off from the bridge, which he was unable to do promptly from want of knowledge of the locality, he opened his artillery on the militia, which fled at the bursting of the third shell, when he immediately pursued; but, as his men had then marched a little over 20 miles on a very warm day, the enemy beat them running. He, however, attempted to cross the bridge in pursuit, and the head of his column got half-way over, but he found the bridge, which had been prepared for the purpose, on fire in the middle. As his men had nothing but muskets and rifles to operate with, he sent back for buckets to endeavor to arrest the flames, but before they arrived the fire had progressed so far that it was impossible to extinguish it; he had therefore been compelled to return and leave the bridge to its fate. This bridge was one and one-quarter miles in length, the superstructure being of wood on stone abutments and piers, and it included under one covered structure a railroad bridge, a passway for wagons, and also a tow-path for the canal which here crosses the river by means of locks and a dam below. The bridge was entirely consumed, and from its flames the town of Wrightsville caught fire and several buildings were consumed, but the farther progress of the conflagration was arrested by the exertions of Gordon's men.[12] I regretted very much the failure to secure this bridge, as, finding the defenceless condition of the country generally and the little obstacle likely to be afforded by the militia to our progress, I had determined, if I could get possession of the Columbia bridge, to cross my division over the Susquehanna, cut the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, march upon Lancaster and lay that town under contribution, and then move up and attack Harrisburg in the rear, while it should be attacked in front by the rest of the corps, relying, in the worst contingency that might happen, upon being able to mount my whole command from the immense number of horses that had been run across the river, and then move westwardly, destroying the railroads and canals and returning back again to a place of safety. This project, however, was entirely thwarted by the destruction of the bridge, as the river was otherwise impassable, being very wide and deep at that point. I therefore ordered General Gordon to move his command back to York next day, and returned to that place myself that night.

Colonel White succeeded in reaching Hanover Junction and destroying the depot at that place, and also one or two bridges in the vicinity; but he did not, however, destroy all the bridges between that point and York, as one or two of them were defended by an infantry force, as he reported. Colonel French succeeded in destroying the bridges at the mouth of the Conewago, and all the bridges between that point and York; and I sent him to destroy the remaining bridges over the Codorus, between York and Hanover Junction, which he succeeded in doing, any force which may have been defending them having disappeared. I found no public stores at York. A few prisoners found in the hospital, with some others captured by Gordon at Wrightsville, were paroled. All the cars found at the

[12] These men were Georgians, and it is worthy of note that the town of Darien in their own State was destroyed about this time by an expedition sent by the enemy for the express purpose.

place were destroyed, but the railroad buildings, two large car-manufactories and the hospital buildings were not burned, because, after examination, I was satisfied that the burning of them would probably cause the destruction of the greater part of the town, and, notwithstanding the barbarous policy pursued by the enemy in similar cases, I determined to forbear in this case, hoping that the example might not be without its effect even upon our cruel enemy.[13] It has been lost upon the Yankees, however, as, so far from appreciating the forbearance shown, I am informed that it has been actually charged by some of their papers that Gordon's command fired the town of Wrightsville, whereas the exertions of his men saved the place from utter destruction.[14] On the afternoon of the 29th I received through Captain Elliott Johnson, aide to General Ewell, a copy of a note from General Lee, and also verbal instructions, which required me to move back and rejoin the rest of the corps on the western side of the South Mountain; and accordingly, at daylight on the morning of the 30th, I put my whole command in motion, taking the route with the main body through Weigalstown and East Berlin, in the direction of Heidlersburg, from which place I could move either to Shippensburg or Greenwood by the way of Arendtsburg, as circumstances might require. I at the same time sent Colonel White's cavalry on the turnpike from York towards Gettysburg, to ascertain if any force of the enemy was on that road. At East Berlin a small squad of the enemy's cavalry was seen and pursued by my cavalry advance; and I received information at this point from Colonel White, by a messenger, that a cavalry and infantry force had been on the York and Gettysburg road at Abbotstown, but had moved south towards Hanover. A courier from General Ewell met me here with a despatch, informing me of the fact that he was moving with Rodes' division by the way of Petersburg to Heidlersburg, and directing me to move in that direction. I encamped that afternoon about three miles from Heidlersburg, and rode to see General Ewell at that point, where I found him with Rodes' division, and was informed that the object was to concentrate the corps at or near Cashtown, and I received direction to move next day to the latter point. I was informed that

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13 Before leaving York I wrote and had printed the following address to the citizens; and I think they will bear me out in the assertion that my troops preserved the most perfect order, and that they themselves were deprived of nothing, except what was furnished on the requisition made upon the town authorities. It was well that my demands were complied with, as otherwise I would have been compelled to have resorted to measures that would not have been agreeable either to them or to me. The balance of the money, however, is still unpaid.

ADDRESS OF GEN. EARLY TO THE PEOPLE OF YORK.

YORK, PA., June 30th, 1863.

To the Citizens of York: — I have abstained from burning the railroad buildings and car shops in your town, because after examination I am satisfied the safety of the town would be endangered; and acting in the spirit of humanity which has ever characterised my government and its military authorities, I do not desire to involve the innocent in the same punishment with the guilty. Had I applied the torch without regard to consequences, I would have pursued a course that would have been fully vindicated as an act of just retaliation for the many authorised acts of barbarity perpetrated by your own army upon our soil. But we do not war upon women and children, and I trust the treatment you have met with at the hands of my soldiers will open your eyes to the monstrous iniquity of the war waged by your government upon the people of the Confederate States, and that you will make an effort to shake off the revolting tyranny under which it is apparent to all you are yourselves groaning.

J. A. EARLY, *Maj.-Gen'l C. S. A.*

14 The houses that were burned adjoined the toll-house which was connected with the bridge, and their destruction was thus inevitable from the burning of the bridge.

Rodes would move by the way of Middletown and Arendtsville, but it was arranged that I should go by the way of Hunterstown and Mummasburg.[15]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TURNING-POINT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IT has been said with considerable truth that, as a nation, Americans cannot properly be said to have a literature of their own. It might also be said that leaving out the prose works of Irving and Hawthorne, and the poems of Bryant, with an occasional piece from Longfellow, Willis, and Poe, America has produced no writers whose works have character and reputation outside of their own literary circles. And indeed, judged by a fair standard of literary excellence, they do not deserve such. In a great measure the remainder of our productions have but little originality, and smack of an imitation of European models. These named do not present even such a respectable minority as will entitle them to be classed as more than a foundation from which to build. In poetry Alice Cary and Father Ryan have both written occasional pieces full of very fine poetic sentiment. It is a grave neglect that these poems, more especially Miss Cary's, have not been collected and given to the world. Until this is done with care and close selection, their authors will not attain their proper place in literature.

In the field of lighter fiction we should blush and hide our faces for shame. With the rare exception of a few scattering productions, we have nothing in this class deserving even a passing notice. There can be no doubt that the demand of the public, to a great degree, influences this style of literary production. As a general rule, we have but to look to the literature of any age in any country and we can find a very fair evidence of the state of society. It is true there are at times a few men who are bold enough to write in advance of their age, but they are very rare. In England we have an instance of the kind to-day. A man who is not influenced by the anxiety to obtain literary popularity and pecuniary profit, but who studies and writes fearlessly of things he feels to be of importance to the people of his age, will perhaps pass away before what he teaches shall get good foothold; but it will come some day, whether to the

[15] When I had moved across South Mountain Ewell had moved with Rodes' and Johnson's divisions and Jenkins' cavalry to Carlisle, Rodes' division and Jenkins' cavalry going from there towards Harrisburg.

full or in a modified form we cannot tell : but such men are the forerunners of great events. It is most true that such men do aid in the development and affect the tone of literature and society, but they are the exceptions to the rule. Still the rule will hold good that the tastes of the people and the great body of the literature are the same. We have only to look to the literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when all England and France were controlled by the church and clergy, and we find nine-tenths of all the literary productions occupied with religious quarrels and heated discussions of church dogmas. The few who did get out of the common channel were still tainted with the common disease, and occasionally discover the influence of the times and people. For instance, in considering such works as those of Mr. Harte's school, the importance of the subject lies in the influence they will exert upon the future history of our literature. What the people clamor for will in the main be given them ; and until the impulse of the masses be turned in a new direction, no decided change will be made for the better in the literature of a country. The impetus must come from some natural revolution in their tastes ; it cannot be forced by any amount of mere abstract reasoning. This revolution has taken place in America ; and the school of which we speak marks the place where vitiated tastes culminated. It is true the change is not great yet, but it is decided, which is well. That we have yet the grave responsibility on our shoulders of a mass of vicious publications is plain to us all ; and we have only to go to our book-stores and news-stands to see how these publications are fostered and nurtured. Watch the next time you go to these places and see what periodical is first chosen by your young men who come in. See if they do not pick up the "Police Gazette," the "Day's Doings," Harper's or Leslie's illustrated sheets, or "Punch." Nast makes a fortune ; while an artist of genius, if supported, that would be talked of ages to come, starves in a garret. Mark Twain and Josh Billings and their publishers luxuriate in public patronage, and have representatives in almost every library ; while Poe died on highly seasoned charity, and you will not find a dozen copies of Bryant and Hawthorne in a day's journey. Theirs is veritably good seed falling on stony places. For the last ten years the whole country has been flooded with cheap sensational works, and the public taste has been such that the real genius is chilled and frozen into silence by the neglect of the reading world. Ask your neighbor what he or she has read. Examine libraries and see what books are put into children's hands, and then say if you wonder that Mr. Harte has a salary of ten thousand a year. Who of your young friends read and take delight in the grand productions of the ancient classical writers? Who of them are familiar with the loftier school of poets? Make a quotation from Homer, Plato, Charron or Bacon the next time you are in your friend's parlor, and see if you will not have a blank stare for your answer. Speak of Spencer, Argyle, Ruskin, Humboldt, Müller or Seeley, and see if a dubious "yes" will not be the extent of your response. But repeat:

> "Which I wish to remark,
> And my language is plain,"

and in a breath, with a hearty response will come :

> " For ways that are dark
> And for tricks that are vain,
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

Tell the story of the Mummy's questionable death, or how Bemis ran from the buffalo, or Scotty wanted his friend's funeral preached, and a face lighted with interest greets you. Describe how Josh Billings' signs of the zodiac were on the rampage, or how " Sut Luvengood's daddy played hoss," and see if you do not touch a familiar chord. Nilsson sang one of her finest operas and the audience listened passively. She came out and sang " Arkinsaw Traveller," and the house thundered with applause. Verily, for the last ten years the American people did not want you to write for them unless you spelled miserably or made them hold their sides for laughter. It is true, now and then you find a few lineal descendants of Job Trotter, who will shed a few tears if you will give them a chance, and are delighted to open their eyes in credulous wonder at the picture of an Eastern palace in North Georgia, or of a semi-return to the days of King Arthur on some broad plantation to be found in middle Alabama or Louisiana.

Within the last twelve months, however, those who have labored for a purer taste, and have hopes for a higher development, have had great cause to feel encouraged. That we would have a great and noble literature in America they have felt was only a question of time. We have talent — an abundance of it — and only needed a hearty material call for it to develop it. This call is beginning to be heard. It is true we have but few universities that properly deserve the name, and for that reason cannot hope to see a great number of educated men discover themselves at once ; but so soon as the public shall demand that their reading matter be prepared by thoroughly educated men, this defect will be remedied. We are emphatically a nation of materialists and utilitarians. We imbibe at an early age the idea that a stone-front and four-horse turn-out make up the sum of our earthly pursuits. This is being gradually but certainly dispelled, and we have only to go back for a few years to find the cause for the change. Before the civil war the young men of America were almost entirely engrossed with the idea of politics as the field of prospective honors, and to go to Congress was the ultimatum of every schoolboy's arius. We were sorely disturbed with questions of national policy, and took time for but little else. Whether the States had the constitutional right to secede was of infinitely more importance in the eyes of our thinkers than the doctrines of Epicurus as revised by Darwin and Huxley. The extension of slavery, free trade, and the national bank system, had vastly more hold upon the public mind, and occupied the studies and pens of sages much more attentively than the query as to whether the Christian religion was merely an outgrowth from and improvement on the systems of Confucius and Zoroaster, or whether the world is ruled by fixed laws and the supernatural impossible, or whether it is our duty to follow the teachings of Humboldt and Buckle, and cease to prate about moral

worth and do more toward intellectual cultivation and development. In this state of affairs it was not to be expected that any great attention would be paid to a proper literary culture. Men were engrossed with other matters; and so unreasonable was the prejudice against any advance of the female sex, that a smile of derision was the greeting of any work with "Mrs." or "Miss" on its title-page. Just at this juncture, and while the literary world — if such we can call it — in America was a disorganised mass, the civil war broke out. It was disastrous and deplorable to the nation, but beneficial in the end to literature.

Popular sympathy for any custom or dogma must be carried to such an extent that its very adherents will become disgusted with it, and they will rebel of their own accord. They will destroy for themselves what they would defend if attacked by another. Such was the condition of society at the close of the war that strife and looseness opened the way for all kinds of cheap and sensational works to find their way into almost every family. Political chicanery was carried to such a disreputable and disgusting extreme that men of more refined and sensitive nature shrank from engaging in politics. A sort of panic followed; and robbed of this channel into which to flow, there was an unhealthy rush among the young men for the professions. Lawyers and physicians sprang up like mushrooms; in a word, the necessary consequence of it all was a new bent given to the tastes of the more intellectual classes, and searches for a new field of labor were instituted. It is true those of more vulgar taste still made, and do make, the stone-front and tandem the ultimatum of life; but the brain and heart of the nation are turning their attention to the cultivation of a purer standard and loftier taste. While the way for these things was being opened up, and the causes were silently at work, it needed something on the other hand more powerful than these as an assistant to change the stream of literature into a like new channel. This impulse, we think, is due in no small degree to Harte, Twain, Billings, and Nast.

When the church and clergy ruled in France, the growing dislike of the yoke among the people only culminated in open rebellion when the works of a Des Cartes had been burned and a Voltaire imprisoned. In America, the public clamored for and swallowed greedily the wretched twaddle and brutal illustrations published from 1865 to 1870. Not only did it debase the whole school of writers to suit the public taste, but it poisoned and uprooted the best principles of social order. The taste became so vulgarised that the eager greed for slanderous writings and illustrations could scarcely be satisfied. From such a state of affairs as this, it was made possible to have free-lovers and affairs like those of Sickles, McFarland, and Crittenden. There was no bounds to this impure love of the scandalous and sensational. A pell-mell rush was made for caricatures that were read and flaunted about in railroad coaches, and at hotels and news-stands, and even in private families, the authors of which richly deserved punishment for such obscene publications. Dignified and solid reading was sorely neglected, and the universal cry was for something at which to laugh, or for a little scandal. The climax had

not come, however, until the noise went abroad in the latter part of 1870 and the early part of '71 that Mr. Twain had made one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the publication of his "Innocents Abroad," and that Mr. Harte had realised as much from the sale of his books. It was then the public began to make inquiries, and to find out that Bill Arp was offered twenty thousand dollars for the copyright of his book, that Nast was paid a salary of ten thousand dollars, and that Josh Billings was getting a larger return from the sale of his books. They were awakened to the consciousness of the consequence of such a state of affairs, and throughout the literary circles of the land a general alarm was sounded, and the call for a better class of reading-matter is rapidly gaining ground. Now, magazines of the higher class are superseding journals of the New York *Ledger* type. On the tables of private families, books of sound and elevating tone are rapidly taking their places. There are but few finger-marks on their pages, it is true, and the binding is scarcely worn, but their presence speaks volumes for the rapid change in tastes. The tone of society is better, and there is more liberality among all classes. There is not that old-time prejudice against the right of a woman to occupy any business position not incompatible with the modesty of her sex. The idea is gaining ground in society that the person of refined and polished sensibility will not permit the perusal of this vicious school of publications; and the man who lays any claims to literary taste is compelled by stress of public opinion to purchase and read a better style of books. American politics are being purified, and all conditions of public taste elevated. A better style of architecture is demanded. The time for the man of real talent and cultivation to assert his right to control and direct public taste has come. It is not without reason that we may confidently expect before the lapse of another decade that America will have her rank in literature and the fine arts as she has in material invention. The indications are that we shall soon hear less about the degeneracy of the times and the necessity of a check upon the general immorality, and will hear more of the need of forcing a higher standard of intellectual culture, and of testing all things by the principles of pure taste, sound science, and enlightened reason.

MORTIMER F. TAYLOR.

FRAUENLOB, THE LAST OF THE MINNESINGERS.

ALMOST every art-period has its three stages of crude beginning, complete finish, and overstrained skill. The Minnesinger period of German literature, tremblingly entering upon a newborn world of rhythm and rhyme, and in its first faltering utterances of their supernatural beauty often forgetting strict measure, the very essence of art, rose into fullest development when men like Walther von der Vogelweide, Gottfried von Strassburg, and Wolfram von Eschenbach had learned to rule with self-conscious ease and skill the manifold elements of their craft of poesy. Then, with another age of men, to whom the *life* of poetry had not been transmitted, and who nevertheless were intensely susceptible to the beauty of its form, this period entered upon its third and last stage of overstrained effort.

Among the men who stood between the two last periods as connecting links, most of them already of the citizen class and men of learning — whereas the Minnesinger of former times was an unlettered knight, with knowledge of little but the laws of rhythm, rhyme, and metre, and the games, sports and rules of his profession, but filled with unlimited devotion to woman — ranks foremost in the eyes of our own times no less than in those of his own age, which fairly worshipped him, Henry von Meissen, more generally known as Frauenlob, the Algernon Swinburne of his time, and the last of the Minnesingers. For, although he was neither a knight nor an adherent to the old form of the Minnesong, he yet retained the power of singing that old Minnesong in all its original simplicity; and while in the might of his learning he, like the other poets of his time, preferred the regions of mystical lore or reflective contemplation, as affording a wider scope for the display of his marvellous powers of versification and riches of mind, the inimitable grace of that knight-minstrel's love-song would haunt his soul and peep out with strange bewilderment amid the imagery and lore of a new time. This new time was verily to it, the simple and clear, most strange and enigmatical. For it is a noteworthy fact, to be verified also in the, modern school of poetry — aye, and in the music of Richard Wagner as well, who in his art bears about a similar relation to Mozart, Glück, and Beethoven, as the later Minnesinger did to their predecessors — that the third period of art-development is usually accompanied by a tendency to mystical diction as well as mystical imagery and lore. We find this exemplified even in the later times of Goethe's art-life. Thus that deep religious feeling of the Crusades, which had found so grand and charming a knightly minnesinger expression in Eschenbach's famous romance of *Sir Parcival*, the later school of Frauenlob's time clad in all the subtleties, trickeries, seeming profundities, though often also marvellously beautiful and appropriate figures, tropes and alliterated word-plays of mysticism.

Like his contemporary Dante, Frauenlob cultivated this mystical

tendency of thought — which from a sort of shameful self-consciousness of its absurdity in that it is unclear, loves to drape itself also in a mystical, that is to say ungrammatical and uncommon diction — to a rare degree of both learning and expression. There was no end to his attempts at celebrating the glory and marvels of the Trinity, which, it should be remembered, was, to that age of adoration for the Virgin, rather a Trinity of Father, Mother, and Son, than of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; but even where in his daring use of language he becomes so involved as to seem almost unintelligible to the modern reader, his thoughts and images are so wonderfully wrought into impetuous rhythm and over-jewelled with rhyme, that the splendor of the music seems to supply the meaning which the words failed to express. Upon his own generation the effect of his poetry seems to have been extraordinary: the adoration of his fellow-men, but more especially of women, accompanied him through life even to the grave. For when he died, in the year 1317, women carried his body to burial amidst great weeping and lamentation; and in remembrance of the transcendent glorification with which his poems had garlanded their sex, they poured wine into and upon his grave to such an extent that it reached the very walls of the church. In the homely Latin of the chronicler of that time, Albert von Strassburg: "Anno Domini MCCCXVII, in vigilia sancti Andreæ, sepultus est Henricus dictus Frauenlob in Maguntia, in ambitu majoris ecclesiæ, juxta scalas honorifice valde; qui deportatus fuit a mulieribus ab hospitio usque ad locum sepulturæ, et lamentationes et querelæ maximæ auditæ fuerunt ab eis, propter laudes infinitas, quas imposuit omni generi fœmineo in dictaminibus suis. Tanta etiam ibi copia fuit vini fusa in sepulchrum suum, quod circumfluebat per totum ambitum ecclesiæ. *Cantica Canticorum* dictavit Teutonice, quæ vulgariter dicuntur *Unser Frauen Lied*, et multa alia bona."

This *Cantica Canticorum* or *Lay of Our Lady* is indeed the most remarkable of Frauenlob's poems, and enjoyed for some centuries the same celebrity which since the revival of Minnesinger poetry it has claimed anew; a celebrity so extensive that even a Latin translation of the poem, most probably by the learned author himself, has been preserved to us. The subject of this Lay is the glorification of the Virgin, and borrows its guise in part from the *Song of Solomon*, in the Oriental and mystical interpretation of that song as typifying the union of Christ and the Church, or of God and man. Beginning, as it is customary for Frauenlob to do, in a calm reflective manner, the poem increases in passion and intensity steadily to the last line of its twenty stanzas, and as the subject develops into greater and greater fervor the stanzas expand into extraordinary size, the rhythm dashes along in a more impetuous current, and the rhymes ring out more clanging and bell-like. Each stanza is composed of a strophe and an antistrophe balanced in the minutest detail. Some notion of the manner in which Frauenlob has treated this, to his genius most congenial of all subjects, may be gathered from the following translation of two of the stanzas, the thirteenth and eighteenth. In the latter the Virgin, or the Maiden of Solomon's Song, who is the *dramatis persona* of the poem, comes to a temporary halt, as it were, in the tor-

rent of her up-climbing waves of rhythm, and rests for a moment upon a beauty of simple lines, the exquisite music of whose vowel-sounds and rhymes in the original a translation can only faintly imitate. In the first one, the thirteenth, the artistic skill with which the strophes are built up will be at once apparent, and how the rhyme is made use of in some lines musically to connect strophe and antistrophe. The allusion in the antistrophe to the bread of the Holy Communion is clear enough; but the allusion in the last two lines requires an explanation. Adeleid and Engelmar were the names of the two lovers in Nithart's then very popular but rather coarse "Village songs." They might thus signify what Romeo and Juliet would typify to us, only in a coarser way; and there is of course an intentional significance in this self-identification on the part of the Virgin with the lowest as well as the highest. But Adeleid and Engelmar are also grammatically significant names: *Adel*, eagle—*heit*, self hood, person, virtue; *Engel*, angel-mar. The similes of the lion of whom it was fabled that his roar would reawaken his cub from death, of the phœnix, pelican, etc., were great favorites with all the poets of Frauenlob's time.

[*Strophe.*]

'Tis I, a honey-sweet spring flowing
Of life, a world's bliss ever growing:
'Tis I, a mirror of transparent purity
Wherein God of Himself caught look:
Yea, I was with Him when he planned the whole of His creation,
And on me with immortal love gazed the Eternal Father,
Yea, and had joy thereof, upon me gazing!
I, tender, ever-cheering bed of roses!
Come unto me all who me need,
I will, I can, I must concede—
I am the pilot-star men heed,
Whom none can be without, indeed:
My mood brewed
Good food.
'Tis I, the roar of the old lion, fierce and rude,
As he his whelp awakened, and death's grim might subdued;
The flaming flood
Wherein the aged phœnix sought his life's renewal:
'Tis I, the tender pelican's own warmest blood,
And every grace I caused to bud.

[*Antistrophe.*]

'Tis I, a meadow richly rooted,
My flowers are fruitful all, and fruited:
Their juices' fragrant wealth in golden colors see!
Lo, what a rippling, silvery brook
Flows through these flowers of mine, and thus grows each in proper station.
'Tis I, a field that bringeth forth ripe wheat that all may gather:
Whereof, in God, we feed in ways amazing.
I threshed, I ground, I baked bread soft as mosses,
Then the sweet oil upon it spread,
Hence stays its bite so soft when made.
'Tis I, the throne Creation's Head
Ne'er left, for God within me stayed.
My fair wear,
Rare gear.

He God, She God, I God; hence I for none me spare.
I father, mother, He my mother, father there —
For this is clear:
I stayed, I bore, I conquered death, I courted love's own jewel,
I ran, I came, I, Adeleid, eagle of virtues rare!
Yet lies not low my Engelmar.

How with grander
Splendor, tender
Harmonies from all sides ripple!
How they mould and three-ing triple!
How they roll from vault and steeple!
How they gambol!
Nine choirs tremble!
No one can arrest their ramble
Where my Loved One in his splendor our joint bliss works wondrously.

Kingly render,
Tender spender,
Garden-son, my kiss, though't smother!
My humanity's loved brother!
King of Jesse's as no other!
Sweet dreams plying
He found me lying
Under apple-branches toying:
I was wakened up so sweetly! Look, thus did the youth to me!

We know very little of Frauenlob beyond that Latin notice of his burial in Mainz, where he seems to have lived most of his time as a learned doctor and *Magister Artium.* Like most of the later Minnesingers, he was therefore a Low-German. Poetry had indeed gradually left its sunny and cheering home in Austria and Suabia for the colder regions of Northern Germany, as itself was undergoing a process of stiffening and freezing, wandering upwards as far as Denmark, where the good and learned King Eric VIII. now ruled as the chief patron of the Minnesinger, making of Copenhagen what the Wartburg of Landgrave Herrmann of Thüringen had been to the by-gone age. Frauenlob seems to have been at the court of King Eric, and also to have lived some time at the court of Prince Wizlav of Ruegen, the last of princely Minnesingers; though he likewise visited the various courts of Southern Germany, attending and celebrating in gorgeous verses the festivals given by Wenzel II., King of Bohemia, himself a Minnesinger, and those given by Emperor Rudolf, Otto of Bavaria, and others. His fame made him everywhere a courted, welcome guest; and from the tone of his poems he seems to have enjoyed life with a quiet, serene happiness. That he had a lady-love would seem probable from his Minnesongs; but nothing is known positively. Most of his poems glorify love in its divine shape and significance; and it is chiefly in the contemplation of this love, the origin of all created things and source from which flows all happiness and beauty, that Frauenlob has written that Lay which, next to his Lay of Our Lady, enjoys most celebrity, *The Lay of Love.* The following translation of a portion of this Lay will give a pretty fair idea of Frauenlob's general manner of treatment and poetical power. In respect of all points of rhythm, rhyme, metre and alliteration, this translation is of course perfectly faithful and accurate.

THE LAY OF LOVE.

Oh woman, hold of honors high,
By three kinds of great blessedness
A worthy man may thee fit honor render:
The first is by the social tie,
The second, by form's graceful dress,
The third: the love we to Our Lady tender.

Now, Soul, since I bear shape of man,
Shape me a woman, to make plain
Whether I recognise her grace and glory.
"With willing mood I do thy summon;
Now watch this image of a woman:
I call her who is honor's boast in story!

"Heard'st ever saying
Of queenly-swaying
Esther?" O Soul, how far art thou straying!
Far nobler terms befit her state:
Faithful and tender,
Chaste, wise in candor,
Obedient, humble, of generous splendor,
And every virtue's chosen mate.

Upon thy phantasy prevail!
What fairy saw Alanus on the gay-decked dale,
And what praise rose to chant her decorous graces,
Her dress, likewise her courtly bearing?
Know'st thou 't? "Oh well!" Then order quick a clearing
And sweep her path with broom of sweet word's praises.

"The fairy of Alanus' sight
Of all created things the might,
All elements held in her right,
All planets of the heaven:
She all their kinds in her embraced,
Complexions and the mingled-raced!"
How can I woman, true and blessed,
Compare to th' image given?
Evovae!

"I'll tell it thee,
Wouldst hear 't from me?
As in the fairy we did see
Concealèd all created power,
Thus woman's life,
A womanly wife
Enfolds all joys and pleasures rife
That on man's heart and soul can shower,
Evovae!

E'en as to nature it was given
That life and essence should be driven
And into limits netted:
Thus woman's image and woman's name
Through human birth to pleasure came;
Woman all joy created!
Evovae!

O woman, violet-garden blooming,
Upon Love's watch-tower sweetly looming,
Of tender love true agate-stone!

Thou virtue's girdle, pressing tightly,
As gold into the gold clasps brightly:
  The glow's fire of the two in one!
    Evovae!

Selvon, he saw an image airy,
  Half maid, half man; in lengthwise were they parted.
The four complexions it did carry
  Within its hands; great rapture from it started.
    Evovae!

And cold and dry it bore within its woman-hand,
  And warm and moist its manly arm supported.
A thoughtful man will study what it may portend,
  And speedily its further speech be courted.
    Evovae!

The form in half was crownèd
  In knightly way and right;
And half like maid was girdled.
She was so fair, unbrownèd,
  Selvon, the knight,
A god grew, in her word led,
    Evovae!

Where she found yearning senses
She threw to test her chances,
  Such yearnings most like kindred balm.
Now when the balm discovered
Its kind, straightway then hovered
  The form close to and stirred the calm,
    Evovae!

Then up rose love in fullest current!
The form took up in one broad torrent
  The four complexions into one.
E'en through their eyes it wrought their union,
The form was named: Love's Communion.
  In secret way its power is shown.
    Evovae!

The poem closes thus, with the thirty-ninth stanza:—

Since woman's praise possesses
Girdle of such rare graces,
All well separated,
Thought-mated, related;
  Think how o'er sweet, and o'er all common
Life must have woven splendid
Countless pleasures blended
For her, the blessèd wearer,
Soul's-cheerer, prayer-bearer,
  Through whom man honors every woman!

Beginning his career as a poet in early youth, Frauenlob seems to have closed it in full self-consciousness of his greatness and worth cheerfully and happily, taking comfort from the unlimited admiration of his fellow-men and contemporary brother-poets, but above all from a firm faith in that God to whose glorification he had so piously devoted his rare talants. His nickname or *alias* Frauenlob, Heinrich von Meissen had obtained when as a boy of about fourteen he initiated the famous controversy of his times, as to whether the name of woman,

wip, or that of lady, *frouwe*, could claim superiority; he himself voting for *frouwe*. Such nicknaming of poets was beginning to be quite common then; and a fellow-poet who had thrown aside the hammer and left the anvil because an irresistible impulse drove him to forge verses, and who had thus taken or received the name of Regenbogen (rainbow), took up the gauntlet thrown down by Frauenlob, and maintained the superiority of the name woman. Nearly all the poets of the age took more or less sides in the controversy. Rumelandt hastened to the succor of Regenbogen, though afterwards he yielded the point to Frauenlob; and Herrmann Damen, Frauenlob's teacher in the art of poetry, took his pupil's part. To Regenbogen's point that Christ addressed his mother, "*Woman*," Frauenlob made the characteristic reply that Christ did not speak Latin to her, and hence did not say *mulier*, as the Vulgate has it, but Hebrew, and that the Hebrew word he used meant not *wip* but *frouwe*. The contest presented a vast number of similar odd points, and affords almost a parallel to the famous Wartburg Minstrel-War between Eschenbach and Ofterdingen.

Over the wine-drenched grave of the great poet a fitting monument was erected, which is thus described by Gudeni, cod. dipl. II, 896: Juxta portam scholæ erectus ad murum lapis magnus, conspiciendum præbens caput serto cinctum, sparsis in peripheria colli floribus: Anno Domini MCCCXVII, obiit Henricus Frówenlop in vigilia Beati Andræ Apostoli.

A. E. KROEGER.

RELATIONS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO THE STATES.

TO one who has carefully studied the Constitution of the United States and the Journal of the Convention which framed that compact between sovereign States, it is a subject of profound astonishment how ignorant the majority of our educated citizens, and even the majority of our lawyers, are of the true nature, the principles, and the formation of that strictly limited charter delegating certain definite powers to our agents at Washington. So great is this ignorance of the true history of the Constitution, and particularly in the Northern States, where the Journal of the Convention seems never to have been studied, or even read, that the writer has never found any Northern man, however well educated, who could answer the question of "Who was the author of the Constitution?" The reply has invariably

been that James Madison was the author, or writer, and that he had usually been styled the father of the Constitution; whereas the simple fact is that he had nothing whatever to do with the authorship or writing of that celebrated instrument. And yet one would think that nothing was more worthy the careful study of every intelligent American than the principles on which this Union of States was constructed.

There has been of late a great deal of very silly and worse than silly talk about "dead issues," as if the fundamental organic principles of an existing system of government could ever be dead while the government itself survives. If those who call these things "dead issues" mean what they say, they must mean that the Constitution and Constitutional government have ceased to exist in the United States — an assertion which the boldest of them would scarcely be so hardy as to make. Yet even a violation of the Constitution by the strong hand is scarcely so dangerous as this implied acquiescence in its annulment, and this contemptuous tossing it away into the limbo of the obsolete. But if we are still enjoying a Republican government and the safeground of a Constitution, then these principles are not dead but living, and should be studied by every citizen, not in the garbled hand-books of venal partisans, but in the original documents and authentic records.

The object of the present paper is to present in very condensed form a synopsis of the true relations of the Federal Government to the States, drawn from the original and authentic sources, and confirmed by evidence, that the reader may be able to detect for himself the sophisms and fallacies which abound at the present day in the speeches and writings not only of those whose aim it is to mislead, but of honest and estimable men who have been themselves misled by taking audacious assertion for knowledge, and a great reputation as a guaranty of honesty. To those who may prefer to consider these things as things of the past, they are offered as historical facts.

Formation of the Constitution.

The original thirteen States, which had previously established the Articles of Confederation, agreed to elect separately, each by its own people, delegates to a general Convention of the several States, to be held at Philadelphia, for the purpose of forming between themselves a constitution or compact of government. This Convention accordingly assembled at Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1787, and the present Constitution was drawn up and reported by Mr. John Rutledge, of South Carolina, and was finally agreed upon on the 7th of September, 1787. In this Convention the delegates of the several States determined that each State, being a separate sovereignty, should have one vote, the smallest equally with the largest. In consequence of this equality of sovereignty, the two smallest States, viz: Rhode Island and Delaware, at all times outvoted the great State of New York, with five times their population.

Its Authors.

The original draft, or "Plan of a Federal Constitution," was (on the 9th of May, 1787) presented to the Convention by the distinguished

Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina. But the complete report of the present United States Constitution was written, and on the 6th of August, 1787, submitted to the Convention by the chairman of a special committee, the eminent statesman, John Rutledge, of South Carolina, who had been Chief-Justice under the old Confederation, and who had in the first Convention of the Colonies (held at New York in 1765, called the "Stamp Act Congress,") written the celebrated memorial to Parliament, and afterwards the Constitution of South Carolina, of which separate sovereign State he was President from 1773 to 1778, and, in 1795, Chief-Justice of the United States.

Ratification and Adoption.

The General Convention of the thirteen original States agreed and determined that whenever the separate Conventions of nine of these several States, as sovereignties, should ratify this Constitution, it should be considered as finally established, and should at once go into full operation. At that period the nine smallest States possessed a smaller population than the four largest States. From this it is evident that a majority of the whole people of this country had no authority or right to adopt, and no part in adopting and establishing the Constitution of the United States. This simple fact is in itself a complete refutation of the absurd and unfounded dogma of the Consolidationists, that the government established by this constitutional compact is to be considered a solid national government, established by a majority of the people of this country. This truth has been well demonstrated by perhaps the profoundest statesman of the country, in the following language:—

"The Convention which formed the Constitution was called by the Congress of the Confederation. That Congress derived its authority from the Articles of the Confederation, and these from the unanimous agreement of the several States, not from the numerical majority either of the several States or of their population. It voted by delegations, each counting *one*. A majority of each delegation decided the vote of its respective State. Each State (without regard to population) had thus one equal vote. The Confederacy consisted of thirteen States, and, of course, it was in the power of any seven of the smallest (as well as the largest) to defeat the call of the Convention, and, consequently, the formation of the Constitution. By the first census, in 1790 (three years after the call), the population of the United States amounted to 3,394,563. The population of the seven smallest States was 950,801 — less than one-third the whole — so that less than one-third the population could have defeated the call of the Convention. The Convention also voted by States, and it required a majority of the delegations present to adopt the Constitution. There were twelve States represented (Rhode Island being absent), so that the votes of seven delegations (or States) were required, and, of course, less than one-third the population of the whole could have defeated the formation of the Constitution. The plan, when thus adopted, had again to be submitted to the Congress of the Confederation to receive its sanction before it could be submitted to the

several States for their ratification. The delegations of the seven smallest States, with less than one-third the population, could again have defeated by refusing to submit it to the several States; and, stranger still, when submitted, it required, by express provision, the concurrence of nine of the thirteen States to establish it '*between the States ratifying it*,' which put it in the power of any four States (the smallest as well as the largest) to reject it. The four smallest, viz: Delaware, Rhode Island, Georgia and New Hampshire, contained a population of only 336,048 — but little more than one-eleventh of the whole, and they could have defeated it by preventing its ratification. It thus appears that a numerical majority of the population had no agency in the process of forming or adopting, the Constitution, and that neither this nor a majority of the States constituted an element in its ratification and adoption. So also in regard to amendments: they cannot become a part of the Constitution unless adopted by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. As there are at present thirty States in this Union, it will take twenty to propose and eleven to defeat a proposition to amend the Constitution, or nineteen votes in the Senate (if it originates in Congress). While in the one case one-eighth of the population can prevent the adoption of a proposition to amend the Constitution, less than one-quarter can, in the other case, adopt it. To ratify the proposed amendment requires three-fourths of the States, which, with the present number, makes the concurrence of twenty-three States necessary. This puts it in the power of any eight States to defeat it. The population of the eight smallest States is only 776,969, and yet they can prevent amendments, against the votes of twenty-two States, with a population of 15,410,635, or nearly twenty times their number. Twenty-three of the smallest States, with a population of about seven millions, can amend the Constitution against the votes of the other seven, with a population of about nine millions. So that a minority of the population can amend the Constitution against a decided majority, whilst one-nineteenth of the population can prevent the other eighteen-nineteenths from amending it; and any one small State (as Delaware), with a population of only 77,043, can prevent the other twenty-nine States, with a population of over 16,000,000, from so amending the Constitution as to deprive the States of an equality of representation in the Senate. Again, the sixteen smallest States, with a population of about 3,000,000 (a little more than one-fifth of the whole), can, in effect, destroy the Government and dissolve the Union, by simply declining to appoint Senators, against the united voice of nearly 13,000,000 — about four-fifths of the whole. These results incontestably prove that this is truly a Federal and not a national government, made by the several States, and that States and not individuals are its constituents."

Rejection by Some of the States.

The States of Rhode Island and North Carolina refused to ratify the Constitution, and remained as separate and independent sovereignties for more than a year, and, if they had so chosen, might have so remained to this day. This fact alone forms another perfect

refutation of the doctrine of the Nationalists, that the Constitution was not a compact between separate sovereign States, but a government established by a majority of the whole people.

Their Independent Action.

The separate Conventions of each separate State adopted the Constitution without any consultation or conjoint action with any other State, and without any reference to population.

Conditional Acceptance.

The States of New York, Virginia, and Rhode Island expressly annexed to their ratifications the condition that they "reserve to themselves the right to re-assume the powers delegated whenever they should be perverted to the injury of the people." Now it is an elementary principle of law that wherever one or more parties to any instrument or agreement annex a condition, and are admitted with this condition by the other parties, such condition becomes necessarily a part of the contract itself. It is, therefore, evident that this right to withdraw, or secede, is an essential component part of the Constitution itself.

Views of Jefferson and Madison.

The most celebrated productions of Jefferson and Madison, viz: the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of '98 and '99 (which are universally regarded as the ablest expositions of the Constitution), expressly declare that "in all infractions of the Constitution by the General Government, each State (as a sovereign creator) has a right to judge as well of the infractions as of the mode and measure of redress." The Virginia resolutions of '98 assert the following irrefutable principles:—"This Assembly doth explicitly declare that it views the powers of the Federal Government, as resulting from the compact to which the States are parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting the compact, and no further valid than are authorised by the grants enumerated in that compact; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by said compact, the States, who are parties thereto, have *the right, and are in duty bound to interpose* for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining thereto." The Kentucky Resolutions of '98 assert the same principles in the following words:—"That the several States composing the United States of America are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general Government; but that by a compact, under the style and title of a Constitution of the United States, and of amendments thereto, they constituted a general Government for *special purposes*, delegated to the Government certain *definite* powers, reserving, each State to itself, the residuary mass of powers to their own self-government; and that whensoever the General Government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are *unauthorised, void and of no force;* that to this compact each State

acceded as a State and as an integral party; that this government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its *discretion* and not the Constitution the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the *mode and measure of redress.*"

The Kentucky Resolutions of 1799 declare as follows, that:—"If those who administer the General Government be permitted to transgress the limits fixed by the compact by a total disregard of the special delegations of power therein contained, an annihilation of the State governments and the creation upon their ruins of a general consolidated government will be the inevitable consequence. That the principle and construction contended for by some of the State Legislatures, that the General Government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, stop *nothing short of despotism* — since the discretion of those who administer the government, and not the Constitution, would be the measure of their powers; that the several States who formed that instrument being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of the infraction; and that a nullification by those sovereignties of all unauthorised acts done under color of that instrument is the *rightful remedy.*" Rawle, in his able work on the Constitution, says the right of a State to withdraw is inherent in the federal system.

Non-ratifying States.

The 7th Article of the Constitution expressly declares that "the ratifications of the Conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same." The States of Rhode Island and North Carolina did not ratify, but remained as separate and independent sovereignties, unaffected by the votes of a majority of the States or of the people.

Independence of the Colonies.

The Thirteen Colonies (afterwards the thirteen original States) declared their independence by the separate and distinct name and designation of each colony or State (viz., Massachusetts, Rhode Island, etc., etc.), which States then had no political connection with each other; each continued for several years to act as a distinct and separate sovereign State; and as sovereignty cannot remain in abeyance, it necessarily then resided in the people of each of these several separate States.

Its Acknowledgment by Foreign Powers.

The recognition of both France and Great Britain designated each State by its separate name (viz., Massachusetts, Rhode Island, etc.) as so many "independent and sovereign States."

Exercise of Sovereignty by South Carolina.

Early in the year 1776 (before the general declaration of independence by all the States) South Carolina declared her separate independence, appointed John Rutledge her President, and raised her own forces, with which forces she fought the battle of Fort Moultrie (June 20, 1776); and the commissions of General Moultrie, General Marion, General Sumter, and every other officer of that period, were signed "John Rutledge, President of South Carolina." That State also entered into a treaty with France, and acted in all respects as a separate sovereign and independent State, and as such formed a confederacy with the other separate States, in the year 1780, by ratifying the Articles of the Confederation. These articles, in adopting the title of United States, expressly declare that "each State retains its sovereignty and independence, and all powers not expressly delegated." In the year 1765 certain citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, forming a company, seized and destroyed the British stamps in Fort Johnson, having in open day and without any disguise surprised the garrison and taken the fort, ten years before the clandestine seizure of the tea at Boston on board of a peaceful merchant vessel by some hundreds of citizens disguised as Indians.

Non-Exercise of Sovereign Power by a Majority of the whole People.

The delegates to the Convention which formed the Constitution were elected by the separate people of each separate State. In that Convention each State had but one vote, wholly and entirely irrespective of population, so that the smaller States, being more numerous, always outvoted the largest States. Thus the Constitution was formed by a minority of the people of the whole country. Each of the States separately elects members of Congress and electors of President, and every other elective officer. None of these officers can, under the Constitution, be elected by the majority of the people of this country voting collectively. In fact there is no single political act of any kind whatever that the whole people of the States, or a majority of the people, have ever done, or can do, collectively.

Definition of Sovereignty, and its Exercise.

Sovereignty is properly the fundamental, constitution-making, government-making power, which resides only in the people of each separate State, and can only be exercised or delegated by them. This power is by and through the elections of these separate peoples delegated to and embodied in and can only be exercised by the primordial organic conventions of the people of each State. In this way the thirteen original States, each acting separately for itself, formed the old Confederacy of 1778-'81, and thus each separate State, in its organic convention, adopted the Constitution of 1786, which conventions alone gave to it any validity and power, irrespective of any majority of the whole people.

Powers of Government Delegated, not Inherent.

As above stated, sovereignty resides only in the people of each separate State (that is in the government-making power), and can only be exercised by the organic convention of each State. Governments are merely the creatures and agents of these sovereignties, deriving their only powers from them, and are only authorised to exercise for their creators some certain specified and delegated powers of sovereignty — such as the declaration and conduct of war and of commerce. Government possesses of itself no inherent sovereignty, and the proposition that sovereignty can exist in an agency is an utter absurdity.

Allegiance, and where Due.

Allegiance is properly defined to be "the duty of a subject to a sovereign"; and, as sovereignty resides only in the people of each separate State, and is only embodied in their primordial, organic, government-making conventions, it is only there that allegiance is due. Citizens owe obedience to their government and to all constitutional laws; but allegiance is due only to sovereignty.

Treason.

The Constitution declares treason to be the "levying war (of course by citizens within the Union) against the United States," and not against the General Government, or agency at Washington, and especially not after that government has been abjured and cast off by his own sovereign State. The citizen, being in the Union, must have levied war against the collective States, and without the sovereign authority of his own State, in order to constitute treason. But when a sovereign State secedes from a confederacy or Union with other States, by the organic action of her primordial Convention, her citizens are no longer citizens of the United States, and therefore cannot commit treason against what has then become a foreign government. As for its commission by a State, treason is properly defined to be the breach of allegiance; and, as allegiance is simply the duty of a subject to a sovereign, it is absurd to contend that a sovereign State can commit treason, and especially against its own creature or agency.

Article VI. of the Constitution.

If the States be the sovereigns, how is Article VI. of the Constitution to be understood, which declares that "The Constitution, and the Laws of the U. S. made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made under the authority of the U. S., shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the contrary, notwithstanding"?

Answer. This article prescribes that the *Laws* of Congress — so far as they are constitutional, that is, are kept within the sphere of jurisdiction delegated by the States — shall be supreme over the *Laws*

of the States. But a law is only an edict or rule enacted by a government for the regulation of its citizens, and is therefore the creature of that government. In like manner the government is the creature of the Constitution which created it; and that Constitution is the creature of the constitution-making, government-making Convention which created it;—so that this supreme law is but the creature of a creature of a creature, and can not therefore, of course, be regarded as having any particle of the sovereignty of the *primordial organic Convention* of the people of each separate State, in whom alone, and in their direct representative Conventions, resides the sovereignty of the United States of America.

Ratification of Amendments.

The Constitution of the United States expressly requires the ratification of three-fourths of the States to give validity to all amendments of the Constitution. It is, therefore, in the power of any number over one-fourth of the smallest States, with a population of one-twentieth of the whole, to defeat any proposed amendment, in spite of the ratifications of a vast majority of the whole population of this country.

Action of the State in Selecting the Members of the Federal Government.

Under the Constitution each State chooses, by its Legislature, two Senators to the U. S. Senate, and thus each State, the smallest as well as the largest, has an equal voice in the Senate. Each State elects its representatives to the House, as apportioned amongst the several States, according to the number of inhabitants of that State, and they are required to be inhabitants of that very State. Each State appoints its electors of President in proportion to its representatives in both Houses of Congress (without any reference to population). This greatly increases the votes of the smaller States over the proportion of the larger ones. These electors, moreover, may be either chosen by the people of each State or by their Legislature, or they may be appointed by their Governors, as each State may choose to determine for itself.

The President.

The President is chosen by the electors, who are appointed by the Legislatures of the States, and not by the people, or a majority of the people of the Union, but of the States; he is, therefore, the representative of the States.

The Veto Power.

The President (as shown by the debates of the Convention) was invested with the veto power for the purpose of preventing and arresting every invasion of the rights of the States by the majority of the House of Representatives. In fact, the States themselves thus, through this action, interpose their veto upon the unconstitutional

acts of Congress. On this point Mr. Calhoun remarks:—"The sovereign right of the veto is inherent in the States (*the Tribunes of our system*), delegated to, and to be exercised by their representative, the President."

Judges of the Supreme Court.

The President was, by the Convention, empowered, as the representative of the several United States, to appoint the Judges of the Supreme Court, who are, by the compact between the States, empowered for this reason to decide controversies between the States themselves.

Vice-President.

In case of a vacancy, the office of Vice-President is filled by a vote of the Senate, and as this officer becomes President in case of a vacancy in that office, the representatives of a great minority of the people may elect the President.

The Words "Federal" and "Union."

This title of the General Government being derived from the Latin word *fœdus*, a league, can have no other meaning than that of an alliance, league, or union of separate States. This is clearly shown by the Constitution itself, in various clauses — as, for instance, in clause 7th of Section 1st, Article 2d, which provides that "the President shall not receive any other emolument" (than his salary) "from the United States, or any of them." Again, Section 2d, Article 4th, speaks of "citizens of each State" (not citizens of the United States). Again, the eleventh amendment also provides for suits "against one of the United States by citizens of another State"— thus clearly showing the distinct sovereignty of each separate State. In like manner the word "Union" necessarily, and *ex vi termini*, must signify a league, alliance, or partnership, of two or more parties. It would, therefore, be most absurd and contradictory to declare that the federal form of government is not either a compact, league or alliance of several States.

The Title "United States."

The title "United States" is clearly the same as States United, or as the French people designate this confederacy, "*les Etats unis*," and the merest common sense would seem to repudiate the idea of "States United" being one solid nation. The Articles of Confederation also adopted the title of "United States of America," at the same time declaring that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence, and every power and right which is not expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." The Tenth Amendment of the present Constitution makes the same declaration.

Insurrections and Invasions.

Congress alone has the power, under clause 15, section 8 of Article 1st, to suppress insurrections and repel invasions, by calling forth

the militia. The President has no such power under the Constitution, and the exercise of any such power is the very grossest usurpation.

Suspension of Habeas Corpus, &c.

Under clause 3d of section 9, Article 1st (defining the powers of Congress), Congress alone is authorised to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, in cases of rebellion or invasion, when the public safety requires it. The President has no power whatever, in any case, under the Constitution, to act upon this matter. The Fifth Amendment declares that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

New States.

Section 3d of Article 4 prohibits the forming of any new State within the limits of any other State without its consent.

Slavery.

The Constitution recognises and provides for "slavery" in five or six different clauses, viz.: First, in the 3d clause, 1st section, Article 1st; secondly, in 1st clause, section 9th, Article 1st; thirdly, in 4th clause of same section; fourthly, in 3d clause, 1st section, Article 4th; fifthly, in section 1st, Article 5th. Article 3d, section 2, especially provides for the rendition of fugitive slaves.

Webster's View.

Daniel Webster, in his great speech at Capon Springs, Va. (28th June, 1851), declared that "if the Northern States refuse wilfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive 'slaves,' the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides" — thus freely admitting what he had previously been employed by his constituents to deny, viz.: that the Federal Constitution was a compact between the States.

Madison's View.

Mr. Madison says, in reply to Patrick Henry's powerfully-urged objections to the adoption of the Federal Constitution by Virginia, as infringing upon the sovereignty of the States: "The principal question is whether it be a Federal or a consolidated Government? Who are the parties to it (the Constitution)? The people; but not the people as composing one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties. Were it, as the gentleman asserts, a consolidated government, the assent of a majority of the people would be sufficient to its establishment, and as a majority have adopted it already, then the remaining States would be bound by the act of the majority, even if they unanimously reprobated it themselves. Were it such a government, it would be now binding upon the people of this State without the privilege of deliberating upon it. But, sir, no State

is bound by it, as it is now, without the State's consent. And again, are not amendments to be ratified by three-fourths of the States, and not by a majority of the people?" Again, Mr. Madison says in his essays in *The Federalist:* "In this relation the proposed government cannot be deemed a national one, since its jurisdiction extends only to certain enumerated objects, and leaves to the several States the residuary and inviolable sovereignty over all other subjects."

Washington's Language.

Washington in one of his letters to Governor Harrison of Virginia, in reference to the ratification of the Constitution by the several States, says, "The disinclination of the several States to yield competent power to Congress, their unreasonable jealousy of that body and of one another, and the disposition which seems to pervade each of being all-wise and all-powerful within itself," etc., etc.

Decisions of the Supreme Court.

The entire current of the decisions of the Supreme Court recognises and acknowledges the principle that the nature or system of our government is that of a league or union of so many sovereign States; and especially in that last most masterly, luminous and unanswerable argument of the late eminent Chief-Justice Taney.

Views of the "Fathers."

These doctrines have been shown to be those of Rutledge, the author of the Constitution — of Jefferson, Madison and Calhoun, its ablest expounders, as well as those of the ablest of its creators in the general organic convention. Amongst other of our able statesmen, a leading member of the old conservative or Whig party in the United States Senate used the following language: "The question is not whether the States shall continue united according to the letter of the covenant by which they are bound together. It is whether they shall continue to be practically and efficiently co-operative in carrying out the great ends of the association. Whether mutual trust and confidence shall continue to animate and encourage mutual efforts in promoting common benefits, or whether mutual hatred and distrust shall step in to check all progress, to distract all endeavors for the common welfare, and to entail upon the country all the evils of endless discord. That is the question; and when you present that issue to me, I say give me separation — give me disunion — give me anything in preference to a union sustained only by power, by mere legal ties, without reciprocal trust and confidence. If our future career is to be one of eternal discord, of angry crimination and recrimination, give me rather separation with all its consequences. When the North shall, by any deliberate act, deprive the South of any fair and just and equal participation in the benefits of the Union — if the powerful North shall deliberately announce to the South, 'You shall have no more 'slave' States,' that would afford a ground or pretext with which the South might, with some reason and some assurance of the approval of the civilised world and of posterity, seek to dissolve the Union."

The Original Draft.

The first draft of the Constitution presented by Rutledge commenced with the names of each of the thirteen original States, viz.: "We, the people of Massachusetts, Rhode Island," etc., etc. But this was upon consideration decided to be superfluous and unnecessary, as it had been resolved that the title of the Union, or confederacy of States, should be that of "United States of America;" and besides, it was considered that it would become necessary from time to time to add the names of additional States, as new ones might be admitted. For these reasons alone were the names of the several States omitted; and this is another sufficient answer to the position of the consolidationists, that the words "We, the people of the United States," signify the collective people of the country.

Citizenship.

It is only citizens of some one of the States that are citizens of the United States. This indisputable fact is shown by the provisions of the Constitution, which required at its very first formation, and before the Union actually began, that the Representatives in Congress shall have been citizens of the United States (meaning, of course, citizens of some one of the States, as there had been no others at that time) for the period of seven years, and that Senators in Congress shall have been citizens of the United States for nine years. So also the Constitution, at the inception of the Union, declares "the judicial power shall extend to controversies between a State and citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State," etc., and between a State or citizens thereof and foreign States, citizens or subjects. (Article 3, section 2.) Again, the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution provides that "the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit, etc., against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State." This provision undeniably admits and avows the sovereignty of each of the States by declaring their sovereignty to be exempt from suit or prosecution by any citizen whatever of any other State or sovereignty. This declaration in the Constitution by the States themselves, that their sovereignty was unimpaired by that instrument, forms a complete answer to the doctrine of the consolidationists, that the States had, by the Constitution, surrendered and abdicated all their sovereignty.

Qualifications of Voters.

The Constitution declares that voters for members of Congress shall have the qualifications required by each State for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature. This, of course, leaves the power with each State to vary and alter, according to their several fancies, the qualifications of voters for members of Congress.

Coercion Repudiated.

It was on three different occasions proposed by the consolidation party in the Convention to bestow upon the General Government the power to use force against any one of the States, and it was summarily rejected by large majorities. Mr. Madison indignantly denounced it as an absurd and monstrous proposition, to empower an agency to use force against one of its sovereign creators. In the course of the debate thereon, the able and distinguished statesman, Luther Martin, said: "At the separation from the British empire, the people of America preferred to establish themselves into thirteen separate sovereignties, instead of incorporating themselves into one. To these they look up for security for their lives, liberty and prosperity — to these alone they must look up. The Federal Government they formed to defend the weaker States against the ambition of the stronger. They are afraid to grant power unnecessarily, lest they should defeat the original end of the Union — lest the power should prove dangerous to the sovereignties of the particular States which the Union was meant to support."

Constitutions made to Protect the Weaker Party.

It has ever been the doctrine of the ablest statesmen of every country that Constitutions are made for the purpose of restraining majorities and governments from becoming despotic and tyrannical. In other words, Constitutions are made to restrain governments, and laws are made to restrain individuals; and majorities cannot, under Constitutions, rightfully govern, except subject to the restrictions and limitations of the Constitution. Whilst all governments derive their only rightful powers from the assent of the governed, all propositions therefore to employ force against a State by the general agency, or Government at Washington, must necessarily be the most direct road to disunion. For what respectable State could voluntarily consent to remain in an alliance or union of force instead of one of entire free will and unbiased choice? Whilst an alliance or union of affection, patriotism and mutual benefit (as it was originally intended to be) might be "as strong as adamant," a consolidated despotism of force will prove to be too truly "a rope of sand," as being hated and abjured by every respectable and intelligent man.

Right of Preventing Secession by Force.

It is generally contended by the consolidationists, that in the event of any State deciding through the action of its sovereign convention to withdraw from the Union, the President is bound to enforce the laws or acts of Congress, whether constitutional or not; but the simple answer to this doctrine is, that even if it be so he can only be bound in respect to the citizens of States within the Union, whilst, on the contrary, the moment a State chooses to withdraw, neither the President nor any department of the agency at Washington has any right whatever to act in the affairs of a State which has by that action become a foreign State, any more than to exercise jurisdiction over Mexico or any other foreign nation.

Have the States ever Abdicated their Sovereignty?

The sovereignty of the States having been clearly shown, 1st, by their original separate action in all their acts of sovereignty and of government, as well as by the general Declaration of Independence proclaiming to the world that the former colonies of Great Britain were now become separate and independent States; 2d, by their remaining as such separate and independent States until the formation of the Articles of Confederation in 1778-9; 3d, by the acknowledgments of Great Britain and France, and other nations, that the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, etc., etc., were each of them free, sovereign and independent States; 4th, by their separate and sovereign action in holding organic conventions, and sending delegates to the convention for forming a General Government or Confederacy of States — first, in 1778, and again in 1787 — the question next arises whether these separate sovereign States have ever done any one act of abandonment, or surrender of their said separate sovereignty. It has been contended by the consolidationists that these separate States, by the creation of the Federal Constitution and Union of 1787, surrendered and yielded up their sovereignty, and became one solid nation. This is, indeed, a most gratuitous and unfounded doctrine, for there is not one single word or syllable in the Constitution or in any other document to support this groundless assumption. On the contrary, the whole tenor of the Constitution, as well as the Tenth Amendment, conclusively shows that the powers therein intrusted to the agency of the States at Washington ("the Foreign Department," as Jefferson called it), were only delegated or granted in trust (as the word delegated simply signifies). The Tenth Amendment declares, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to their people." It is therefore confidently, and beyond all just controversy, maintained that the sovereign States of this Union have never in any shape or form, or by any act of cession, given up, yielded, or surrendered any powers whatever, except as delegated or entrusted, for certain specified and strictly defined purposes, to the general agency or government at Washington.

Revocability of these Delegated Powers.

It is an elementary principle of law that all powers of attorney or deeds of that nature conveying naked and limited powers for the sole benefit of the grantor, may be revoked at the pleasure of the grantor, unless expressly declared to be irrevocable. In addition to this plain principle of law, it is admitted even by Webster, Judge Story, and all jurists and lawyers, that if the Constitution be a compact, and be violated by any of the parties or by the grantees or trustees, it is virtually abrogated, and the parties to the compact may withdraw from its provisions. Judge Story said, "The obvious deductions which may be, and indeed have been drawn, from considering the Constitution a compact between the States, are that it operates as a mere treaty or convention between them, and has an obligatory force no longer than

suits its pleasure or its consent continues." Mr. Webster declares that "if a league between foreign powers have no limitation as to the time of duration, and contain nothing making it perpetual, it subsists only during the good pleasure of the parties, although no violation be complained of. If, in the opinion of either party, it be violated, such party may say he will no longer fulfil its obligations on his part, but will consider the whole league or compact at an end, although it might be one of its stipulations that it should be perpetual," etc. In reply to the assumptions of Mr. Webster, Judge Story and the other consolidationists, it is sufficient to show that the framers of the Constitution themselves habitually called it a compact, and applied to it no other epithet. Thus Mr. Madison, in the Convention says: "The nature of the compact has always been so understood," etc. This term he at all times used in every debate, and in every letter and essay upon the subject. So in his celebrated Virginia Resolutions of 1798, he declares, "The powers of the Federal Government result from the compact to which the States are parties." Again, in his letter to Mr. Everett, so late as 1830, he writes: "A compact among the States, in their highest sovereign capacity," and "The parties to this constitutional compact." Gouverneur Morris, one of the strongest monarchists in the Convention, uniformly applied this term to the Constitution, declaring in his first speech that "he came here to form a compact for the good of America. He was ready to do so with all the States. He believed that all would enter into such a compact. If not, he was ready to join with any States that would. But as the compact was to be voluntary, it is in vain for the Eastern States to insist on what the Southern States will never agree to." So also the ablest and most ultra advocate for a strong government, Alexander Hamilton, repeatedly employs the term compact. Mr. Gerry, the leading delegate of Massachusetts, says: "If nine States out of thirteen can dissolve the compact, six out of nine will be just as able to dissolve the new one hereafter."

Mr. Randolph, and in fact all the Southern delegates, employed the term compact, as a matter of course, in speaking of the Constitution. Mr. Jefferson, as well in his celebrated Kentucky Resolutions as in his letters, says: "The States entered into a compact which is called the Constitution of the United States." The State of Massachusetts, in ratifying the United States Constitution, terms it "an explicit and solemn compact." Edward Pendleton, President of the Ratifying Convention of Virginia, says: "This is the only government founded on real compact." Judge Tucker, in his learned commentaries, repeatedly calls the Constitution "a compact between the States." Even Chief-Justice Jay, in the great case of Chisolm *vs.* the State of Georgia, terms the Constitution a compact. So does John Quincy Adams; and even Daniel Webster himself, in the celebrated Debate on Foote's Resolutions, in 1850, says: "It is the original bargain — the compact. Let it stand; let the advantage of it be fully enjoyed. The Union itself is too full of benefits to be hazarded in propositions for changing its original basis. I go for the Constitution as it is and for the Union as it is." He then denies that the North has "any disposition to evade the constitutional compact," and yet, three years

after, in the celebrated debate with Mr. Calhoun, he utterly denies that the Constitution is a compact. It having been admitted by both Mr. Webster and Judge Story that if the Constitution be in reality a compact, then each State has the right to secede, and it being now clearly shown that both the creators of the Constitution and all their contemporaries so regarded it, the right of secession is, consequently, thus admitted to be the rightful consequence.

Rejection of the term "National" by the Convention of 1787.

When the Convention of 1787 first assembled, and when a bare majority were present, a resolution was introduced, and hastily carried by a vote of only six States (a minority of the whole number), "That a national government ought to be established, consisting of supreme, legislative, judiciary and executive." But, after the delegates of the other States had arrived, this resolution was reconsidered and rescinded, and the title was by unanimous vote changed to that of "the Government of the United States," so that the title "national" was unanimously rejected. The journals of Mr. Madison, Mr. Yates, and Mr. Elliott all concur in reporting this unanimous rejection, and yet Mr. Webster and Judge Story build their argument mainly upon this unanimously rejected epithet of "national," merely because it was the first resolution, hastily, and by six votes adopted at the first assembling of the Convention.

Equality of the States Guaranteed.

The Constitution declares that no State shall be deprived of its equality in the Senate without its own consent. The debates again and again declared the States to be "co-equal sovereignties." All the other States together cannot alter this provision without the consent even of Delaware. If they should deprive her of this sovereign right, she certainly would have the right to withdraw. See De Tocqueville's great work on America, in which he says each State may withdraw; and if a State withdraws, she becomes a sovereign State, and the acts of her citizens, in case of war, are acts of war and not of treason.

Assertion of Sovereignty by the States.

We have shown that both Virginia and Kentucky solemnly asserted their sovereignty in the famous Resolutions of 1798 and '99; the words are as follows:—

"To this compact each State acceded as a State, and is an integral party. The government created by this compact was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself, for that would make its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers; but, as in all other cases of compact, among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infractions as of the mode and manner of redress."

This sovereign right of each State was also asserted by the following additional States:—

By Pennsylvania in the great case of Olmstead in the years 1799, 1800, '2, '3 and '9.

By Massachusetts, through Chief-Justice Parsons, in 1788; Gov. Hancock, in 1793; the Senate, in the case of the embargo in 1808; and the Legislature in 1809, and again on the question of the admission of Texas in 1830.

By Connecticut both in her Legislature in 1809, and in the Hartford Convention in 1812, as well as in the case of Texas in 1830.

By Ohio in the case of the U. S. Bank, affirming and indorsing the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions.

By Georgia in the case of Chisolm *vs.* the State of Georgia, in 1792-'93; in the case of the Tariff of 1828; in the case of the Cherokees in 1827, '28, and '30; and finally in 1861 by her Act of Secession.

By Alabama in the case of the Tariff of 1828; in regard to the Indians, in the case of the U. S. Bank, and in 1861 by her Act of Secession.

By Maine, in 1831, in the case of the N. E. Boundary Treaty with Great Britain.

By South Carolina in 1820, '22, '23 in the case of incendiary negroes; in 1825 and '27 in the case of the Tariff and Internal Improvements; in 1828 in the case of the Tariff of that year; in 1832 by the Act of Nullification, and finally in 1861 by her Act of Secession.

By North Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas, and Texas, in their proceedings against the Protective Tariff system, and in their respective Acts of Secession.

In the cases of Virginia and Kentucky, their famous Resolutions of '98 and '99, and the great report of Madison, are entirely explicit as to this sovereign State right.

In the case of Pennsylvania, Chief-Justice Tilghman in the Olmstead case says: "The United States have no power, legislative or judicial, except that derived from the Constitution, and it is vain to expect that the States will submit to manifest and flagrant usurpations of power by the United States;" and in this case of Olmstead the Governor ordered out the militia to resist the Acts of Congress and the decisions of the Supreme Court.

In the case of Massachusetts, Chief-Justice Parsons in 1788 declared that "If there be usurpation (by Congress), it will be upon thirteen Legislatures completely organised, possessed of the confidence of the people, and having the means as well as the inclination to oppose it successfully." This doctrine was reiterated and acted upon by Governor Hancock in 1793, and again by the Legislature in 1808, which declared that "passive obedience could on the part of the people be a breach of allegiance (to the State), and we are bound by our oaths to support the Constitution of the State;" and again in 1809 the Legislature absolved her citizens from all obedience to the Acts of Congress in regard to the Embargo.

In the case of Connecticut also, their Legislature absolved her citizens from all obedience to the Acts of Congress on the subject of the

Embargo, and their famous Hartford Convention asserted the right to resist, and if necessary to secede from the United States.*

In the case of Ohio, their Legislature in the case of the United States Bank reaffirmed and asserted the famous Resolutions of Virginia and Kentucky of '98 and '99, and solemnly declared that the sovereign rights of the States cannot be adjudicated upon by the Supreme Court of the United States; and in conformity thereto the State successfully resisted the Acts of Congress and the decisions of the Supreme Court.

In the cases of the ten Southern States it is of course unnecessary to refer to their unanimous assertion of the sovereign rights of the States.

In the case of Maine in 1831 as to the Boundary Treaty, their Legislature fully affirmed the right of the State to annul the laws and treaties of the United States, and declared that "the Government of the United States have no power given them by the Constitution of the United States to prohibit the exercise of their sovereign rights."

Thus has this sovereign State right been asserted by more than the original thirteen States, whose delegates were the authors of the United States Constitution and must have known its true object and intention.

Secession of the Thirteen States from the old Confederacy.

The original thirteen States separately withdrew (or seceded) from the old Confederacy of 1778–9, and formed the "new Articles of Union," as Mr. Madison at that time designated the present Constitution, although the former articles had expressly declared themselves to be "perpetual." The right of secession was at that time just as strenuously denied at the North as it is at the present time, and Mr. Madison devoted himself, in *The Federalist*, to vindicating the right of each or any of the States to secede from the then existing Union, although he says there was a time when it was proper to veil this right of secession. So in the present day it was at one time proper to veil this right of secession from the present Union, but at last the gross violations of the Constitution by a sectional majority rendered it necessary for the South both to unveil and to exercise this constitutional right to withdraw from the "new Articles of Union," which were not declared to be perpetual. If our ancestors were not traitors in seceding from a Union contracted and guaranteed to be "perpetual," how can the action of the seceding States be denominated treason? The unveiling the truth now (as Mr. Madison did in the last century) must vindicate the South from such aspersions, especially when it is remembered that the States of New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia, in their ratifications of the Constitution of the United States, expressly reserved the right "to reassume the powers delegated whenever they should be perverted to the injury of the people." This is simply and clearly the right of secession; and as these States

*When the Hartford Convention was planning measures of secession, the State of South Carolina, by a vote of her Legislature, sent to the Government at Washington (then in want of means for carrying on the war of 1812) the sum of $500,000 to aid in the prosecution of the war.

The reader will have noticed that the very States that have been fiercest in their denunciation of the South, were the first to assert the right of secession.

were admitted into the Union, partnership, or alliance, with this condition precedent annexed, such condition became of course a part of the contract, or Constitution itself. But, even without this condition, is it not obvious to common sense that sovereign States have the same right to withdraw from an alliance or partnership as they had to enter it, and by the same process, viz.: through their organic, government-making, Constitution-making Conventions, in which alone their sovereignty is embodied? How absurd it seems to admit, in the case of individuals, the right of withdrawing from a partnership, and yet to deny the same right to sovereign States, and especially in this country, where the right of self-government has been always regarded as the fundamental and most sacred right of the people of every State on earth, and the denial of which has hitherto been denominated the most intolerable despotism! In this glorious cause Washington was the greatest of rebels, and all who follow in his footsteps may well boast of their great exemplar.

Those great authorities and strenuous advocates of the Union, Webster and Story as well as Rawle and Tucker, have admitted (as Webster expressed it) that "If the States (as contended for) be indeed united by a compact which prescribes no period for the duration of their union, then any State may of right secede therefrom at pleasure without any cause or reason for its withdrawal. This, it is claimed, would not be the right of revolution, as asserted by the Colonies against Great Britain, but a right claimed by virtue of the Constitution of the Federal Union."

Rawle, in his able and philosophic work on the Constitution, says: "The cause of consolidation is founded in the ambitions and selfish propensities of human nature. The party in power will always strive to enlarge its powers in violation and disregard of the Constitution. It is the love of power that leads to consolidation. The minority and the weak always desire *justice:* the majority and the strong always disregard it, and boast of *trampling upon the Constitution* as merely an *ephemeral essay* on government that may be changed by them at their pleasure."

JUSTINIAN.

TAMALPIAS.

BEAUTIFUL indeed are the scenes which nature has thrown together in California. Her bright skies, her balmy air, her lovely valleys are huddled together with grand mountains, imposing

rocks, lofty trees, each seeming an indispensable part of the other, in a profusion that sometimes seems startling. The coloring of her burnt and treeless hill-sides in summer, the picture of dry desolation, is absolutely glorious when bathed in morning and evening sun-rays. Contrasts meet at every turn and bring out the peculiar characteristics of each scene with rigor. Her magnificent bay is nourished by muddy rivers and almost fetid sloughs; her years of a productiveness that seems incredible are sandwiched between years of drought and barrenness that seem equally untrue to reality; her lofty mountains look down on gorges of almost unsounded depths; her grand trees, hardly casting a shadow save that of their trunks, stand in a rich and mellow soil which yet would hardly furnish food for the traveller's horse; the ruggedness of Yo Semite shelters a most lovely valley where quiet beauty reigns supreme, and its waterfalls dash into a stream which hardly murmurs in its flow.

San Francisco stands on a peninsula where a constant contest ever goes on in summer between the breezes which sweep heavy fogs from ocean with cold, chilling and piercing power, and the dry north-winds which bring drought and sickness in their train, while in winter not the glorious climates of poesy and song can vie with its exhilarating and buoyant effects. Yet an hour's drive, a few miles by steamboat, will so completely reverse the climate in either case that the traveller wonders whether he is in the same country. Scattered around the bay which bears the same name as its most important city, are lovely valleys, in each of which nestles a hamlet or a little town, where the climate-worn and nervously-excited denizen of the city can find freedom from the depressing climate of his home. In summer on Saturday afternoons every steamboat, car, vehicle of all kinds, is filled and starting away with health and pleasure-seekers. I was one of these on the steamer *Antelope* during the past summer on my way to the beautiful town, now city of Santa Rosa, situated in one of the rich valleys of Sonoma county.

The steamer was well filled with a gay and chatty crowd evidently bent on making the most of their holiday. After sauntering around the boat listening to detached portions of conversation, which put together made a most ludicrous salmagundi, I noticed two gentlemen, one of whom I instantly recognised by his sun-burnt face and brusque air as an old Californian — for they all look as though they spent their time in the fields — who was evidently explaining the points of interest on the route to his companion. We were nearing the northern part of the bay where Points San Pedro and San Pablo, running far out from the mainland, narrow the broad waters of San Pablo and San Francisco bays into a connecting isthmus. Close to us was the famous Red Rock planted almost in the middle of the passage, an island which cannot contain more than a superficial acre, but which holds a mine of manganese which seems inexhaustible, and furnishes nearly one-half of that which is used. This rock is also known as Golden Rock in legal documents, and has achieved a greater notoriety than ever, as it defines one of the boundary points of the old pueblo of San Francisco. Just north of Red or Golden Rock are two white and gleaming rocks lifting themselves from the waters, on whose

smooth top and sides not a vestige of vegetation is seen, but which at all times are covered with marine fowl which, generally undisturbed by the passing steamer, look on with stolid indifference, or at other times simultaneously arise and darken the air as they wheel around in their changing but noiseless evolutions.

It was to none of these points of interest, however, the two gentlemen noticed were directing their attention. Far over the bay directly west of us a point of land running out apparently in the bay was crowded with houses, red and white, gleaming in the sunshine and looming up with more than ordinary distinctness. Running back from this point, the waters made a deep indentation in the mainland, forming a beautiful bay, at the head of which could be plainly seen a village nestling at the foot of a dark and forbidding-looking mountain which rose abruptly and grandly from the village. To the inquiry of the other gentleman the Californian began some reply, and as I had been long enough in the land of gold to learn and love the free and easy methods of introduction they have there, I joined the group and became a pleased listener to the conversation, if such can be called which was confined almost exclusively to one man. "That point," said he, "which has attracted your attention, where the white houses are so plainly thrown out to the vision by the dark red of the brick background, is San Quentin, the State prison. That beautiful village which nestles so cosily at the foot of the mountain and so near the bay, is San Rafael, celebrated for the deliciousness of its climate, and a noted resort for the consumptive and feeble; it is considered to have the finest climate in the world. And that grand old mountain rising like a giant, so dark and frowning as if hating the beauty below it, is Tamalpias. Its name is suggestive; it means the 'home of the bad spirits' in the Indian tongue, and if without seeing it, or travelling over its roads and paths in the daytime, you could be transported there at night, you would feel how appropriately the name is used. Very different indeed would it impress any one seen by day. No place in California presents greater contrasts. Its dark sides are lined with beautiful little valleys, and clear and sparkling springs and streams burst out all over it; vegetation, under the beautiful sky and nourished by the springs, is superabundant. The speckled trout leap in its streams, and the deer and hare and quail are found in great numbers in its shades. Its gorges are deep, and all funnel-shaped; the slightest breeze as it passes through them becomes hoarse and discordant as it moves along, and when the wind increases it soughs and sighs with notes of superhuman power, and oftentimes breaks out in a wild shrill shriek that has caused even men to start up with fear, so close and thrilling does it seem. The Indians, superstitious as they are, have many dark legends of the place; nor do they dare go near this home of the evil ones night or day, even when pressed for food and knowing how it abounds or once abounded with game. Yet near that mountain, or rather on it, was once enacted a scene which has almost converted me to the opinion that Cooper's novels were truthful to Indian character, and goes strongly to support the idea that the godlike stamp has not been entirely obliterated from the lowest of the human

race. If you would like me to do so, gentlemen," said he, half-turning to myself and one or two others who had drawn near, evidently interested in what he was saying, "I will relate the circumstance." We were interested, and begged him to proceed.

"Well," said he, taking off his hat and allowing the cool breeze of the bay to disorder his hair—"in the early days of California, a Digger Indian — such as you see, in their degradation and utter loathsomeness, for a Digger is as far down in the human scale as it is possible for human beings to descend — was the hero of an exploit on that mountain and near these scenes which would have ennobled an Alexander or a Bonaparte in our estimation, and which the hardy pioneers of civilisation have transmitted to us by naming the county in which it occurred and an island lying near by after the hero. The county in which Tamalpias is situated is called Marin, and that little island the contour of which you can scarcely define from here—for it seems a part of the mainland — bears the same name. Marin was a Digger chief. His contact with the whites had not improved his morals, though it had induced him to don some of the vestments of the white man. His legs were encased in breeches; a dozen shirts, each more dirty than the others, covered his upper frame; a red-flannel pair of drawers and a shirt of the same material, drawn out and formed in the shape of a large cone — by some mysterious process of Digger millinery — surmounted his brow, and he moved among the dingy squaws of his tribe a perfect woman-killer, prince of fops as well as prince of his tribe. But underneath all this lurked the heart of a hero. It needed but circumstances to develop it, and circumstance came. A young lieutenant had been appointed to make a topographical survey of the country about Tamalpias, and was anxious that some object visible for a great distance around should be erected on its loftiest peak. After consultation it was determined to place a cross there, and Marin's tribe of Indians were hired to convey the pieces of which it was composed to the mountain. They did so; but when they reached the base they all refused to budge another step. The lieutenant begged, entreated, threatened in vain. The Indians dared not invade the home of the Evil One; their contract to carry the pieces to the mountain was completed — no further would they go. The Americans were forced 'to bear their own cross;' and two days after they had completed their work and descended the mountain, they found the Indians at some distance from its base, but a spell was upon them. The old men sat in silence, the young braves unstrung their bows, and the young squaws and aged both began to make their features more hideous by painting the sides of their faces, their temples, and across their foreheads with pitch, their usual mourning garb. Their chief was gone. Two suns had come and gone and still their chief came not, and the unearthly wail of the mourning matrons burst on the ears of the mystified Americans like the wails of Tamalpias. The tribe doubted not but that their chief was sacrificed for their temerity in even approaching the mountains. The Americans camped that night near their red brothers. As midnight came, and with it the calm cold rays looking above the top of Tamalpias, the

white men were startled by a yell that fairly froze their blood, from the Diggers. They sprang to arms and prepared for the fray. They could only see the dusky forms of Indian maid and matron standing motionless before their lodge-fires, while Indian brave and medicine-man and old man with triumphant shouts moved in the mazes of the dance of peace. And this continued until morning; and when it broke — Lo! the chieftain Marin stood in the white man's camp, and shrugged his shoulders, and uttered the expressive ugh! ugh! of the Indian. But there was a nameless want about him. His high hat was slouched and hanging; his shirts, rustled by the morning breeze, displayed their numbers and too much of the wearer; his breeches — where were they? At first the Americans felt disposed to laugh, but there was an air of sober earnestness in the chieftain's face which induced their leader to ask Marin 'Where have you been?' The chieftain beckoned him aside and said:

"'Señor, I am a chief. My people are my children; I dare not let them run into danger. I sent them away; they must not die as leaves die. Señor, I am a chief! No man must call me, the chief of my people, coward! I must not fear spirits; I meet them alone. Señor, I am a chief! I went where the white man went; I saw him plant in the ground his cross-sticks; I heard the howl of the angry God; I stood by the side of the white man's sign one sun; I am here! Soon the angry spirits will call me away; I am ready!'

"The chieftain's form grew grand and stately as he uttered these words, low and debased as he and his people are; but they struck a chord in the lieutenant's breast which told him they two were akin. He took the old man's hand and pressed it; at the same moment a smile passed over his face as he said, 'But, brother, where are your *breeches?*' The proud old chieftain straightened up his form, and slowly extending his index finger towards the cross on top of Tamalpias as he exclaimed, 'I knew you would not believe I had been there — and I —'

The American looked. At that moment the mountain breeze caught the fragments that had helped to cover the form of the brave old fellow the day before, and lo! it streamed forth as a banner in the sky."

B. R.

A STORY OF NINE TRAVELLERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Mallow Marsh. Early Life of Hampden Sparks.

THERE are some links in the chain of our story that have rusted by reason of their age, and need to be rubbed together with the newer and fresher ones that our readers may recognise them as being all of a piece. They have made the acquaintance of the Sparks family and their travelling companions, of our host of Holly Tavern, and have twice met there the strange characters so darkly and yet so inevitably linked together with the bright and the good in our story.

We now leave for a little while our new acquaintances that already seem to us as if we had known them a long time, and ask our readers to go with us to "Mallow Marsh," the home of Hampden Sparks, Esq., and one of the most delightful old places to be found in Warwickshire, that garden-spot of the Midland counties. How long Mallow Marsh had been in the Sparks family we will not say; it had been handed down through many generations, and now, for the first time, it was in possession of one who seemed likely to live and die a bachelor, in which event the property would descend to the nearest of kin bearing the Sparks name. Situated on a steep bank overhanging the Avon, the old mansion stood a monument of the past. Each generation, by an addition of a turret here or new apartment there, now square and Norman-like, and again with the sharp peaked roof and windows of the Elizabethan period, had left its architectural finger-prints; and a quainter specimen, combining past and present, could not have been found in all the realm. The wall on the side next to the Avon had its foundation laid deep down below the bed of the stream, and was built of huge blocks of stone quarried ages ago. No further use was made of the deep cellar thus formed than as a wine-room, where in pipes, or carefully bottled and placed in a succession of racks, was stored a collection of wines of rare quality. Above this cellar were a kitchen and servants' hall, the windows looking out on the stream more than thirty feet below, and thence across the meadow and distant fields; while a little way up the Avon could be seen old "Ivy Mill," with its dark mossy wheel, the foot-bridge, the dam, and all the surroundings that made it one of the most attractive spots in the county. On the first floor of the mansion as you entered from the lawn was the grand hall, with its old portraits, armor, furniture, and the household-gods of the Sparks family for many generations.

Passing through the hall, and beneath an archway in which there hung in place of a door a beautiful piece of blue and gold tapestry representing the family coat of arms, you entered a succession of

drawing-rooms, the last terminating in a capacious bay-window overlooking the scene we have described as visible from the servants' hall. There was nothing lacking in the old house at Mallow Marsh to make any lover of home and family desire to have it other than it was; and Hampden Sparks, on his return after an absence of years, seemed so much delighted with everything about him that he was satisfied, after the first painting and cleaning was done, to leave the spiders to do their work in the old hall, and was disposed to grumble if Mrs. Grimcheek, the housekeeper, disturbed too many of the webs or stirred up much dust when her cleaning days came. But we have some interest in Mr. Sparks' long absence from Mallow Marsh, for there were events connected with his life in all that time that touch some of those we have introduced to our readers years afterward; and it will not therefore be uninteresting to follow him at least through a few of those scenes, for only in so doing can we hope to find out some things we could not otherwise explain.

Hampden Sparks had in early life shown a predilection for the army; and coming to manhood at a warlike period of European history, when the first Napoleon was in the zenith of his fame, and resisting with all the power of the French people a succession of coalitions in which Great Britain was a leading spirit, he found but little difficulty in gratifying his inclination. He was master of Mallow Marsh with an ample income. His only brother, Harold Sparks, deciding that his slim annuity (much too slim to sustain him in the sphere in which by birth and education he should move at home) would be more available in helping him to rise to fortune in a new country, had first articled himself to an attorney in Chancery Lane, and then removed to America, settling at Savannah, Georgia. Left thus free to do as he should choose, Hampden Sparks was not long in making up his mind, but quickly prepared himself for the examination necessary, and purchased a commission as colonel of dragoons in a new regiment then forming for active service in the Peninsula.

Colonel Sparks being wealthy, talented, and agreeable, was the toast of his regiment, popular with the men, and a favorite with his superiors. Having been unrestrained and indulged up to the time of the death of his parents, and since that time having followed his own devices, it was a matter of astonishment to many how good a soldier he made. No one doubted his good English pluck, but many who had known him at Harrow, and afterward at Cambridge, where his eccentricities were more noticeable than anything else, predicted for him a short career in the profession of arms when he should get a taste of the hard work before him in the Peninsula; and when they heard of his regiment as distinguished, and saw mention of his promptness and gallantry on occasions peculiarly trying, it created no little astonishment at home. His regiment was ready in time to embark in the famous expedition commanded by Sir John Moore, and it was in the campaign that ended in the siege of Corunna that he received his initiation to military life; and on that retreat experience taught him much of the self-denial and endurance that made him a soldier, and fitted him for a post of honor in the assault on Badajoz, a little more than three years after. The last day at Corunna was

one of darkness and trial, for Colonel Sparks was in the midst of the fight and near to his noble and brave but disheartened commander when the fatal cannon-shot brought its unwelcome summons. Being in the rear-guard that covered the embarkation, he saw hundreds of brave fellows (many of them in his immediate command) go down before the enemy, while many more sick or wounded were left to take their chance for recovery among strangers in a strange land. The sight sickened him, and but for sterner duties that crowded upon him in this moment of peril, and the plucky resolution to stand by honor and country even to the death, he would have been sorely tempted to give way to the spirit of darkness and gloom that seemed at the moment to rest on all around him. True, when thus tried he passed through this ordeal, and we find him participating in all the campaigns from Corunna to the time of his severe wounding at Badajoz; and it is to *this* period of his early history we desire more especially to introduce our readers.

Warm work was before the army under Wellington on the night of the 6th of April, for the time had arrived for the grand assault; and Badajoz was one of the strongest positions in Spain, and offered in its succession of defences barriers that might well have discouraged even a brave commander and an equally dauntless army. Colonel Sparks' regiment had for several weeks been engaged in outpost duty, and now by his own request had been temporarily dismounted and attached to the Fourth Division under General Colville, that he might have the honor of participating in the assault. Late in the afternoon of the 6th everything was in readiness. Orders had been issued to the division commanders, storming parties had been selected, their supports were in position, and the besiegers only waited for the darkness of night to settle down before they should encircle Badajoz with a cordon of fire and charge upon their enemies. There were earnest faces in the trenches, for many of those brave fellows felt that to them no to-morrow would dawn, and if they would send any message to the dear ones far away in the peaceful homes of Old England, they should tell each other now, that the survivors might treasure up each message and bear it homeward when the war should end.

Colonel Sparks was sitting on a sand-bag in the trenches just before dark, talking to one of the engineers to whom had been assigned the duty of directing the movements of the advance of the Fourth Division, when he heard the well-known voice of Archie Clevis, his faithful body-servant, whom he had left the day before in the rear in charge of his horses. Archie was the son of the old steward at Mallow Marsh, had been warmly attached to Sparks from their early boyhood, and when his master determined to enter the army, begged hard that he might be permitted to go and take care of him; and to his honor be it said that he never once repented, but bore all the ills of camp life with fortitude; and even as we introduce him to our readers for the first time, he has come in search of the Colonel to beg the privilege of being near him during the night. His rough, cracked voice was unmistakeable as he asked a soldier lying on the ground near by, "Do you know Colonel Sparks of our dragoons?"

"And what would dragoons be doing here, Greeney? I think I see dragoons charging them works!"

"Not so fast," scraped out Archie; "Colonel Sparks goes with the stormin' party, and is in the trenches somewhere. Have you seen no Colonel o' dragoons about here?"

"This way, Archie," called the Colonel. "What do you wish with me, and why did you leave the rear?"

Archie came forward with a grin of satisfaction at having so easily found his master, and proceeded in his rough way to explain his errand.

"Ye see, Master Hampden, I brought ye letters from 'ome, and maybe it mought be the last we would get, and I hurried to bring 'em before night was on us." Here Archie made an awkward pause, and touching his cap, handed the Colonel two letters. By the dim twilight he read them, only to find them of an unimportant nature in view of the present occasion, the one being from Archie's father, the other from his banker enclosing a remittance. Thrusting the letters into a pocket of his coat, he turned about quickly, saying,

"Do you wish anything else, Archie?"

"Yes, please Sir."

"Speak out then, for time is precious."

"Please, Sir, then, I came to stay with you to-night, if you will let me."

"Archie, you know not what you ask. Do you know we are going to storm the Trinidad yonder in less than three hours?"

"Yes, Sir, and that's what I come for," said Archie, as his eyes flashed, and he grinned again.

"What will become of my horses and baggage if you leave them?"

"They are safe enough, Sir, an' mayhap we won't need the luggage by mornin'."

"You are one of Job's comforters at any rate. I am afraid you are too much in favor of killing us all, whether or no, to have you with us."

"Oh, don't say that, Master Hampden. We can't die afore our time; but when a man starts on business like this, he ought to look death square in the face and be ready to muster out whenever his name's called, and I ain't afeard to do that."

"Do you really wish to remain with me then?"

"Indeed I do, Sir."

"I will not deny you, Archie; and now step this way a moment." Archie followed him a little way apart, and Colonel Sparks proceeded to give instructions to his faithful servant in case he should survive him.

"It gratifies me, Archie," he said, "that you should have sought to follow me to the post of honor, which is also now one of extreme danger. Bloody work is before us, and many will go into the breaches to-night where few will come out. Have you really made up your mind to die?"

"God willin', and it's needed, I have, Sir."

"All right then, I shall be in the front line; take your place immediately behind me, and try to keep near me as we go down into the ditch and up the ladders. Should I fall in the assault, do not stop to assist me; only mark well where you leave me, and when all

is over, if you survive, take my body home to rest at Mallow Marsh, in the sod of old England."

Archie's blue eyes glistened, but his voice was firm as he replied, "I'll try to do it all, Sir."

The suspense was fearful between dark and the hour that had been appointed for the combined attack. Here and there were seen drifts of vapor rising from the river and the inundation that protected Trinidad, and floating over the encampment. The sky was dark; and all along the lines could be heard the hum of voices as the men talked of what was before them, and cheered each other with an expressed hope of victory. Officers encouraged their men and bade them be bold, brave, and swift in striking; and never had officers braver men than those that followed them down into the ditches and into the breaches on that night.

Archie stood just behind his master as the first rattle of musketry and roar of artillery broke the stillness that had prevailed. To their right could be heard the shouts of Picton's division as they rushed like an avalanche upon the castle; and then came the order that thrilled every man as he caught the sharp shrill words: "Forward! to the breach!" Soon there was such a scene as is seldom witnessed even in war. With reckless bravery the storming party rushed headlong into the ditches, while the besieged hurled from the ramparts upon them a flame of musketry, shells, and other missiles, that carried death into their ranks, and the air was filled with shouts and screams, prayers and curses, that could be heard above the fearful din of the fight. One of the first to climb the ladders, the Colonel was soon hotly engaged in a struggle for life with a French soldier, who used almost superhuman efforts to hurl him upon the sword-blades and old bayonets with which the breach and edges of the parapet were thickly planted; nor did he cease his efforts to thrust him through, even after Archie had temporarily relieved his master by putting a bullet through their adversary. This proved a temporary relief indeed, for the besieged came bravely up to the defence, each man firing or using his bayonet with fearful effect upon the handful of brave men that had succeeded in reaching a place where they could stand. Hundreds were hurled back into the ditches, while the darkness of the night was illuminated by the explosion of shells and the flash of artillery as besiegers and besieged answered each other.

It was with difficulty that one man could hear another speak, even if he were standing by his side; but none could forget how another looked as eye answered eye in the lurid light that shone about them. Up the ladders they came eager to sustain the advance, only to find as they gained the top but a handful left of those that had gone before, the prostrate forms of their comrades silently telling the sad story. Thrice wounded, once by a ball and twice by the bayonet, Colonel Sparks fell fortunately just within the breach; for had he fallen over the edge and down into the ditch thus early in the action, he would have been crushed beneath the heavy timbers hurled from above, or smothered beneath his slain and wounded fellow-soldiers. Being insensible for some time after falling, he was supposed by his enemies to be dead, and was sometimes trodden upon by his own men

as in the heat of the struggle they surged back and forward time after time over the same ground. Long after midnight, consciousness began to return, and the Colonel became aware that he was surrounded by friends. The enemy had been driven even beyond their entrenchments; firing had almost ceased in the direction of the Castle, and far over toward St. Vincent, on the extreme left of their line, he could hear shouts of victory. Although faint and almost speechless, he rose up on his elbow, and called to some one lying near in feeble tones: "Comrade, we have won!"

Slowly his neighbor turned over toward him, saying, "Praise God! it's Master Hampden! I feared ye was killed, Sir." And in a moment more Archie was by his master's side.

CHAPTER XV.

Dawn at Badajoz. The Price of Victory. The La Riva's. A little Flirtation begun.

The morning after a victory is a sad awakening to victor and vanquished. The sun arose struggling to shine, but dimmed by clouds of mist from the Guadiana, and the heavy columns of smoke that continued to ascend from the fortifications on the left, where the French were making a final struggle to save the remnant of their garrison. The city had been brightly illuminated all night, and many of the lights were still blazing as the inhabitants, almost frenzied by the exciting scenes around them, either rushed through the streets in wild confusion, or sought shelter deep down in the cellars of their houses, leaving their richly furnished apartments open to the intrusion of any passer-by. It had been a fearful night, and morning only came to reveal what havoc had been made in the ranks of besiegers and besieged; the people of Badajoz being sorely tried as witnesses of it all. Some of them, deeply in sympathy with the English, had sons and brothers in the besieging army; while others, won over by the French during their occupation of the place, looked on with sad faces as they saw the English army, with their allies, march in and take possession of the fortifications. Looking down from the ramparts of St. Maria and Trinidad, the victor saw before him the hosts that had mustered out of service in the ditches below, their red coats still deeper red with their life-blood; while along the streets were borne the wounded, until the price of victory, all told, amounted to nearly one-fourth of the British army. To add to the excitement already rampant in the town, stragglers from the army, inflamed by the sight of their dead comrades, began first to plunder for the sake of food and drink, and afterwards, maddened by the free flow of wine, scenes were enacted that shed no lustre upon the actors, and that sent terror to the hearts of many. As firing gradually ceased and the sun rose higher, the tumult in the city increased; soldiers were everywhere, in public buildings, churches, and residences, and loot was gathered from any and every source; while grotesque figures, robed in the vestments of priesthood, carried every imaginable valuable about the streets.

Colonel Sparks was still lying where he had fallen, conscious that he was growing weaker from loss of blood, and still no succor seemed near. At last he made an effort to speak, and said in a feeble voice, "Archie, can you walk, or are you too badly hurt?" for he had noticed that in coming to him, when first discovered, Archie had crawled on his hands and knees.

"It's not much walking I can do, Sir, as I have a bayonet-hole through both my legs and a knock on the head; but I can crawl. What will ye have, Sir?"

"Poor fellow! you are as badly off as I am; lie still."

"No, no, Mr. Hampden, I feel strong now. Can I help ye?"

"Only by calling some one, Archie, for if I do not get relief very soon I shall sink from exhaustion."

Archie crawled slowly away, and not without much pain and difficulty reached one of the principal streets of the town where dwelt the wealthier classes, and where he knew it would be probable that some of the officers would take up their quarters. Stopping to rest under an archway leading into a little square court, he heard sounds of strife, and looking, he saw standing in the middle of the court an old Spaniard, with bare head and long gray beard, his eyes flashing like fire-balls, as in broken English he besought and then threatened an English soldier who held a beautiful girl by the hand, and one by one was stripping the jewelled rings from her fingers. Archie recognised the soldier as the most desperate character in Colonel Sparks' regiment, a man who would, when all his baser passions were aroused, go to any excess that he dared, and being reckless he dared much. More than once had they been at variance, and Archie well knew that nothing but nerve and promptness would answer in this case, if he would save the old Spaniard and rescue his daughter.

Crawling along quietly he reached the group unobserved, and had the muzzle of his pistol within three feet of the ruffian's heart before he spoke. His first demand was, "Surrender, you brute, or you are a dead man!"

That voice was familiar, and turning, the ruffian saw Archie's grim face in which was written "surrender or death." And just below the face he saw the gaping muzzle of a pistol, which grew as he stared at it into a huge cannon's mouth, ready to swallow him up.

Ruffians are as a rule cowards; they do sometimes in gangs, seldom alone, desperate things, but it is hard to get one to face immediate sudden death when cowardice will give him life. With a grin of recognition the soldier relaxed his grasp on the girl's hand, and, thrusting the rings he had already plucked into his pocket, said, "Hi! Archie, you won't shoot an old comrade? Put down that pistol."

"Give me yours then first," replied Archie.

"Devil a bit will I."

"I give you only time to hand that Spanish gentleman your pistol: do it, and you live; if not, you die."

"Do you mean *that*, Archie?"

"I do."

"Here, old Spanish, take my pistol; I don't want to die, and Archie will shoot me certain if he says so. Give me another bottle of your old sherry and I'll go."

"No more wine, Señor; nor must we let him go. Call some one to help, and lock him up until Colonel Sparks is ready for him."

For the first time Don Alfonso La Riva now noticed that his deliverer looked pale and haggard; and while the servants carried the ruffianly dragoon to be locked up until he could be reported at the headquarters, the father and daughter with many words of thanks assisted Archie into the house, and were not long in making him as comfortable as his condition would allow.

Don Alfonso's residence was a model of antiquated comfort, and had fortunately passed through the siege without a stray shot having struck its walls, much less disturbed its inward tranquillity. Portraits of the La Riva's, Pico's, and other branches of the two great family trees here blended, were to be seen in the grand hall, parlors, and galleries, while the luxurious appointments in each room through which Archie was carried before he reached the quiet quarters assigned him, betokened the owner of this establishment to be a man of wealth and social position.

"Rest, Señor, and welcome," were the first words of Don Alfonso as they laid Archie on the couch that had been prepared for him. "Do take some wine; and my doctor shall be called."

"Thank you, Señor, but I cannot stay; my master, Colonel Sparks of our dragoons [Archie had called the regiment "our dragoons" until it had come to be known in the command as such] is badly wounded, and I must soon go to him."

"I shall have the honor to go with you, Señor, and Colonel Sparks will be brought to my house. Aquí! Gaspar," and the old Don, more rapidly than an Englishman could ever teach his tongue to speak, gave his chief of many servants orders in Spanish that were quickly obeyed.

Soon it was announced that all was in readiness to go for Colonel Sparks, and Archie led the way, being borne on a light stretcher covered with a springy soft webbing that would have been really quite comfortable without the soft cushion that overspread it. It was a queer sight — the old Don, with a retinue of servants in livery, walking after a stretcher on which lay only a common soldier; and as they picked their way through the crowded streets and took the direction of Trinidad, curious eyes followed them, and many wondered what had so bestirred the sympathies of Don Alfonso La Riva.

There they found Colonel Sparks where Archie had left him with the dead all around him; one poor fellow having crawled close to his side to die, seeking companionship even in his last hour. The loss of blood had been great, and Archie was frightened as he discovered that his master was insensible; but with a quickness that showed perfect familiarity with such scenes, Don Alfonso and Gaspar bathed him with fresh water, forced a little wine between his lips, and picking him up gently, placed him on the extra stretcher they had brought, and were soon on their way back.

The English surgeons were busy for many days after the surrender, and as only a small detachment of picked men from "our dragoons" had been under fire, it was not thought necessary for the surgeon to leave the regiment, and therefore, deprived of his services, Colonel

Sparks had to report himself as in private quarters, and to accept such services as he could obtain. Fortunately, the old Spanish surgeon called in by Don Alfonso proved a master in his art; stabbing was no novelty to him, for he treated wounds from the stiletto every day, and seemed to know by intuition the direction a ball had taken. So the Colonel had occasion to be thankful that he escaped the hurried treatment in the hospitals, and soon felt himself to be rapidly recovering from wounds that under less favorable conditions would have speedily terminated his life.

With no bones broken, Archie's recovery was even more rapid, and it was not long before he was able to wait on his master, and relieve him to some extent from the obsequious attentions of the Spanish servants of the household, that had been treading on each other's heels all through his convalescence in their endeavors to serve him.

One morning about two weeks after his wounding, Colonel Sparks was reclining on a sofa in the beautiful little parlor that opened into his chamber. Archie had brought in the home mail, and having read his letters, was deeply interested in reading a copy of *The Times*, giving the first account he had seen of the storming of Ciudad Roderigo, in which he had participated only three months before, when the soft knock he had heard every morning since he had been there, told him the Don was coming.

"Come in, Señor," he said gaily. "I hope the sun shines with golden beams for you this morning."

"Good-day to you, Señor the Colonel," for thus he always addressed his guest; "it is a bright day, and you must feel better."

"Thanks to the good doctor and your generous hospitality, I am much better, Señor, and will soon be well enough to return to my regiment. I know not whether to be the more glad or sorry, for I shall have much to regret in leaving such kind friends."

"Speak not of it, Señor the Colonel; you have been like a prisoner in my house, so troublesome were the wounds. All we have done has been from love — love to so kind a gentleman, love to the cause of Spain; and you do not go for many weeks to come. I bear to you the compliments of Señora La Riva and Señorita Pico, hoping you shall be pleased to dine with them to-day. I am sorry that I go away for three days. I beg you to be master of my house, and hope to find you happy and well when I return."

"How soon do you go, Señor?"

"In one hour my coach will leave."

"Then I will dress and be introduced to the ladies before you start." And begging Don Alfonso to remain seated, the Colonel withdrew, and summoning Archie to his aid, soon completed no very elaborate preparation, and returning, descended to the grand drawing-room, where, lost among sofas, mirrors, pictures, tapestry, and the thousand adornments that crowded this almost regal Spanish home, the Señora and Señorita Pico were found waiting to receive their guest.

The Señora had in early days been beautiful, if a portrait of her then hanging in the room had not been fearfully flattered; but flesh had swallowed up every outline of beauty, and only her bright black eyes were left to tell of her past triumphs. A mountain of flesh,

she arose and welcomed the Colonel with much suavity, and he soon found that in the presence of so much vivacity one was tempted to forget the olives and oil suggested at first sight.

Señorita Pico was very beautiful, with large lustrous black eyes all expression, and varying with every thought that flashed through her active sparkling brain. Her features were very regular, and the teeth she displayed when smiling or laughing shone like pearls; and as she glanced at you, or spoke in merry ringing tones, there was a witchery about it all that insensibly drew you nearer to her. Colonel Sparks was almost dazzled by such a combination of loveliness and luxury, and as he reclined an invalid on one of the richly cushioned sofas, and listened to Señorita Pico's gentle voice sympathising with his condition, expressing hope for the cause in which he was struggling, and at last at her mother's request singing to an accompaniment on the guitar a bright little song, all the brighter for her manner of singing it, he felt touched as never before. Surely, thought he, the art of winning is woman's first study, and Dame Nature has done more for this young Spanish girl than any of her sisters I ever met. As the last strain of the little song died away, Sparks turned toward the fair singer with a mingled look of pleasure and admiration, saying, "Once more; that song is like a draught of old wine, it cheers me wonderfully after being so low spirited."

Señorita Pico touched the strings of her guitar, making them ring out a stream of melody, as she again sung the following song, with such expression to each sentiment as only *her* eyes, hands, head, and shoulders by graceful gesticulation could give:

LIFE IS BRIGHT.

Life is bright, full of light,
  Look not at the dark;
Every day, sing away
  Merry as the lark.
    Tra la la,
  Merry as the lark.

Look not down, do not frown,
  All skies are not blue;
Still we say, sing away,
  They'll be bright to you.
    Tra la la,
  They'll be bright to you.

Soldier true, now to you
  Sing we merrily.
In the fight, all comes right,
  Battle cheerily;
    Tra la la,
  Battle cheerily.

Live and try, ever try,
  Braver deeds to dare;
War and love together live,
  Win some lady fair.
    Tra la la,
  Win some lady fair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEWS.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, from his Birth to his Inauguration as President. By Ward H. Lamon. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

CERTAINLY, Abraham Lincoln was one whose biography ought to be written. A man who, born in a condition of life not merely humble but abject and squalid, and reared amid circumstances and associations most unfavorable to the development of talent or the promotion of nobility and purity of character, gradually rose to the highest office in the gift of his country; who performed the duties of that office and deported himself therein in a way that excited the amazement of the world; and whose death was strange and most tragical, is one whose life should be laid before us in all its details, that we may learn what were the internal qualities, or what the exterior circumstances, that determined so remarkable a career.

About the Lives of Lincoln hitherto written there has been a palpable air of unreality. It is evident that they conceal much that is not in accordance with the purposes, or is offensive to the tastes of the authors; they insert much which has no further basis than its accordance with that ideal portrait which they wish the world to receive as genuine; and they give us therefore no help toward understanding the true character of that singularly enigmatical man, in whom contradictions were so strangely mingled.

The volume before us, however, seems to supply a key to the whole. The author — or compiler — has gathered from all sources, but especially from Mr. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's intimate associate and business partner, a vast mass of material; and has used it, as he affirms, and as we see no reason to doubt, conscientiously and justly. That he has acted conscientiously, indeed, even to the extent of doing violence to his feelings, is evident from the repressed disgust which, in spite of him, is manifest throughout this volume, and the open expression of which he can not always prevent.

For ourselves, we shall confine our remarks to a brief outline sketch of the facts narrated, as sufficient for our purposes, and much less disagreeable than would be the attempt to illustrate from them the character of the man himself.

To say that Abraham Lincoln was born in "obscurity," or "humble poverty," is to use the language of flattery toward one who, according to his biographer, neither knew his own grandfather, nor the name which he had no legal right to bear. The name of his father's kindred was universally pronounced Linckhorn or Linckhern, and we may assume was so spelled on those rare occasions when any one was found able to write it. The spelling "Lincoln" was selected by Abraham himself, after he had acquired the arts of reading and writing. The first name of his grandfather is not known; the biographer discarding as

a mere figment Mr. Lincoln's own statement that it was Abraham. As for the family, it is true that a relationship with the Virginia Lincolns has been claimed and allowed; but the only data for it seem to have been a not unnatural desire on the part of Mr. Lincoln to connect himself with some family or other, and an equally reasonable desire on the part of the Virginians to secure his services in Congress in collecting a claim against the government.

At all events, whatever his rightful name or pedigree, Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809, in "a miserable cabin" near Hodgenville, Kentucky. He was the son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. There is no evidence, the biographer says, beyond cohabitation, of any marriage between his parents, and indeed from the account given it is not likely that either attached much importance to the formal rite. The records, otherwise complete, show none; nor does any appear in the family register which Mr. Lincoln himself wrote carefully out. Indeed, in all matters connected with his mother and her relatives he was especially silent and reserved; and perhaps it is as well to imitate him in that particular.

His father seems to have been a ne'er-do-weel, with a considerable dash of the ruffian about him, who by representing himself as well-off, when in reality he was living in squalid poverty, succeeded in persuading Sarah Johnston, his second and lawful wife, to marry him. This genuinely good woman, though shamefully deceived, determined to make the best of her lot; and her coming brought some decency to the wretched "half-faced camp" (a cabin with dirt-floor and open to the weather on one side) in Perry County, Indiana, and some comfort to the miserable and neglected children, who under her care soon began to "look a little more human." Mr. Lincoln always regarded her as his mother, and treated her with the greatest affection; a fact which we record with the more pleasure, as it is almost the only thing in this volume that is pleasant to read. As for "Tom Lincoln," the biographer heartily congratulates himself when he is able "to discard him, his family and fortunes from further consideration."

Abraham, amid these surroundings, grew up tall and strong, though ungainly in appearance, and with features prematurely yellow and withered. His father gave him some little schooling, and he exhibited an extreme fondness for reading. When about sixteen or seventeen, he tried his hand at composition, principally in the form of satirical attacks, in prose and verse, upon various families in the neighborhood. Part of these first-fruits of his muse are yet in existence, but we are told that, unfortunately, they are too grossly obscene for even a specimen to be given. They were sufficiently venomous, however, to rouse the ire of his victims, and involved him in a fight, in which his long and strong arm gave him the victory, upon which "he vaunted himself in the most offensive manner," but declined the challenge of the man he had wronged, to settle their dispute with fire-arms.

In 1828 young Lincoln left home and went down the Ohio to New Orleans, with a young man named Gentry, in a boat belonging to Gentry's father, and loaded with produce which they were to sell. This was his first mercantile undertaking, and it turned out very profitably, and greatly raised the estimation in which young Lincoln

was held. The goods were well sold, partly for counterfeit money, and "Abe displayed his genius for mercantile affairs by handsomely putting the counterfeits off on the innocent folks along the river."

Little of interest beyond rough-and-tumble fights, and the incidents of a country-store clerk's life, can be found in the next following pages, and as little in the Black Hawk war of 1832, in which Lincoln raised, though he did not command, a company chiefly distinguished for want of discipline and for mutinying.

Laden with whatever laurels were to be gathered in the Black Hawk war, in which, according to his own statement, he "saw no live fighting Indian," Mr. Lincoln returned home, and having tasted the sweets of popularity, betook himself to politics, and became a candidate for the Legislature. And here a difficulty arises, which Mr. Lamon by no means sufficiently clears up, as to what side he espoused. It is true that in a stump speech at Pappsville he declared himself in favor of a "national bank, the internal improvement system, and a high protective tariff,"—the leading Whig doctrines—but the biographer, not without plausibility, argues that as the Democratic party was then in an overwhelming majority in the State (Illinois), and that as Mr. Lincoln was not the man to espouse the cause of the minority, he must have been a Democrat. In that case the speech at Pappsville must be regarded as simply *pro re nata*, and not as an index of his real opinions.

The state of parties in Illinois at this time favored this mode of proceeding. The Democrats were generally in the ascendant; but there was a class of politicians, here called "nominal Democrats," who in their public speeches professed general Democratic principles, but relied mainly on their personal popularity for election. Once in the Legislature, these "nominal" men coalesced with the Whigs in controlling legislation. Mr. Lincoln, with characteristic prudence, became one of these nominal men, and selected his political hobby with great adroitness. Internal improvements at the cost of the Federal treasury was a Whig doctrine, and therefore, in the abstract, repudiated by the Democrats. But the special application of the doctrine to improvements in their own section was highly satisfactory to his constituents of all parties; so he wisely confined himself to advocating improvements in the navigation of the Sangamon river, a course which could be justified to either party, and which, though it did not elect him, secured him the almost unanimous vote of his precinct.

In 1834 he was again a candidate for the Legislature, and, as the Whig party was evidently coming into power in Sangamon, Mr. Lincoln presented himself as a Whig, though declaring at the same time that he was run by the Democrats. This strategy secured the votes of both sides and elected him, though, as we are told, it "greatly demoralised the Whig party."

To this successful result Mr. Lincoln's style of public speaking seems to have greatly contributed. It was plain, direct, and profusely spiced with indecency. His friend, Mr. Ellis, describing his stump speeches, says: "He told the boys stories which drew them after him. I remember them; but modesty and my veneration for his memory forbid me to relate them."

We pass over the dreary record of his career in the Legislature. The Abolitionists were then beginning to agitate the country, and as popular feeling was everywhere strong against them, Mr. Lincoln decidedly opposed them ; but with his usual foresight took occasion, while protesting against their pernicious doctrines and conduct, to express an opinion (Illinois not being a Slave State) that "slavery was founded on injustice and bad policy." He lived to reap the fruit of this wisdom afterwards, when he could proudly point to this as the beginning of "his Anti-slavery record." Had the opposite party finally gained the ascendancy, he could with equal justice have pointed to it as his Anti-abolition record.

At this time his ambition for distinction took a literary and theological turn, and he wrote a book — which was never published, however — "intended to demonstrate, first, that the Bible was not God's revelation ; and secondly, that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God."

In 1835 he became deeply attached to a Miss Rutledge, who, however, died before an engagement had taken place. This loss produced a great effect upon Mr. Lincoln's mind, and he had to be watched to prevent him from committing suicide. It seems that he never entirely recovered from this shock, and for years afterwards he never dared to trust himself with a pocket-knife.

In the succeeding year, 1836, he paid his addresses to a Miss Owens, "a handsome and refined young lady," who, however, refused him. This refusal seems to have galled him extremely, as in 1838, in a confidential letter to a lady-friend, he speaks of his former mistress with bitter sneers, calling her an "old maid," "toothless," and "weather-beaten," and representing himself as anxious to avoid the match, but feeling himself bound by chivalrous honor and gentlemanly delicacy not to fly from a promise he had made her sister before he had seen the lady herself. At last, he says, the lady refused him, and thus released him from a union which he "dreaded more than the Irishman does the halter." As the facts are that the lady was really young, refined, and handsome, that Mr. Lincoln followed her with unremitting attention, and that the disinclination was on her part, not on his, we may judge by his extravagant violations of the truth, of the extent of his mortification.

To get rid at once of these matrimonial adventures, we will mention here, a little out of place, the final and successful one. In 1839 Miss Mary Todd came to live at Springfield, where Mr. Lincoln was then residing. She was a person of considerable talent, "a sharp tongue and pen," great ambition, and aspired not only to lead society at Springfield, but to be the wife of a President of the United States. Mr. Lincoln was greatly fascinated with her, and though, in the language of Miss Todd's sister, "he could not hold a lengthy conversation with a lady — was not sufficiently educated and intelligent in the female line to do so"—would sit and stare at her by the hour. This seems to have been considered on both sides equivalent to courtship, as in the next paragraph we are informed that they were engaged.

Unhappily a charming Miss Edwards made her appearance, and Mr. Lincoln's fidelity wavered. He represented the case to Miss Todd, and was released by her. A reconciliation followed, and

preparations made for the wedding, but at the last hour he failed to keep his engagement, and "declared that he hated Mary [Todd] and loved Miss Edwards." Again razors, pocket-knives and other edge-tools had to be kept from him, and he wrote "some gloomy lines" for the *Sangamon Journal*, entitled "Suicide." For nearly a year he remained with a friend in Kentucky, and then returned to Springfield. Presently we find him having "secret meetings" with Miss Todd, and finally there was another reconciliation, or an agreement, and a hasty marriage.

This connection with Miss Todd had already involved him in a ridiculous and disreputable affair. She was fond of satirical writing, or what passed for such in Springfield, and "finding no other victim handy," turned her talents to badgering one Mr. Shields, by anonymous communications in the *Journal*. These papers, to judge from the specimens given, were not without a certain coarse humor, and exasperated the thin-skinned Shields to fury. He demanded the author's name, and was told by the editor of the *Journal* that it was Mr. Lincoln. A challenge followed, succeeded by a prodigious amount of negotiation, committees, instead of seconds, taking up the matter on both sides, sublime displays of indomitable valor in demanding and refusing retractions, a plan drawn up by Mr. Lincoln himself for a terrific combat with "cavalry broadswords of the largest size" on either side of a plank, all ending in nothing but a sputter of manifestos. Mr. Lincoln had advanced some steps up the social ladder since his rough-and-tumble fights at Gentryville, but his objection to combats with fire-arms was still the same as when he refused to meet Bill Boland on those terms; and this scruple, and the great strength and length of his arm, no doubt, induced him to insist on the use, in the present case, of "cavalry broadswords of the largest size."

In the course of the negotiations Mr. Lincoln acknowledged the authorship of one of the "Rebecca" letters, but denied the rest; but as they were all, evidently, from the same hand, the biographer is convinced that Miss Todd was the sole author, having probably learned some of the facts from her suitor during "the secret meetings at Mr. Francis's house, when he was endeavoring to nerve himself to the duty of marrying her." Be this as it may, the whole affair was ridiculous and discreditable. The practice of duelling may be foolish, or it may be wise, but in any event a genuine duel is a very serious thing; but a mock duel in which the parties are as anxious to make an ostentatious display of honor and valor as they are reluctant to imperil life, is the consummation of shabby absurdity.

We do not propose to dwell on his career in Congress. Both in that body and out of it he resisted the demands of the South to be allowed to take their slaves into the Territories; but this was not on account of his affection for the blacks, but his aversion to them. "None of his public acts, either before or after he became President, exhibit any special tenderness for the African race, or any extraordinary commiseration of their lot." . . . . "He believed, with his rival, that this was purely a 'white man's government'; but he would have been perfectly willing to share its blessings with the black man,

had he not been very certain that the blessings would disappear when divided with such a partner." In fact he wanted to keep all blacks, free or slave, out of the Territories altogether; and would have been overjoyed to discover any practicable way for deporting the whole race out of the country.

Still these views were sufficient to let the Abolition party know that they might count on his accession whenever they seemed likely to attain to power. But this conversion was too slow for enthusiasts like his partner, Mr. Herndon, and it was determined to force him into it. The process was characteristic. A State Fair was held at Springfield, at which Mr. Lincoln was a prominent speaker. When his speech was over, the notorious Owen Lovejoy announced that there would be a meeting in the evening, with speeches on the subject of Freedom. Mr. Herndon advised Lincoln to take his horse and buggy and drive home at once, which he did without question. Thus, though at the Abolition meeting which followed he was not present, he was identified with it in men's minds; and yet when charged by Judge Douglas with having been one of the committee which passed the resolutions, he could say that he was not present and his name was used without his consent. Yet, to secure his election to the Senate, he gave, Mr. Lamon says, a secret pledge to Lovejoy and his party, that, contrary to his own often expressed belief in the policy and sanctity of the Missouri settlement, he would, if elected, favor the exclusion of slavery from *all* the Territories. This secured him the Abolitionist vote.

Reluctant as he was, he was finally brought into the party by the favorite scheme of signing a name without authority, and leaving the person to repudiate or acknowledge as it might seem expedient later. Mr. Herndon did it for him this time, and it seeming expedient, he adopted the action.

Like most new converts, he soon surpassed in zeal the old confessors of the party, and in this canvass delivered a speech which startled even Mr. Herndon. In it he declared that the Union, with slavery, was "a house divided against itself, that could not stand." But this was not the utterance of enthusiasm, but of far-seeing policy. Mr. Lincoln foresaw that the doctrine of "the irrepressible conflict" which Mr. Seward had been preaching, was likely to be the prominent issue at the next Presidential election; and with his eye on the campaign of 1860, he wanted "to take the wind out of Seward's sails." In this wise did he contrive, far beforehand, "to dig pitfalls and lay obstructions in the way of his most formidable competitors."

By this time, through his various discussions, speeches, and lectures, he had acquired the name of one of the ablest debaters and most effective speakers in the country. To a certain extent this opinion was just: his speeches are notable for their clearness, simplicity, and downright directness to the purpose. They were often embellished with anecdotes, though, as we may suppose, he did not regale the Senate of the United States, or polished audiences in New York, with that spicery which his biographer is too modest to record, and in the use of which he has perhaps never been paralleled. These dainties were reserved for the social circle or chosen companies; and

with their liberal use, in later years, he was wont to delight his guests at the White House, and sometimes to send away, revolted and indignant, gentlemen who had called to see him on business of the gravest importance. Whether it arose from early training, from mental constitution, or merely from a motive of policy — or, more probably, from all combined — an ineradicable love of obscenity, and that not merely of witty smut but of simple filth, was a characteristic of the late President, as it was of Dean Swift. Like Swift, too, Mr. Lincoln seems to have been one of the most unhappy of men, and his haggard, care-worn face was a true index of the unceasing gloom of his soul. His intimate friends tell us that he was a mere embodiment of wretchedness, and in the phrase of Mr. Herndon, "melancholy dripped from him as he walked."

We had thought to take some notice of Mr. Lincoln's religious views, as he has been almost canonised by his admirers, while his biographer produces a mass of evidence from his intimate and life-long friends to show that he was never a Christian at all, but "lived on the border-line between theism and atheism," in that forlornest of mental states, superstitious unbelief. And we had purposed to notice briefly the events of his nomination and election to the Presidency, and of that wretched flight in disguise through Baltimore to the capital, which seems to have been a device of Mr. Seward to cast disgrace and ridicule on his successful rival — but we can not. The whole story of this career from beginning to end is so dreary, so wretched, so shabby, such a tissue of pitiful dodging and chicanery, so unrelieved by anything pure, noble, or dignified, that even to follow it as far as we have done, has well-nigh surpassed our powers of endurance; and when, putting all partisan feeling aside, we look back at the men who once were chosen by their countrymen to fill the places that this man has occupied — a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, an Adams, or later, a Webster, a Clay, or a Calhoun — men of culture and refinement, of honor, of exalted patriotism, of broad views and wise statesmanship — and measure the distance from them to Abraham Lincoln, we sicken with shame and disgust.

W. H. B.

Gleanings from the Harvest-Fields of Literature. Collated by C. C. Bombaugh, A.M., M.D. Baltimore: J. Newton Kurtz.

This entertaining book is one that would have rejoiced the heart of Charles Lamb, or, to use his own phrase, would have "arrided him extremely." It is a perfect museum of literary curiosities, anagrams, epigrams, epitaphs, acrostics, facetiæ, quaint anecdotes, queer facts, and the other *allotria* of literature, gathered by wonderful patience and research. Many of them are familiar to students, but well worth preserving, while very many are — to the writer at least — both novel and good. It is a capital book to put into a satchel when travelling, or to keep on a parlor table, and particularly handy for a writer who likes to point a paragraph with an apt epigram, or refresh a dry subject with a quaint conceit; and for this latter purpose we propose to keep it in convenient reach in future.

Fly-Leaves. By C. S. C. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

THIS little collection of charming *jeux d'esprit* is a republication from the English. We can scarcely call these poems parodies — though there are some real parodies among them — but rather very delicate burlesques. They have, for the most part, sentimental titles: *Lines on hearing the Organ* have been inspired by the melody of a torturing barrel-organ; and *Sad Memories* are the memories of a melancholy cat.

All poetry of this sort that depends solely on form for its charm, must have that form refined to the highest possible perfection. The neglect of this rule is one cause why so few really good burlesques, parodies, *vers de société*, etc., have ever been produced in this country. In this sort of finish Mr. Calverley (the author) excels: nothing can be more choice than his diction, more musical than his rhythm, or happier than his rhymes. Indeed he seems to revel in rhyme and melody, and heaps up consonances out of mere prodigality. Witness the piece called *In the Gloaming*, of which we give the first two stanzas:—

> In the Gloaming to be roaming, where the crested waves are foaming,
> And the shy mermaidens combing locks that ripple to their feet;
> Where the Gloaming is, I never made the ghost of an endeavor
> To discover — but whatever were the hour, it would be sweet.
>
> "To their feet," I say, for Leech's sketch indisputably teaches
> That the mermaids of our beaches do not end in ugly tails,
> Nor have homes among the corals; but are shod with neat balmorals,
> An arrangement no one quarrels with, as many might with scales.

The genuine parodies are exceedingly good. The discursive rugged style of *The Ring and the Book* is hit off very happily in *The Cock and the Bull*:—

> You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
> Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
> I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
> As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur
> (You catch the paronomasia, play o' words?)
> Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
> Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
> And clapt it i' my poke, and gave for same
> By way, to-wit, of barter or exchange —
> 'Chop' was my snickering dandiprat's own term —
> One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.
> O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
> Pence, one and fourpence — you are with me, Sir? —
> What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,
> One day (and what a roaring day it was!)
> In February, eighteen sixty nine,
> Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei
> Hm — hm — how runs the jargon? being on throne.
> . . . . . .
>
> The boy he chucked a brown i' the air, and bit
> I' the face the shilling: heaved a thumping stone
> At a lean hen that ran cluck-clucking by,
> (And hit her, dead as nail i' post o' door,)
> Then *abiit* — what's the Ciceronian phrase? —
> *Excessit, evasit, erupit* — off slogs boy;

Off in three flea-skips. *Hactenus*, so far,
So good, *tam bene*. *Bene*, *satis*, *male*,—
Where was I? who said what of one in a quag?
I did once hitch the syntax into verse:
Verbum personale, a verb personal,
Concordat—ay, 'agrees,' old Fatchaps—*cum*
Nominativo, with its nominative,
Genere, i' point o' gender, *numero*,
O' number, *et persona*, and person. *Ut*,
Instance: *Sol ruit*, down flops sun, *et* and,
Montes umbrantur, snuffs out mountains. Pah!
Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.
You see the trick on't though, and can yourself
Continue the discourse *ad libitum*.
It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
A thing imagination boggles at:
And might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious hands,
Extend from here to Mesopotamy.

The neo-mediævals of the Rossetti school "catch it," as the boys say, two or three times. Here is a specimen:—

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter)
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we wonned together,
I and my Willie (O love my love):
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitterbats wavered alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,
(Boats in that climate are so polite,)
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.

Again, in a notable *Ballad*:—

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
Till the cow said "I die," and the goose asked "Why;"
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—
The connection of which with the plot one sees.
. . . . . .

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

The charades are particularly good, especially that on *Coal-scuttle*, in the style of Macaulay's *Lays*, commencing :—

Sikes, housebreaker, of Houndsditch,
Habitually swore;
But so surpassingly profane
He never was before,
As on a night in winter,
When — softly as he stole
In the dim light from stair to stair,
Noiseless as boys who in her lair
Seek to surprise a fat old hare —
He barked his shinbone, unaware
Encountering *my whole*.

The lines entitled *Contentment* (*After the manner of Horace*) are delightfully Horatian. Here is a part :—

Friend, there be they on whom mishap
Or never or so rarely comes,
That, when they think thereof, they snap
Derisive thumbs:

And there be they who lightly lose
Their all, yet feel no aching void;
Should aught annoy them, they refuse
To be annoyed:

And fain would I be e'en as these!
Life is with such all beer and skittles;
They are not difficult to please
About their victuals:

The trout, the grouse, the early pea,
By such, if there, are freely taken;
If not, they munch with equal glee
Their bit of bacon:

And when they wax a little gay
And chaff the public after luncheon,
If they're confronted with a stray
Policeman's truncheon,

They gaze thereat with outstretched necks,
And laughter which no threats can smother,
And tell the horror-stricken X
That he's another.

For such of our readers as may care to make the comparison, we subjoin the last two stanzas in the Latin. We frankly avow our preference for the English; and "Policeman X" is a more absurdly formidable person than the Roman "*decemvir*."

Lautius pransi madidique vino
Vellicant quando populum protervi,
Obviam si fit minitans bacillo
Forte X vir,

En latus multo quatiunt cachinno
Haud minis torvis subigendo, necnon
Alterum ipsum vociferantur esse
Obstupefactum.

W. H. B.

Septimius Felton; or the Elixir of Life. By Nathanael Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

It needs the circumstantial allusions to the late war and the references to his tour in England which this book contains, to counteract the other internal evidences which would make it seem a crude performance of the lamented writer's youth, flung aside in the artist's natural disgust for what is not simply inadequate but absolutely without promise. That it was actually so flung aside and abandoned as a hopeless and worthless undertaking, we feel very sure; and so feeling, cannot help reprobating its present publication, as if it were in the guise of a work which only death or disease did not leave the author time to finish. An uncompleted work is often very fit for the press, especially such a work from Hawthorne's pen — the most exigent pen of this generation. But a work which such a scrupulous writer as Hawthorne has abandoned as worthless, is, we submit with all due deference to those who have made themselves responsible for it, not a fit matter for publication. We may assume that such was likewise the opinion of his accomplished wife, who, an author of excellent taste herself, after editing all his posthumous writings that she thought either he would like to go forth or the public like to see, even to the fragments of his long series of diaries and note-books, and after surviving him several years, died and left no sign of this book, put forth so soon after her death.

Hawthorne was not merely remarkably sensitive in regard to the manner of his appearances upon the literary stage; he was of all the writers whom we know the one who most completely assimilated the thoughts which he took in from whatsoever source. Remarkably well acquainted with systems, books and opinions, we trace none of these in his works except as he digested them. There is scarcely a quotation, scarcely a reference in all his volumes. When he died he left word that no life of him should be written, and that men should judge him by his uttered and perfected art-work. He resembled the silk-worm, which, after chewing up a greater or less quantity of crude leaves and going through more or less disgusting though necessary phases of existence, spins itself a cocoon of sheeny silk, and in that dies, content to merge all its individuality in the perfected product. The reader may from this imagine how great would be the amiable but sensitive, moody and retiring author's disgust could he know that those who came after him have swept up the fragments left upon the feeding table, half-devoured leaves, excrements, sloughs of the dead worm and all, and presented it to the public as his work. To us, all this seems like chipping the statue to get bronze for the mint.

We feel entitled by our study of Hawthorne's other works to pronounce *Septimius* a romance which he threw aside in disgust, because he found that for him it was not worth completing. The story halts with an incurable because congenital lameness; the interest flags from inherent and irremediable vapidness. Had the book been completed, we should have had a romance written with all the spirituality and grace of our author's inimitable style; the legends, fully wrought out, would have woven their weird gloom into the texture of the simple every-day life depicted so touchingly in naive yet rare colors,

until one fancied the dim ghosts haunting fence-corners along the high-road, and blood-gouts flecking the little wayside flowers; the gentle hectic humor would have chirruped cricket-like alongside of every shadow, and the pathetically half-hearted and timid moralising would have met us and doffed caps to us at every turn. But *Septimius* would have remained a failure still, compared with *The House of the Seven Gables*, *the Scarlet Letter*, *the Blithedale Romance*, and the *Marble Faun*. Miles Coverdale is a poor enough hero in broadcloth; but Septimius is a Miles Coverdale in homespun, and with no magnificent Zenobia in his company to lend propriety and coolness to the neutral tints in which he is drawn. Rose Garfield is a sort of Phœbe Pyncheon taken out from the mouldy shadows of the Seven Gables and left to pale and wither ineffectively in the uncompromising sunshine. Hayburn is anybody's stout yeoman, while Sybil Dacy is one of Hawthorne's own psyche-moths that has failed to extricate herself from the constricted cocoon in which she prepared to take wings. In Portsoaken our author has tried to make a fleshy English quack out of the ineffective skinny Yankee quack of Blithedale; and Keziah, an attempt to cross witch Tituba upon the humdrum old woman of New England, is the greatest failure of all. When the reader notices that this character is not at all weird, but altogether grotesque, and rather vulgarly so at that, he will recognise how complete the failure has been; for Hawthorne has in his other works seemed to possess the faculty of giving weirdness at will to the most trifling subjects of his fancy.

We deeply regret that *Septimius* should have been printed. We have a reverence for Hawthorne's name and memory, as by far the most painstaking and successful of our artists — as a writer who had a faith in him which, in a prosaic age and a prosaic land, enabled him to become *all* artist. There are kindly critics who think that loyalty to Hawthorne's name and fame constrains them to regard this work an unfinished torso, and who speak stammeringly of the benefits of watching the artist in his workshop; but in our view it is simply the used-up clay which, tossed aside by him as worthless, has been raked up from the floor of the studio and crammed into the rag-picker's basket. E. S.

A Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney, LL.D., Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S. By Sam'l Tyler, LL.D. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1872.

We have received this important work too late for notice in our present number, but trust to present our readers next month with a full review from the pen of a gentleman every way most competent to do it justice.

We can only now add that taken altogether, this is the finest specimen of typography that we have ever seen issued from a Baltimore publishing house, and Messrs. Murphy & Co. seem to have spared neither pains nor cost to make the work worthy its eminent subject. The portrait of Chief-Justice Taney is especially to be admired for its fidelity and artistic excellence.

Sanford's Analytical Series of Arithmetics. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE present reviewer confesses to have undertaken the examination of these works with expectations very far from sanguine. For after having tried almost every new arithmetic of any note, in an experience as a teacher (of mutes and of the blind) reaching over nearly a quarter of a century, hoping at each trial to find something at least in each that would facilitate the pupil's advancement, I had come to the conclusion that each was only the progeny of cousins-german, twin-like in feature, and only distinguished by their peculiar deformities. With this conviction I entered on the task, and have just completed it, but not without regret, for from the first to last, from the *Primary Lessons* through the *Intermediate*, to the end of the *Higher Analytical*, I have found naught but rational pleasure in following the author, encumbered by no rules and no analyses but the most simple, concise and comprehensive. In a word, our author's method is founded on nature, and hence must commend itself to all whose experience in the instruction of children and youth is of such a character as to enable them to discriminate between the true and the false. As to the quantity or size of each book, the number of questions, examples, etc., I would not wish it diminished by the erasure of one question or example, deeming the series quite complete; and the Higher Arithmetic, not for the exclusive use of the teacher, but as a *vade mecum* for men of every calling and pursuit.

To commend this series of Arithmetics to the use of the instructors of the deaf and dumb, and the blind, in exclusion to every other series, is to commend it to general use, and is its highest encomium.

J. C. C.

The Dickens Dictionary. By Gilbert A. Pierce. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

THIS little volume is a very convenient hand-book for any one who may wish to refer to a passage in the works of Dickens. The name of each of the novelist's personages is given with a condensed *signalement* of the character, and references to the work or part of the work in which this personage figures. A synopsis of the incidents of each story is given, and choice passages quoted at length. The work is completed by a general alphabetical index and illustrations.

THE GREEN TABLE.

SHOULD it be our luck to disinter from some overlooked repository an account of a trial, say a couple of centuries ago, say by Judge Jeffreys, which had escaped the researches of Macaulay, the reading public would be all agog to see it, and we should receive the high commendation of the critics for giving the world so valuable a document. Does it diminish the interest, or lessen the desirableness of publicity, if the events happened but the other day, in our own country?

A few weeks ago there appeared in the (London) *Spectator* a paragraph reciting a horrible crime which had been committed at Montgomery, Alabama: a negro and his white wife were assaulted by a mob, the man shot, the woman "turpentined and burnt," that "the wretches openly boasted of the act," and "had the sympathy of the neighborhood," and that "an attempt was made to rescue them from prison, which Gen'l Terry foiled." This is followed by comments in the usual style on the state of society at the South.

The editor of this journal, long familiar with stories of this sort, of course estimated this at its proper value; but for once, as a matter of curiosity, determined to sift the affair a little. For this purpose he requested a friend, a gentleman of the highest respectability in Montgomery, to give him a brief statement of the facts. This statement we think worthy our readers' perusal.

"The occurrence took place, not at this city, nor indeed in this county, but a few miles from the village of Central Institute, some twenty miles from Montgomery. Mobile Jack, *alias* Andrew Jackson, was married to a white woman. He was a bad man, whose very presence was considered a nuisance by all the neighborhood, white and colored. The woman, whenever Jack was away, would entertain various colored lovers, among others a man by the name of Henry who lived a short distance from Jack's house. This occasioned considerable jealousy and much ill-feeling; and it was in evidence that only one week preceding the murder, Henry endeavored to borrow a gun with the avowed intention of killing Mobile Jack. There were also other colored neighbors who feared and hated the man whose wife's favors they enjoyed.

"On the night of the murder, one of these men, named Bird Blake, was at Jack's house. He says he went there to sleep, and carried his gun with him so as to go out turkey-shooting the next morning. Whether he was surprised at finding Jack at home we cannot say, but he probably did not expect to meet him, as Jack had been under arrest for some days, and had only been released that afternoon. This is the only man who is known to have been present at the time of the murder; it is on his evidence that others are implicated. The following is his story: He was awakened out of sleep by hearing a knocking at the door. On its being opened, four men, masked, entered and commenced shooting at Jack and the woman. He (Blake) slipped under the floor, which was about eighteen inches from the ground; and while there was shot three times. He says he heard the murderers call each other by name, and distinctly recognised their voices. He also says he "caught a glimpse" of the face of one of them and recognised him. When the house was fired, he says he crept from under the house and ran to the house of a neighbor. You cannot fail to notice how many improbabilities there are in this story. Men bent on such an expedition are not apt to call each other by name. In his condition it is unlikely he could recognise the voices of comparative strangers. It is very strange that on this particular night he should have been at the house with his gun.

Wounded as he was, it was almost impossible for him to have run the distance he claims to have gone; he must have taken his time to walk it. Then there was no possible motive for the men he mentioned, respectable white citizens, to commit the act. But to proceed.

"Attracted by the glare, some parties who were out hunting approached the place. The house was destroyed, and inside they found the dead bodies of Jack and his wife. On the testimony of Bird Blake given before the coroner's jury, the men he implicated were arrested and indicted; but they were taken from the custody of the sheriff by the U. S. marshal and brought to Montgomery. Three were indicted; the fourth, who was as fully recognised by Bird Blake as the others, was not indicted, the evidence in his case breaking completely down. The grand jury was composed almost wholly of Radicals; the petty jury which tried the case was largely Radical. The whole machinery of the Government and its court was employed to convict, and Judge Busteed presided. Since the days of King Charles and his infamous chief-justice, no greater or more disgraceful outrage under the color of law has been perpetrated against a people. In this judicial district there is no revisory power over trials of this kind. Conscious of this fact, the presiding judge shamelessly disregarded the plainest rules of evidence and the constitutional rights of the prisoners. No chance to prove their innocence was allowed to them that could possibly be denied; everything was permitted to the counsel for the prosecution, everything was denied to the counsel for the prisoners. The court itself became an active coadjutor of the counsel for the Government, and did it openly with an utter disregard for appearances. Where the Government's attorneys interposed no objection to evidence which might prove favorable to the accused, the court either suggested that they should do so, and then sustained the objection without permitting the defence to argue or discuss it; or would *mero motu* forbid the witness to answer. When the evidence was closed, the judge limited the argument of the counsel for the defence, against their vehement protest, and, contrary to all rules of procedure, forced them to open the argument to the jury, though the Government closed. But the crowning act in this disgraceful judicial farce was the judge's charge. It was a forcible ingenious summing-up of the case for the prosecution. In it he misstated the facts and distorted the evidence, and then drew inferences from it unfavorable to the prisoners, arguing upon these. He read cases from the books to sustain these inferences; gave his own opinions and belief as to the credibility of the witnesses, extolling in the most absurd manner the negro witnesses for the prosecution, and casting doubt on those who were examined by the defence. More than this, he gave his own belief as to the guilt of the prisoners, not in so many words, but by the most suggestive reasonings. And all these things he emphasised and enforced by knowing winks or rollings of the eyes to the jury, by ominous shakes of the head, by suggestive pauses whenever he thought he had made a strong point against the prisoners, each one of which pauses, in the language of a distinguished clergyman who was present, "amounted to a commentary." It was altogether one of the most extraordinary judicial proceedings that has ever been witnessed outside the walls of the Inquisition, or of those temples of justice which the minions of tyrants have at times profaned.

"At the conclusion of the charge, which was read from printed slips and occupied an hour in the delivery, the judge peremptorily refused to allow the prisoners' counsel to ask for any instructions or legal charges to the jury, or to correct the numerous misstatements of the evidence with which the charge abounded.

"In order to show the animus of this whole trial, and to corroborate what I have said above, one incident connected with it may be mentioned. One of the prisoners, whom I shall call B, was a material witness for the other two, as he could have made their defence perfect. This was shown at the

preliminary examination before the session of the grand jury. Up to that time not a word or tittle of evidence was known implicating B, yet he was presented to the grand jury and indicted with the other two. This deprived them of his testimony. Now, on the trial the prosecution failed to adduce a single particle of testimony against B. When they closed their case, the defence moved to discharge B, so as to make him a witness; this the court and prosecuting counsel refused to do. After their own witnesses were examined they renewed the motion, but in vain; and yet neither the United States attorneys nor the court asked for the conviction of B, admitting that no case had been made out against him. Why then did they not consent to his discharge? Why deprive the defence of the benefit of his testimony?

"As an illustration of the judge's rulings on the law, one instance only need be mentioned. The prosecution examined a witness as to a conversation with one of the prisoners; the witness repeated a remark which might be tortured into evidence of guilt. To rebut this presumption the defence asked the witness to relate the whole of the conversation in which this remark was made; the court sustained an objection made to this by the prosecution.

"The jury promptly acquitted the prisoner whom I have designated as B. After several days' confinement they failed to agree with regard to the other two, standing nine for acquittal to three for conviction. On another trial they will have the benefit of B's testimony, which, I am assured by their counsel, will completely exonerate them from the imputation under which they now rest.

"I should add that during the whole trial a squad of United States troops attended the daily sessions of the court. The captain commanding occupied a prominent seat inside the bar.

"This is the whole case."

A CORRESPONDENT favors us with some interesting particulars concerning a lady who has done much to promote the cause of female education at the South, and we insert them with pleasure.

MADAME SOPHIE SOSNOWSKI

Was born, April 23, 1810, at Carlsruhe, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where her father, Dr. Wentz, held the distinguished position of physician to the reigning Duke. Her education was a superior one, and she enjoyed all the advantages to be obtained at that time in Germany. Losing her parents in early youth, her studies were continued under the supervision of her brother, an officer in the ministry of war. When the Polish revolution of 1831 had been overthrown, and those officers of the insurrectionary army who had been taken prisoners had refused to accept the amnesty proffered by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, six thousand of them were exiled, and in various columns marched through Germany on their way to France, where King Louis Philippe had offered them an asylum. One of these officers, Captain Joseph Sosnowski, a scion of one of the most noted Polish families, won the heart and hand of Miss Wentz, and they were married at Strassburg, in Alsatia, shortly after. The fortune which the young couple possessed being ample, a happy future seemed to dawn upon their union. But the King of France, intimidated by the threats of Russia, violated his plighted word to the exiled officers and ordered them to leave the country. Many went to England, but most of them to the United States. Among the latter was Sosnowski. Settling in Erie, Pennsylvania, he engaged in speculations and investments in real estate, and during the financial crisis which swept the country in 1837 lost everything, mostly the fortune of his wife. His sensitive nature was not able to bear the weight of this misfortune. Soon after he died, and left his wife utterly penniless, with three small children, in a foreign land: even the house in which they lived had to be sold.

From this time began the labors of Madame Sosnowski in the cause of female education. With a nature strong and full of faith, rising above misfortunes which would have overwhelmed thousands less heroic, she entered the career in which she has done so much good. While teaching, she too educated her children, who have ever since reflected honor upon their widowed mother. Her first association was with Mrs. Emma Willard, at Troy, New York, who, it will be remembered, established the first female seminary, at that place, in the United States. The kindness and sympathy which she there received at the hands of that estimable lady are still held in warmest remembrance by Madame Sosnowski. Removing thence shortly on account of an incipient affection of the chest induced by the severe northern winters, she went to South Carolina, where, and in Georgia, she has ever since resided. Her first association at the South was with Dr. Elias Marks, at the Barhamville (S. C.) Female College, where for more than 30 years, under that distinguished principal, the daughters of the first Southern families were educated. Induced by the late Bishop Stephen Elliott of Georgia to come to Montpelier Female Institute, which he had founded and himself with utmost devotion presided over, Madame Sosnowski was there for years, and there too her daughters graduated at the head of their classes. Up to the day of his death Bishop Elliott continued the warm friend and spiritual adviser of Madame Sosnowski and of her family. In or about 1850 she removed to Columbia, South Carolina, where she founded her own Institution with great success. At the beginning of the Confederate war she was one of the first setting the example to tend at the hospitals of Virginia our sick and wounded boys. Many a one was cheered in his last moments by the ministrations and prayers of this truly good and pious woman. These attentions continued throughout all the war. "Madame Sosnowski and her scholars" might have been seen in attendance, throughout the war, whenever sick and wounded reached the city of Columbia, at the depot, relieving and assuaging wherever it was possible. At this time she took sole charge of Barhamville Female Institute, Dr. Marks permanently retiring; with great success were gathered around her, during the storms of war, girls from all of the Atlantic Southern States. The disastrous end of the war a second time wrested from her the fortune which years of toil had accumulated. The utter destruction of Columbia caused her to remove to the pleasant and hospitable city of Athens, where with the assistance of her daughter, Miss Caroline Sosnowski, she conducts a Home School. which is the model of a refined and cultivated household, and whose numerous friends have testified the esteem in which she is universally held, A distinguishing feature of this school is the absence of public exhibitions, which Madame Sosnowski holds to be incompatible with true feminine grace and delicacy. During a period of thirty-five years she has had under her supervision and instruction over two thousand young ladies. In all parts of the South they are to be found; and the venerable lady has yet to hear of the first one "that turned out badly."

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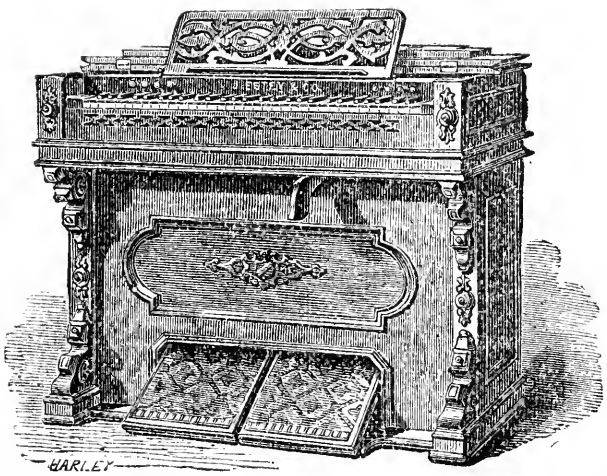

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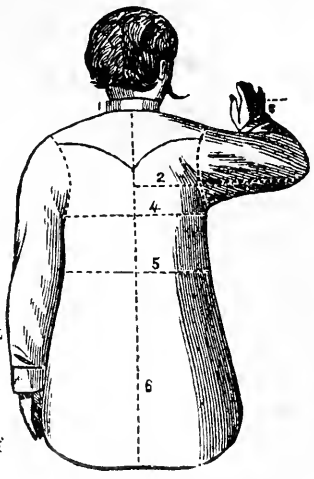

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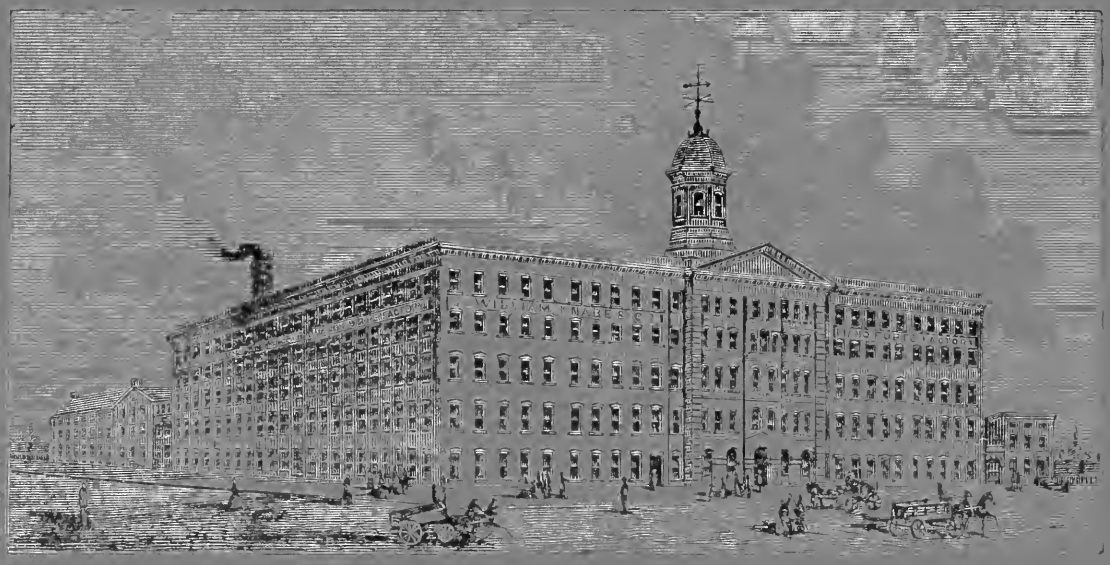

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